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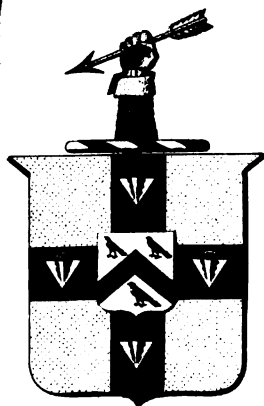
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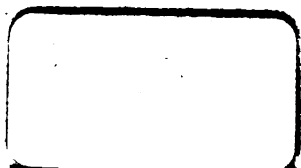


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*George Harrison!*













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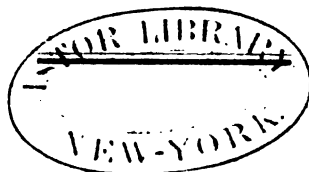
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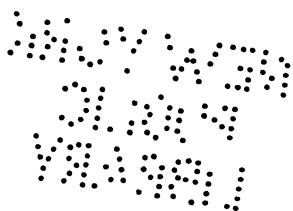
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THE  
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ART. I.—*Mémoires complets et authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon sur le Siècle de Louis XIV. et la Régence; publiés pour la première fois sur le manuscrit original, entièrement écrit de la main de l'auteur, par M. le Marquis de Saint-Simon, Pair de France, &c. &c. Paris. 1829-30. 21 vols. 8vo.*

THE title of MEMOIRS has lately been profaned in France by the authors of historical fictions, in the form of biography, composed with so much art, and published with so much impudence, as to deceive unwary readers for a time, and produce a general distrust of books appearing under the same denomination. The Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon are, however, of a very different character. The history of the work is somewhat curious. When the Duke died in 1755, the original manuscript of his Memoirs, written entirely in his own hand, was deemed of such importance by his family, and the custody of it so delicate a matter, that they applied for a *lettre de cachet*, by authority of which it was taken possession of, and deposited, for preservation, among the archives of the state. They did not, however, cease to regard it as their property, and when the death of most or all of the persons mentioned in it,\* had removed the difficulty which had been originally felt, they made various applications for its restitution, which were always neglected. One of these applications was made shortly after Louis XVIth's accession to the throne, and probably led to that examination of the Memoirs, which was the indirect cause of their first imperfect appearance before the world. The task of their examination was committed to the Abbé Voisenon, who made very copious extracts from them; from which extracts considerable portions were subsequently copied, and by the infidelity of a domestic, one of these copies got into hands by which they were finally committed to the press at the beginning of the Revolution. (1788 and 1789. 7 vols.) The Abbé Soularie, two years afterwards, republished them in better order, with

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\* The Memoirs terminate with the death of the Regent Orleans, in 1720; the author lived thirty-four years after that event.

some additions, (in 13 vols. 8vo.) and his edition was the only one, till the present appeared, by which we were enabled to judge of the value of the *Memoirs of Saint-Simon*. It is to the justice and liberality of Louis XVIII., however, that we really owe the final appearance of the work as the author wrote it; for it was he who gave orders for the restitution of the MS. to the Marquis de Saint-Simon, the author's descendant, and thereby supplied the materials for the *complete* and *authentic* edition now before us.

Historians, who have had access to these Memoirs, have always held them in the highest estimation, and in all works which treat of the history of Europe during the latter part of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, constant reference is made to their high authority. It is only now, however, that the voluminous original is published, not merely entire, but in every part exactly as it came from the admirable pen of the author. As it stands before us, a range of twenty-one goodly volumes, of close type and ample size, we do not hesitate to compare it in value, of an historical kind, with any work, of whatever fame, which has issued from the press since the invention of printing. Without an accurate examination of it, it is difficult to understand the nature of Saint-Simon's claims to the respect of the historical inquirer.

Saint-Simon is not an *annalist*: for, though his Memoirs record most of the events of his time, he describes only the facts that came under his own cognizance, or those of his immediate informers. He is not an *historian*: for he does not bind himself to trace any order of events, or narrate any particular transactions. He is not a *biographer*: for he is more sedulous in drawing the character of his subject, than in pursuing him through the different stages of his life. But he partakes of all the three characters, and embraces much more than comes under any one of them. All that an able and inquisitive man, moving in the very first circles of a great court, could *ascertain* in the course of a vigorous existence, whether in the way of character, anecdote, event, scene, or incident, relating to a most interesting period, is embraced in the rich treasure which the world is now fortunate enough to possess in the Memoirs before us.

The groundwork of these Memoirs is the life of the author himself; but, as during the reign of Louis XIV. he was much more of an observer than an actor, the incidents that relate to his own person are overgrown with the facts that relate to others. These are related in a style of vigour and force that leaves nothing to be desired for effect, and with that air of reasonableness and good sense which impresses the reader not only with confidence in the veracity of the narrator, but with respect and esteem for

his character. Along with faith in the author's honesty, we cannot fail also to take with us a high respect for his talents. No writer has yet possessed a more perspicuous insight into character, or better succeeded in transferring his portraits to paper. His memoirs form a gallery of the great men of his age, and to study them as they live in his pages is a near approach to living in the age they adorned or, it may be, disgraced. It would be far from a compliment to the Duc de Saint-Simon to call him the French Clarendon, though there are not wanting points of resemblance between him and the English writer. The subject of Saint-Simon is, however, far less gloomy, and quite as instructive as that of the Rebellion; his characters, moreover, are drawn with equal perspicuity, and much less prejudice. Saint-Simon brings both persons and things in the most lively point of view before the reader; while Clarendon, with not more vigour but far more effort, obscures his subject by elaboration, and darkens even intelligent remarks by a lumbering obscurity of style. The style of Saint-Simon is not what is called polished, for his sense does not wait upon construction; he writes from a full mind, and is content to put down precisely what he would have spoken when animated by a favourite subject, and in a pleasant mood for the elucidation of the characters of the men he had lived with, or the events that passed before his eyes. In the estimation of their contemporaries both stood equally high; both were men who had enjoyed the highest offices and possessed the greatest influence, and were equally anxious that their times should be well understood by posterity. The one, however, is altogether monarchical in his principles, and if the aristocratical order ever had a zealous and conscientious partizan, Saint-Simon was the man.

Saint-Simon was, in fact, the model of an aristocrat; the importance he attaches to trifling matters of precedence is only to be understood by one who has imbued himself in the spirit of his times. His sentiments of honour are scrupulous and sensitive to a degree becoming the immediate descendant of a race of chivalry. As a man he is modest, sensible, and liberal; but the instant he identifies himself with an injured body, as he considered the aristocracy of his age to be, he is proud, haughty, and defying. To be without birth is, with him, an argument of incompetency; but at the same time to be successful, overweening, and assuming, as were many of the upstart ministers of Louis XIV., was a proof of unexampled baseness. With this feeling, however, it is plain to see struggling a spirit of justice and discrimination, the offspring of a clear head and a good disposition. Of the people, in these Memoirs we hear nothing: Saint-Simon, in some of his projects, looks upon them in the light of a flock that ought

neither to be harried by wolves, nor tormented by dogs, but individually, and as persons exciting the writer's sympathy, throughout the whole of these twenty-one volumes, they may be said to be non-existent. The king, the ministers, the mistresses, the army, and the court, in its classes of aristocracy, favourites, and servitors, are the only bodies of whose importance a grand seigneur of that time was cognizant. Service was his first thought; after two or three campaigns, and a siege or two, he was considered qualified, not to desert the army, (for this Louis rarely forgave,) but to beg some charge about the court during a cessation of military operations—to spend the winter at Versailles, to hunt with the king, and to ask for an invitation to Marly. If, as was probable, he was governor of some town, or held any other high provincial charge, an occasional visit to the seat of it might be overlooked. Then, again, occurred the duties of war, an expedition to Savoy, attended by his gentlemen and friends, or to Flanders or the Rhine. The grand spectacle of the manœuvres of Turenne, Luxembourg, or Villars, with the excitement of some danger, afforded a few opportunities of distinguishing that courage in which a nobleman of that day was never deficient, and thus being talked of in the saloons of Versailles—such is a general sketch of the ordinary life of such a person. Of course it was varied by political cabals, by intrigues, by duels, and by occasional visits to the Bastille. The moral characteristics of the courtiers were not of a high order; success was the end and arbiter of all measures, and there appear to have been no means of ensuring it, however base or wicked, which were not resorted to: the object of the success being rarely of a kind to palliate the unworthiness of the instruments. High play, profusion, and expense of every description, were too general to be considered peculiar to an individual; they had, moreover, the royal sanction; and it is curious to consider how completely the moral code of that age was the creature of the monarch's breath. No man was ever so completely the director of the spirit of his time as Louis, and yet there has been a majority of kings who have far exceeded him in talent and information. He was, in fact, the founder of a system, both in manners and morals, which spread over the whole of Europe, reigned in France till the Revolution broke it up, and of which the traces may be yet detected in every corner of the civilized world.

The materials for the developement of this system are to be found in the work before us. It is an investigation, however, that we shall not pursue; for, although it might be attended with interesting results, it would lead us into a discussion and analysis of detached portions of the *Memoirs*; our object will rather be, by selecting and arranging a few of their prominent features, to convey to our readers a just notion of their several contents. We

cannot do this better than by collecting together, from various parts of these volumes, the traits which distinguish some of the characters who have left their impress on the times, a process which will show the description of materials the Duc de Saint-Simon has left for the student of history, whose main object is to live over again other times with the spirit and philosophy of a highly improved age.

The first character that naturally presents itself for consideration is **THE MASTER** himself; the man, who, above all others, was set apart, by the course of events, to be all of a god that mortal will suffer, or mortals create. In the personal character of Louis is necessarily included that of the companion of half his long life—the Maintenon. After him we shall introduce into our gallery a few of the rarer spirits of his reign.

A remarkable characteristic of the age and reign of Louis XIV. is that he was his own *premier*: the tyranny to which, in his youth, he had been subjected by Mazarin, gave him a horror of a prime minister, and he determined to be his own; this was an early resolve which never could be shaken. Out of the same source sprang his objection to a churchman in his cabinet; it was a determination to which he adhered all through his long and various reign with equal decision. He flattered himself that he should be able to govern alone—it was a grievous mistake; his reign is a satire upon despotism. He was not ruled by one, but by every body in their turns, and he who cherished the idea that his will was the predominant law, in fact exercised less will in the management of his affairs than the meanest subject of his realm.

The opening of his life, which cannot properly be dated before he arrived at twenty-three years of age, was, undoubtedly, a prosperous one, according to the ordinary scale by which such positions are calculated. The agitation of the realm since the death of Louis XIII. had produced the ordinary consequence of agitation in the affluence of genius which it had called up in every department. The ministers at the head of affairs were the adroitest and ablest in Europe according to the ideas of the day; his generals held the first rank in the world, and their seconds were men who became founders of systems and schools of war in their time; and the court was crowded with men of experience and ability, who had been formed in the stirring period which had only just subsided.

The state was in a flourishing condition, or seemed so, which, with historians, is pretty generally the same thing. Colbert, however, had arranged the finances in some order; the shipping, the commerce, the manufactures, and even the literature of the country assumed an air of prosperity. Colbert, like a skilful

gardener, by the aid of a little sun and a fortunate aspect, had succeeded in ripening a fruit which the ambition of his master, and the rivalry of his fellow ministers, resolved shortly upon plucking for their own use.

Though a young man and a king, Louis was not altogether without experience. He had been a constant frequenter of the house of the Countess de Soissons, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, the resort of all that was distinguished, both male and female, that the age could produce, and where he first caught that fine air of gallantry and nobleness, which characterized him ever afterwards, and marked even his most trifling actions. For, though the talents of Louis XIV. were in fact rather below mediocrity, he possessed a power of forming his manners and character upon a model, and of adhering to it, which is often more valuable in the conduct of life than the very greatest abilities. By nature he was a lover of order and regularity, he was prudent, moderate, secret, the master both of his actions and his tongue. For these virtues, as they may be called in a king, he was perhaps indebted to his natural constitution, and if education had done as much for him, certainly he would have been a better ruler. He had a passion, however, or rather a foible,—that was vanity, or as it was then called, glory. No flattery was too gross for him—incense was the only intellectual food he imbibed. Independence of character he detested: the man who once, though but for an instant, stood up before him in the consciousness of manly integrity of purpose, was lost for ever in the favor of the King. He detested the nobility, because they were not the creatures of his breath; they had their own consequence; his ministers were always his favorites, because he had made them and could unmake them, and because, moreover, they had abundant opportunities of applying large doses of the most fulsome flattery, and of prostrating themselves before him, of assuming an air of utter nothingness in his presence, of attributing to him the praise of every scheme they had invented, and of insinuating that their own ideas were the creatures of his suggestions. To such a pitch was this intoxication carried, that he who had neither ear nor voice might be heard singing among his peculiar intimates snatches of the most fulsome parts of the songs in his own praise. And even at the public suppers, when the band played the airs to which they were set, he might be heard humming the same passages between his teeth. The generals in this respect were as bad as the ministers: they led him to believe that he dictated every measure, and that their best plans were formed on the hints he had thrown out. The courtiers, with such examples before them, performed their natural parts with even more than ordinary zeal. But the facility with

which they administered to his vanity was not so remarkable as the ease with which he appropriated everything to himself, and the ineffable satisfaction with which he glorified himself, on every fresh offering of adulation.

His love of sieges and reviews was only another form of this his only enthusiasm, his passion for himself. A siege was a fine opportunity for exhibiting his capacity, in other words, for attributing to himself all the talents of a great general: here too he could exhibit his courage at little expense of danger, for he could be prevailed upon, as it were with difficulty, to keep in the back ground, and by the aid of his admirable constitution, and great power of enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue, and changes of temperature, really exhibit himself in a very advantageous point of view. At reviews also, his fine person, his skill in horsemanship, and that air of dignity and noble presence, enabled him to play the first part with considerable effect. It was always with a talk of his campaigns and his troops that he used to entertain his mistresses, and sometimes his courtiers. The subject must necessarily have been tiresome to them, but it was in some measure redeemed by the elegance and propriety of his expressions: he had a natural justness of phrase in conversation, and told a story better than any man of his time. The talent of recounting is by no means a common quality; he had it in perfection.

It scarcely consorts with our notion of Louis le Grand, that if he had a talent for any thing, it was for the management of the merest details. His mind naturally ran on small differences. He was incessantly occupied with the meanest minutiae of military affairs. Clothing, arms, evolutions, drill, discipline—in a word, all the lowest details. It was the same in his buildings, his establishments, his household supplies; he was perpetually fancying that he could teach the men who understood the subject, whatever it might be, better than any body else, and they, of course, received his instruction in the manner of novices. This waste of time he would term a continual application to business. It was a description of industry which exactly suited the purposes of his ministers, who by putting him upon the scent in some trivial matter, respecting which they pretended to receive the law from him, took care to manage all the more important matters according to their own schemes.

A circumstance which deserves attention, is the residence of this monarch at a distance from his capital. It was not without its design or its influence in the establishment of the absolute sovereignty which was the favorite project of Louis XIV. From Paris he had been driven in his youth, and the memory of his flight was a bitter subject; there he never considered himself safe, besides being exposed to the observation of spirits of every description. At a court



separate from the capital he had his courtiers more immediately under his eye; absences could be easily marked, and cabals crushed in their infancy. Then came the ruinous taste for building, which it was more easy to indulge at Versailles or Marly, than in the immediate neighbourhood of a crowded capital. His changes of residence were chiefly made for the purpose of creating and keeping up a number of artificial distinctions, by which he kept the court in a constant state of anxiety and expectation. It was the fashion to request to accompany him, to desire apartments near him; and according as these boons were granted, so was the courtier humiliated or exalted. When he resided at St. Germain, Versailles served this purpose; when at Versailles, Marly; and though at Trianon the whole court were at liberty to present themselves, yet even there a distinction was made, that ladies might there eat with the king: and particular ones were pointed out to receive the honor as each meal arrived. The schemes of this kind were infinite, and kept his court in a state of perpetual excitement and anxiety to please.

The *justaucorps à brevet* was an invention of the same kind; it was a uniform of blue lined and turned up with red, and red waistcoat embroidered with a grand pattern of gold and some silver. A small number only were permitted to wear this dress; it was one of the highest favours, and every means of interest were set on foot to obtain it. They who wore it were alone permitted to accompany the king from St. Germain to Versailles without being invited.

Louis XIV. not only knew how to keep his courtiers alive to a sense of the distinctions he created, and watchful of his pleasure, but he had that curious faculty of personal observation which seems peculiar to royalty. Neither the absence nor the presence of any one escaped him; and not merely the persons of distinction, but even individuals of inferior note. At his rising in the morning, at his retiring at night (his *coucher*), at his repast, in passing to his apartments, or in his walks in the gardens of Versailles, when the courtiers alone had permission to follow him, his eyes were on the watch, he saw and remarked every body, down to persons who did not even hope to be seen. In his own mind he kept a most accurate account of these things, and distinguished between the occasional absence of constant attendants, and those of the individuals who only came to court occasionally; and according to these accounts he invariably acted. When he was asked for any thing for a person who never presented himself, he would say proudly "I do not know him;" or for one who came rarely, "He is a man whom I never see;" and these sentences were final. Another crime was not to go to Fontainebleau, which he looked upon in the same light as Versailles; and for others not to ask

permission to accompany him to Marly, although he had no intention of taking them; and on the other hand, if a courtier were on that footing, to have a general liberty of going there, absence was unpardonable, either in male or female. The persons who liked Paris he could not bear. They who loved the country might stay for a time at their chateaux without offence; but it was necessary before going there to take proper precautions against misinterpretation.

Another royal *tact* was that of never forgetting the face of a man whom he had once seen; though a person otherwise insignificant, if the king had once seen him, he would remember him at the distance of twenty years. He had a similar memory for *personal facts*, and though he never confounded them, still it was impossible for him to remember every thing; and if, therefore, any individual was named to him with any view of employment, it was fatal to him if the king recollected that there was any thing against him, though he had not the power of remembering exactly what the objection might be.

One of his perpetual cares was to be well informed of every thing that was passing every where—in places of public resort, in private houses, the facts of ordinary intercourse and the secrets of families, and of amours. He had spies and reporters every where, and of all classes; some who were ignorant that their information was meant for him,—others who knew that it ultimately reached him,—a third set who corresponded directly with him,—and a fourth were permitted to have secret interviews with him, through back stairs. Information conveyed in this form was the ruin of many a man, who never knew from what quarter the storm came. It was he who first invested the *lieutenant de police* with his dangerous functions, and which went on increasing: these officers were the most formidable persons about the court, and were treated with most decided consideration and attention by every one, even by the ministers themselves. There was not an individual, not excepting the princes of the blood, who had not an interest in preserving their good will, and who did not try to do it. The opening of letters was another of the shameful means of procuring information. Two persons, Pajoute and Roullier, farmed the post, and apparently on this condition, for no efforts could ever succeed, either in displacing them or in augmenting their rent. This department of *espionage* was performed with a most extraordinary dexterity and promptitude: generally the heads only of remarkable letters were laid before the King; in other instances the letter itself. A word of contempt for the King or his government was certain ruin: and we have Saint-Simon's testimony for saying, that it is incredible how many persons of all classes were more or less injured by these means. The secrecy with which it

was conducted was impenetrable. Neither secrecy, nor yet dissimulation, was at all painful or difficult for the king.

This last accomplishment is termed by the French a talent: he pushed it to the extreme of falsity without however being guilty of a verbal lie. He piqued himself on keeping his word, and gave it but very rarely. He was also as careful of the secrets of others as of his own: and was flattered by certain confidences and confessions on the part of his courtiers, which neither minister nor mistress could ever afterwards wring from him.

Louis XIV. was the model of a king who should have no state duties to perform, who was required as the head of a court and the hero of addresses, petitions, levees, openings of a parliament, reviews, occasional festivals, and in short all the lighter duties of a constitutional monarch, with one exception, his passion for buildings. In all personal matters he was perfect. There was a grace in all he did, a precision and an elegance in all he said, that rendered an attention from him a distinction. He knew the value of it, and may be said to have sold his words, nay, even his smile, even his looks. He spoke rarely to any one; when he did it was with majesty, and also with brevity. His slightest notice or preference was measured, or, as it were, proportionably weighed out. No harsh word ever escaped him; if he had occasion to reprimand or reprove, it was always done with an air of kindness, never in anger, and rarely even with stiffness.

He may be said to have been polished to the very limits of nature: no one better marked the distinctions of age, merit and rank, all which he took care to hit exactly in his manner of salutation, or of receiving the reverences on arrival or departure. His respectful manner to women was charming: he never passed even a chambermaid without raising his hat, though, as at Marly, he might know them to be such: and if he accosted a lady, he never replaced his hat till he had quitted her. These are what we call the manners of the old school; he was the perfecter of them, and one of their most successful professors, if not altogether their creator.

In the interior of his domestic life he was remarkably good tempered and patient, punctual and exact in himself, and considerate for others. His own extraordinary regularity made the service of the palace proceed like clockwork: no small convenience for his courtiers, who were bound to be in particular saloons, or galleries, or cabinets, at particular moments of their master's day.

He treated his servants and body-attendants with great consideration and favour, and in fact, like other kings, was more at his ease with them than any other society. Their influence was supposed to be great, and they were courted even by the first

nobility of the land. He always protected them; so that in case they happened to be insolent, a nobleman was bound to know either how to avoid it, or to bear it. He was very particular in ascertaining with what attention they had been treated when he sent them on any message; he used to relate with complacency that he one day sent one of his footmen to the Duke de Monbazon, governor of Paris, who at the time was in one of his chateaux, and on the arrival of the royal servant was just sitting down to dinner. The duke made the servant sit down to dinner with him, and when he departed, accompanied him to the door, in honour of his master. This act of base servility was an offering to the idol, and greedily accepted.

There must have been something very imposing in the expression of his countenance, and in the majesty of his port. Saint-Simon observes, that on occasions of ceremony it was necessary for the person who had to harangue him, to be accustomed to the sight of him, to avoid the risk of blundering and stopping short in his speech. His own answers on such occasions are represented as models of propriety, and were often conceived in an agreeable tone of compliment to the person before him, if such had been called for by the merit of the discourse. On gay occasions he was equally majestic; and though always graceful and easy, never was guilty of the slightest jest, or movement, that could be considered misplaced or awkward: all was decent, grand, noble, and at the same time animated by an air of natural gaiety and good humour, which, joined to his advantages of form and face, made his approach irresistible.

This perfect command of his person was in part the consequence of his excellence at all athletic sports and exercises. He loved the air, and was constantly out in it, either shooting (he was the best shot in France) or hunting. The stag he used to follow at Fontainebleau after he broke his arm, in a calash drawn by four ponies, which he managed at full gallop with admirable skill. He excelled also in dancing, a species of golf, and at racket; and up to a late period of his life was an admirable horseman. Connected with his fondness for shooting was his attachment to dogs, of which he used to keep seven or eight in his apartments, and feed them himself.

He had a natural turn for magnificence and splendour, and certainly it was scarcely possible for man to carry it further; and, like every other taste, it was extensively imitated, spread all over court, camp, and city, and reduced the nobility to poverty and difficulties; a result which, Saint-Simon says, he foresaw, and indeed calculated on, to second his own purposes of subjugating the grand seigneurs of his dominions, by means more artful and more certain than the violent schemes of Richelieu.

The passion of this magnificent monarch for splendid buildings and palaces is intelligible enough; but in the indulgence of it there was a pride, a caprice, and a bad taste, for which it is more difficult to account. St. Germain, which is on an elevated site, admirably adapted for a palace of any dimensions, surrounded by picturesque beauties of every description, and abounding in all those advantages which nature alone can supply in perfection, he abandoned for Versailles. Versailles—the most melancholy and barren spot, perhaps, in the whole of France! without prospect, destitute of wood, of water, even of soil—for where it is not sand it is marsh—and, to crown the whole, unhealthy; in short, a swamp. It seems as if he had determined to treat Nature as one of his courtiers, and try to tyrannise and subdue her by the force of art and treasure. When tired of the forest of stone, the mazes of foliage, and the plains of pavement he had piled together, and when his innumerable apartments, his saloon upon saloon, were crowded with a brilliant court, it occurred to him that he must have a retreat where he could retire with a dozen or two of his greatest favourites. He chose Marly, because it was in a deep and narrow little valley, the sides of which were nearly perpendicular, and destitute of either beauty in itself, or prospect abroad. His reason for fixing on this spot was, that here at least he could not spend money in building. All the world knows the result: lakes were made one month and filled up the next; forests were planted of trees at the full size; the hills that obstructed the view were cut in twain, and Marly ended by costing as much as Versailles. The Duc de Saint-Simon tells us that he has seen alleys, and thickets, and walks changed into an extensive piece of water, on which parties sailed in boats, and which, six weeks afterwards, was metamorphosed again into a forest dark with foliage. Of course more than three parts of these trees died, but they were immediately replaced. The trees were transported from Compiègne, and even a greater distance.

To attempt a portrait of Louis XIV. without entering into the character of a person who so decidedly affected his fortunes as Madame de Maintenon, would be to shut out one of the best lights. The Duc de Saint-Simon has given us ample materials: he long survived her: he was well acquainted with the persons who were familiar with her, and though, in common with all the grand seigneurs of the court, he bore her no love, yet he is too honest and clearsighted ever to deal in fiction to her prejudice. We pass over her early history, with the exception of the fact that she was a West Indian, the same country which afterwards furnished another *parvenue* in Josephine to occupy the same throne. Madame Maintenon's reputation as the widow of Scarron was by no means unimpeachable; it did not, however, prevent her from

being introduced to some of the houses of the highest nobility on the footing of a companion. Such persons in that capacity were more useful before the introduction of bells than they have been since. She appears to have won her way by the agreeableness of her conversation, and the charm of her manners: and becoming the humble friend of Madame de Montespan, at that time the 'accredited' mistress of the king, she was intrusted with the care and education of the royal bastards. The little Duc de Maine was club-footed, and he and his gouvernante were sent to all the baths in France and its neighbourhood, in the hopes of his washing his crooked foot straight. Previous to this time, the king had conceived a great aversion for Madame Scarron, and frequently attempted to induce Madame de Montespan to part with her. The perusal of her letters first produced a change in his feelings towards her. Afterwards she used to act as a mediator in the quarrels which frequently took place between the monarch and his haughty and capricious mistress, and was found so useful by both, that at last she became necessary. Madame de Montespan, the proudest beauty that ever graced or tormented a court, had at length the profound mortification of perceiving that she was indebted for the royal visits to the attendant gouvernante, the poor and neglected widow of Scarron, the buffoon-poet, whom she had raised from utter insignificance to consequence and competency. When the Queen died, the King made proposals to Madame de Maintenon (for that had become her name); she ventured to reject them on the ground of religion. She was artful, and knew her man; finding that marriage was the ultimatum, the aid of Père la Chaise was desired, and the widow of Scarron was married at midnight to Louis the Great, in one of the cabinets of the royal apartments at Versailles: his head valet, Bontems, served the mass (as marriage in the religion of the Romish church is called), and Harlay, bishop of Paris, was present as diocesan, as well as Louvois the minister; the two latter having exacted the royal promise that the marriage should never be declared. It might have been supposed that if any man could have made good terms with a woman, it was the King: he, however, was compelled to give marriage as a consideration for that person which his inferiors by infinite degrees had taken almost for charity. These things depend not so much on the real situation of parties, as upon the weakness of one mind and the dexterity of another. From that hour Madame de Maintenon was more than a queen in France; by the King she was treated with marks of outward respect and almost veneration, which, while they drew the courtiers on their knees, made them almost burst for vexation and disgust. The aristocratic distinctions, which seemed to their minds a part of nature, were too strong even for the King to eradicate, though he

was easily able to suppress every external sign of their existence. Without appearing to take any part in state matters, she ruled the affairs of the country, and ruled them as might have been expected from her extreme ignorance in such matters, and from the strong bias of bigotry and superstition under which she acted,—ruled them not merely ill, but in such a manner as to draw the nation to the very brink of ruin, degrade the character of the monarch, and, what is worse, spread wretchedness and dismay farther and wider than perhaps any other woman ever had the power to do. But for the means.

It was the system of Madame de Maintenon and the ministers, for a series of thirty-four years, to render the king inaccessible in private. As he passed from council to mass, or, on similar occasions, in galleries and antichambers, the courtiers had the privilege, whoever could catch it, of speaking to him, or whispering in his perruque any matter they might have at heart; his usual answer was a gracious *je verrai* (I will see), and if the conversation was attempted to be continued, the king, arriving at the door of his apartment, left the unhappy courtier to his reflections. By such contrivances as these, and a thousand others, the king was cut off from free communication with the world or his court, and with all his notions of despotic sway, was, in fact, a prisoner in the hands of a cabal—his mistress, his ministers and his confessor, who took care to play into each others hands. The different ministers transacted business with the king in the apartment of La Maintenon, where she sat at work, apparently taking no notice of the conversation which passed. Sometimes the king would turn round and ask her opinion, which she always gave timidly and modestly, and generally coincided with that of the minister: the fact all the time being, that the minister and she had previously settled the points in agitation. If, for instance, the matter in hand was a list of candidates for a particular employment, the minister went over the names, until he came to the one Madame de Maintenon had previously consented to, and after balancing the merits of the various competitors, at last summed up in favour of the name he had stopped at. If the king preferred another, and was obstinate, he was led away from the subject; other things were started, and the appointment was brought upon the carpet at another interview, when, in all probability, the humour had shifted. If the minister rebelled against the female sway, he was lost; but if, on the other hand, he was adroit and obedient, Madame de Maintenon took care of his reward. Before his arrival, she would lead the conversation upon the incessant labours of the minister, or upon the king's fatigue and attention to business, and suggest that the king should excite him to still greater zeal by some specific reward (some point the minister

wanted to carry), in order that less of the weight of business should fall upon the Monarch; and by other methods, for which so clever a person was never at a loss.

Madame de Maintenon was a devotee for several reasons: first, because she had been licentious, and bigotry conjoined with prudence was an admirable contrivance for throwing early imprudences into the shade. Then again, it was the weak side of the king; by superstition she maintained her authority over him, and insured his permanent veneration. The confessor and the bishops were her natural allies. The extent of the king's ignorance appears incredible, monstrous—until we reflect that a man can only know that which passes through the channels of some of his senses. He had been in the hands of priests from his youth, and absolutely shut out, literally locked and barred, from all the rest of the world, except the priests and the priest-like. From them he learned that religion was divided into Jesuitism and Jansenism; that Jansenism meant Republicanism; that it was hateful to God and injurious to man. The Huguenots were Jansenists, and something worse—they practised what the others only taught; to convert them was represented as the most glorious work that man could accomplish, and certain to ensure absolution to the greatest of sinners. Thus, when the horrible persecutions of the Protestants were going on, and acts of atrocity were daily and hourly committed which make the era of the revocation of the edict of Nantes the blackest and basest in French history, the king heard of nothing but of conversions by the hundred and thousand, and while he, damning his fame and scourging his generation, considered himself an apostle, all was triumph and festival at court, the king's face shone with holy joy, masses were sung and said in gratitude, bishops from all quarters sent him congratulatory letters, and of course the courtiers re-echoed the sounds of satisfaction. What a spectacle! behind the scene were the fanatic de Maintenon, the Jesuit confessor, and the cruel and unprincipled Louvois, the devastator of the Palatinate, pulling the wires of their puppets, and maintaining their wretched places and power at the expense of an integral portion of the whole human race.

Besides a passion for governing, Madame de Maintenon had a kindred one for what is called in French *regenting*,—setting up for a teacher and regulator of the affairs of seminaries, abbeys, and nunneries. Besides her own magnificent establishment of St. Cyr, a sort of theological court, she managed almost all the religious societies of the country. Her grand ambition was to be considered the general lady abbess of the kingdom, a sort of royal and religious mother of the whole body of devotees and fanatics. This pursuit raised her in the estimation of the king,



while it flattered her own vanity, and fell in with her peculiar disposition.

There is something so curious, both in the character and position of Madame de Maintenon, that we confess we have perhaps derived more satisfaction from Saint-Simon's details respecting her, than any other portion of his admirable volumes. The picture is so minute, and yet so striking, so philosophical and so entertaining, that we must dwell upon some of the traits a little longer. Madame de Maintenon, though a queen in the interior of the palace, was a private lady in public: and being of very inferior rank, after all the honours that had been conferred upon her, her position became delicate. No one would venture upon taking precedence of her, and yet it was impossible for her to assume it. With her ordinary dexterity, and in accordance with her natural character on all such occasions, she affected the humble, the obliged, the reverential, and would even retire before persons whom in her own rank she might have led. But no,—her part was the extremely modest and retiring creature, whom God and the king had chosen to be sure to distinguish, all underserving as she was of such high favour. Thus the ladies of the court, where distinction was the very breath of the place, had to leave in a corner, acting humility, the person who with a word could have driven the proudest from the only atmosphere in which a courtier of that time, male or female, thought it was possible to exist. She, who in public, was only accommodated with a stool by an artifice, in private enjoyed all the honours of the arm chair—in the presence of the king, and of the ex-royal family of England; and they who know the importance attached to the *chair*, the intrigues that have been set on foot for a *stool*, and the confusion in the church about a *bench* for the cardinals, can alone understand how much is conveyed by this fact. This awkwardness might be one of the reasons of her shutting herself up: she was almost as unapproachable as the king himself; she paid rare visits but to a very few, and it was only a few familiars who could make good their way into her apartments. One good point—one honest quality Madame de Maintenon *did* possess. She never forgot or neglected the friends of her adversity. Those that were mean she raised, those that were great already she endowed with privileges that were considered the greatest boons a courtier could receive. Among the companions of her adversity was an old female servant who had adhered to her when the widow of Scarron was reduced to seek the charity of her parish. Her name was Manon, and Manon Madame Maintenon always called her, after she became Made-moiselle Balbien for the court, and a personage. Though retain-

ing her primitive simplicity of speech and manners, and imitating the austerity of her mistress in her dress, she was a person of the utmost importance in the eyes of all those who wished to carry a point with her mistress. The Duc de Saint-Simon has condescended to give a characteristic portrait of Manon, with several anecdotes of her service; for everything at court is important, if it comes within the enchanted circle of power.

To a woman of de Maintenon's ambition, the declaration of her marriage must necessarily have been an object near to her heart. On two several occasions she had so far succeeded with the king that he was on the point of acknowledging her, and twice he was prevented; first, by the ardent solicitation of Louvois, and the second time, by the advice of Bossuet and Fenelon. Louvois was poisoned, and Fenelon disgraced. The Bishop of Meaux's authority with the king, the weight of his eloquence and character, and, more than all, the need of his services, prevented him from sharing the fate of the Archbishop of Cambrai. The anecdote of Louvois' resistance deserves to be quoted in a translation of the passage: it gives an insight into courts.

"Many years after, Louvois, who was always well informed of what was passing in the interior of the palace, and who spared no means to procure speedy information, was told of the schemes Madame de Maintenon had on foot to get herself declared, that the king had had the weakness to consent, and that the affair was about to explode. He sent for the Archbishop of Paris to Versailles, and, immediately after the dinner, took some papers, and went to the king's apartments, and as he was used, went straight into the cabinet. The king had just risen, and was arranging his clothes. Seeing Louvois at an hour not usual with him, he demanded what brought him. 'Something of great importance that requires despatch,' said Louvois, with an air of sadness that astonished the king, who told him to send away the valets of the interior, who were waiting. They went away, it is true, but they left the doors open; so that they heard all, and saw as well by means of the mirrors. This was the great danger of the cabinets.

"When they had left, Louvois did not hesitate to tell the king what had brought him. The king was unable to deny the fact, but attempted to turn it off with some evasions that required no penetration to see through, and being pressed by the minister, he began to make for the interior cabinet, where the valets were, and thus deliver himself. But Louvois, who saw the device, threw himself on his knees before him and stopped him, drew from his side a little sword which he wore, presented the handle to the king, and begged his majesty to put him to death instantly if he persisted in declaring his marriage, in breaking his royal word, and in the eyes of all Europe covering himself with an infamy which he (Louvois) would never live to see. The king stamped and started, and bade him instantly let him go: but Louvois held him by the legs still tighter, for fear he should escape, and went on representing

the horrible contrast of his crown and personal glory with the disgrace he was going to join with it, and which would eventually kill him with remorse: in a word, he succeeded in getting a second promise from the king that he never would declare his marriage. The Archbishop of Paris arrived in the evening. Louvois related to him what he had done. The courtly prelate would have been utterly incapable of such an effort, and in fact it was an action which, if properly viewed, ought to be considered sublime. Louvois at the time was all-powerful; he was passionately attached to his place, its duties and its authority; and at the same time he knew that Maintenon was supreme, and felt all the weight of her influence. He was also well aware that she was too well informed of every thing that passed not to be able very soon to trace her disappointment to the right source, and that her inextinguishable hatred would be the consequence. The archbishop, who had nothing to do but to confirm the king in the promise he had at the marriage given to both, and which had just been repeated to the minister, could not refuse his aid. He therefore spoke to the king next morning, and had no difficulty in drawing from him the renewal of his promise."

Louvois was poisoned; the archbishop was disgraced. There appears to have existed no doubt in the mind of Saint-Simon that the disappointed woman was the mover in the first heinous affair, as she undoubtedly was in the last. When the affair was again renewed, Fenelon fell, the victim of his honesty; after which Madame de Maintenon, with that prudence which distinguished her, and to which she owed her long reign, appears to have resolved upon giving up the idea for ever. The king felt the merit of this resignation, and is said to have redoubled his attentions and repaid her by other gratifications.

It must not be supposed that the attention which the king paid either to her or any other woman, implies the ordinary meaning which we attach to gallantry. His attentions were purely selfish; they did not merely consist in formal demonstrations of respect; Louis XIV. was never known to hesitate where his own personal convenience was concerned. His hardness in this respect was extreme. At the time of his warmest attachment to his mistresses, he never regarded either the illnesses or the sufferings of any one of them: whether in a condition or not to wear without extreme inconvenience the full dress of the court, it mattered not; nothing could soften the rigour of etiquette. Pregnant, ill, not recovered from confinement—it was necessary to show themselves in full court dress—to be tightlaced and adorned, ready to go to Flanders or even farther—to dance, sit up, join the fêtes, eat, drink, and be merry—to be afraid of nothing—neither to suffer, or appear to suffer, from heat, cold, air, dust—and all this at the exact hour, and at the appointed place, without deranging or delaying the royal mechanism for

one minute.\* He always travelled with his carriage full of women, his mistresses; afterwards his bastards, his daughter-in-

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\* These Memoirs would furnish us with an abundance of instances in confirmation of the truth of this statement. We shall satisfy our readers by quoting one, and not to interrupt the thread of our observations, will throw it into a note.

"The Duchess of Burgundy was pregnant: she suffered very much while in that state. The king wished to go to Fontainebleau, contrary to his usual custom, at the beginning of spring, and had intimated his intention. He wished to make his journeys to Marly in the interim. His grand-daughter amused him exceedingly; he could not dispense with her; but so much moving about did not at all agree with a person in her state. Madame de Maintenon became uneasy at it, and Fagon (the physician) ventured to hint his opinion of its danger. The king, accustomed to put no constraint upon himself, and spoiled by having seen his mistresses travel about when they were pregnant, or scarcely recovered from confinement, and always full dressed, was annoyed at this. The representations as to the journeys to Marly chagrined him, without, however, making him change his purpose. He merely twice deferred his departure, which had been fixed for the day after, and only went thither on the Tuesday of the week following, in spite of everything that could be said or done to dissuade him from it, or to obtain his permission for the princess to remain at Versailles.

"On the Saturday following, while the king was walking after mass, and amusing himself at the carp pond, between the chateau and the gardens, we saw the Duchess de Lude coming out on foot, and quite alone; there was no lady at the time with the king—a circumstance rather unusual in the morning. Conceiving that she had something pressing to communicate to him, he went to meet her; and when he was at some little distance, his attendants halted, and left him to speak to her alone. The tête-à-tête was of short duration. The duchess returned to the chateau, and the king came back towards us, and almost close to the carp pond, without saying a word. Every one of us saw what was the matter, but no one ventured to speak. At last the king, having reached the side of the pond, looked round at the principal persons of his suite, and without addressing himself to any one in particular, uttered, in a tone of ill humour, these words—'The Duchess of Burgundy has hurt herself.' Immediately M. de Larochefoucauld began to make exclamations, and M. M. de Bouillon, the Duke de Tresmes and the Marshal de Barfleur, to repeat them in a lower tone; after which M. de Larochefoucauld, repeating his exclamations, said that it was the greatest misfortune that could happen, as having already met with several disappointments, the duchess might perhaps never have any more children. The king, who had hitherto not spoken a word, all at once cut short his lamentations in a burst of anger. 'Even should that be the case,' said he, 'what is it to me? Has she not a son already? and if he were to die, is the Duke de Berri not of age to marry and have children? What does it signify to me whether my successor comes from the one or the other? Are they not both my grandsons?' And after a short pause he continued, impetuously, 'Thank God! the duchess's misfortune is over, since it was to be so; I shall no longer be thwarted in my journeys and in every thing I wish to do by the representations of doctors and the chattering of matrons. I will go and I will come according to my own fancy, and you will leave me in peace.' A silence, in which you might have heard an ant move, succeeded to this rally. Our eyes were cast down; we scarcely ventured to breathe; every one remained stupified: even the domestics and the gardeners continued motionless. This silence lasted upwards of a quarter of an hour. "The king, leaning on the balustrade, was the first to break it, by some remark upon one of the carp: no one answered him. Afterwards he spoke to some of the domestics about the carp, but the conversation was not kept up as usual. No other subject was talked of but the carp; it completely languished, and the king went away some time afterwards. No sooner was he out of sight and we ventured to look at each other, than the meeting of our eyes said everything. Every one who happened to be there became for the moment the confidant of each other's thoughts. We wondered, we were astonished, we were grieved, we shrugged our shoulders. Notwith-

law, and sometimes the Duchess of Orleans, and other ladies when there was room. In this carriage there was always great store of eatables, meat, pastry and fruits; and though he never ate anything himself between his meals, it was his pleasure that the ladies should eat. He had not gone a mile before the viands were produced; and appetite or not, ill or well, the poor women were bound to stuff themselves to repletion. He was affronted at want of appetite, and equally offended at an ungraceful mode of eating, and never failed to show his displeasure with a good deal of bitterness. He was equally inattentive to the feelings of his companions in every other respect; and a dismally ludicrous story is told of the sufferings of the Duchess de Chevreuse, which we could not repeat. The king was partial to air, and never feeling fatigue, heat or cold, always travelled with the glasses down, and was offended at any lady drawing the curtain against the sun; but the greatest crime of all was to be taken ill, or to faint—it was never forgiven. This of course was horrible slavery, and yet all repaid by the honour of riding in the king's coach. Madame de Maintenon contrived to avoid this disagreeable distinction. Under the pretence of decorum, she invariably started before him; and wherever it was arranged to stop, there he found her established precisely in the order and manner of Versailles. There were many other manifestations of selfishness from which it was impossible for her to escape. In whatever condition of health she might be, she was forced to go to Marly, frequently when in a state in which no other man would have moved a servant; and once she travelled to Fontainebleau at a time when her attendants expected her to die on the road. Whatever might be her state of health, the king visited her at his usual hour, and transacted all he had arranged, though perhaps she was in bed and in a fever. The king, as has been observed, was fond of air, and detested a hot room, and astonished at finding when he arrived all closed up, would immediately order every window to be thrown up, utterly regardless, probably thoughtless, of the state of the patient, and thus they would remain up to ten o'clock at night, when he went to supper. If he wished to have music, her fever or her headache were never attended to, and a hundred candles shone on her eyes whether she could open them or not. Need it be matter of surprise that

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standing the time that has now elapsed since this scene took place, it is constantly before my eyes. M. de Laroche foucauld was furious, and on this occasion not without cause; the first *acuyer* was almost frightened to death; and as for myself I examined every personage with eyes and ears; and I was not sorry to find the opinion confirmed which I had long entertained—that the king loved and regarded no one but himself, and was to himself his last end."

such a man was deserted on his death-bed, and that the instant Maintenon saw he was beyond recovery she left him to die at leisure, and retreated to her sanctuary of St. Cyr, where she could hear the result without chance of inconvenience?

The death-bed of this extraordinary man is as fine a piece of acting as any other in his life; if any thing could have gone deeper than the external surface of form and etiquette, assuredly it would have been the last agony. But Louis died as he had lived, with all the grace and decorum he loved in his brightest moments. His several addresses to his different friends and attendants, and lastly to his heir, were distinguished by that neatness and propriety for which he was famous: in fact, so studied and so perfect is the whole scene, as described in the faithful pages of Saint-Simon, that it produces the effect of a well-acted play, and may almost be said to be affecting. If the combined efforts of a nation of courtiers could ever raise a man out of humanity, it was done in the case of Louis le Grand: yet here he is, a dying god, on his bed, discovering, as the film comes across his physical sight and at the same time drops from his intellectual vision, that his apotheosis has been a mistake. His only regret was that he had neglected the interests of his subjects. His advice to the little Dauphin, not to build, not to make war, but to study the interests of his people, was as much as to say, "take the precisely opposite course which I myself have followed."

He was long in dying; when he appeared at the worst the courtiers deserted his apartments, and flocked about the Duke of Orleans; when he rallied somewhat, the reaction was sudden and complete, and the duke left for a whole day without a visit from a single individual.

Among the votaries at the shrine of royal favour, the man whom we shall first pause upon, is the Duc de Lauzun.

The Duc de Lauzun was perhaps the most extraordinary character that the artificial heat of this court atmosphere ever encouraged in its superabundant and unnatural growth. The Duke de Saint-Simon and he married two sisters, and during the latter part of Lauzun's life (and it was a long one, for he lived to the age of ninety years) they were much together. The author of these memoirs was therefore well qualified, both by position as well as by perspicacity, to detect the peculiar characteristics of his connection.

The Duc de Lauzun was the third son of the Comte de Lauzun, Captain of the Hundred Gentlemen of the King's Household: in his youth he bore the name of Marquis de Puységur. He was a little fair man, of good figure, of a lofty and imposing

expression of countenance, without having agreeable features. When he came to court he was destitute of fortune, and was taken in by the Marechal de Grammont, his father's cousin-german, who at that time enjoyed the highest possible consideration at court, and was greatly in the confidence of Cardinal Mazarin and the Queen Mother. His son, the Comte de Guiche, introduced Puygilhem to the Comtesse de Soissons, at whose house the young king lived almost perpetually, and where Puygilhem quickly succeeded in attracting his good graces. The king gave him his regiment of dragoons, and soon after made him Marechal-de-Camp, and created for him the charge of Colonel-General of Dragoons. When the Duc de Mazarin, who had already retired from court in 1669, wished to get rid of his place of Grand Master of the Ordnance, Puygilhem was the first who had wind of it, and asked the king for it, who promised to give it him, but under promise of secrecy for some days. The day arriving on which the king had promised to declare him, Puygilhem, who had the privilege of the *grandes entrées*, went into a room between the council-room and that where all the court wait, and where no one enters during the council, to wait the coming out of the king from the council of finance then sitting. He there found Nyert, the first valet de chambre, in waiting, who asked him by what chance he came there. Puygilhem, sure of his affair, fancied he should gain a friend in Nyert, by communicating to him what was going to be declared in his favour. Nyert pretended to be delighted, pulled out his watch, and saying there was still time to execute something the king had ordered him to do, he ran as fast as he could up the little staircase where Louvois was at work in his bureau, told him that at the breaking up of the council of finance, Puygilhem was going to be declared Grand Master of the Ordnance, how he had learnt it, and where he had left the expectant.

The story so far is characteristic of the falseness and intrigue of courts: the sequel will exhibit the character of an individual.

Louvois detested Puygilhem for many reasons, and feared his influence in a post which gave him so many occasions of interfering in his own department of war. No time was to be lost. Nyert was embraced, thanked, and sent off as quickly as possible, while Louvois, taking some paper by way of excuse, descended, and found Puygilhem, and Nyert who had returned, in the cabinet already mentioned. Nyert feigns surprise at seeing Louvois, and tells him that the council has not risen. Never mind, says Louvois, I shall go in, for I have a matter of importance to communicate to the king which requires despatch. The king, surprised at seeing him, asks what he wants, rises, and goes to him.

Louvois draws him to the window, and tells him that he knows his majesty is about to declare Puygilhem Master General of the Ordnance, that he is waiting for him at the door with that object, and then submits to him that although his majesty is of course full master of his own gifts and graces, that still he (Louvois) thinks it only for the good of his service to represent to him the absolute incompatibility that exists between Puygilhem's temper and his own, and that it will be impossible to get on amicably with a man of his extreme caprice and haughty manners. Several other objections are enumerated by Saint-Simon, as mentioned by Louvois. One circumstance was enough to decide the king. He was extremely provoked to find that the secret was known to the man from whom of all others he wished to conceal it. He answered Louvois very gravely, that the thing was not done yet, and resumed his seat at the council table. When it broke up, the king went out to go to mass, and passed Puygilhem without saying a word. Puygilhem waited the rest of the day in no small astonishment, and seeing that the promised declaration appeared to be no more thought of, he spoke of it to the king, after his evening audience. The king answered that it could not be yet, and that he would see about it. The ambiguity of the answer, and the dryness of the king's manner, alarmed Puygilhem. He had the run of the ladies of the court, and was master of the jargon of gallantry. He went in search of Madame de Montespan, to whom he related his griefs, and begged of her to interfere and bring the matter to a point. She promised him her aid, and amused him in this manner several days.

Tired out with delay, and tormented with anxiety to discover where laid the impediment, he hit upon the most impudent expedient that ever entered the brain of man, and which is only to be conceived of a man of Lauzun's incredible audacity and indelicacy combined. The king was accustomed, at that time, to pay his visits to Madame de Montespan in the afternoon. Aware of this circumstance, Puygilhem, by means of an intrigue with Madame de Montespan's maid, (for nothing came amiss to him that served his purposes,) contrived to secrete himself under the bed of her mistress's apartment. In this position he was enabled to overhear their conversation, from which he learned that Louvois was the obstacle in his way, the mortification of the king at his secret having got wind, and his majesty's determination not to give him the Ordnance, out of spite. And then he heard all that was said of himself by both parties, and found that the lady who had promised him her good offices, did him all the ill turns that she could. A cough, the slightest movement, the least chance might have discovered the rash spy, and his fate would have been sealed. Much of his subsequent life was spent in the Bastille,



but for this offence he either never would have gone in, or never come out. Saint-Simon observes that this is a story which suffocates and horrifies at the same time.

The use which Puygilhem made of his knowledge was pretty nearly as characteristic as the adventure itself. When he got from under the bed he went and stuck himself at the lady's dressing-room door, to wait her coming out to go to the ballet. He presented his hand to lead her out, and asked her with an air of the most polished softness and respect, whether he could flatter himself that she had deigned to remember him to his majesty. She assured him that she had not failed to do so, and then told him all the fine things she had said to the king, and as he contrived to throw in a few incredulous interjections in order to draw her on, she repeated her assertions with many asseverations of their truth. As soon as she had finished he drew closer to her, and told her in her ear that she was a liar, a cheat, a swindler, and a strumpet; and he then repeated word for word the conversation she had held with the king. The effect of such a scene may be conceived. Madame de Montespan was so overpowered that she could not utter a word; she trembled from head to foot, could scarcely get to the ballet, and when there, fainted in the midst of the whole court. In the evening she told the king what had happened, and made no doubt but that it was the devil himself who had informed Puygilhem so exactly of their conversation. The king was extremely incensed at the insult Madame de Montespan had received, and not a little tormented to discover how Puygilhem had gained his information.

Puygilhem on his part was furious at having lost the place, and the king and his mistress were upon terms of no little embarrassment. At length Puygilhem, by means of his *grandes entrées*, seized the occasion of a tête-à-tête with the king to remind him of the Ordinance, and audaciously demanded that he should keep his word. The king answered that he was no longer bound to do so: that he had only given it under a promise of secrecy. Whereupon Puygilhem retired a few steps, turned his back on the king, drew his sword, and stamping on the blade with his foot, broke it in two, crying out furiously that he would no longer serve a prince who had broken his word so shamefully. The conduct of the king, on this occasion, was marked by what Saint-Simon calls the finest action of his life. There is undoubtedly in it a mixture of dignity, grace, and at the same time point, which often characterized the behaviour of this monarch. He instantly turned away from the offender, opened the window, threw his cane out of it, and after saying that he should never have forgiven himself for having struck a man of quality, left the room. The result is curious. The next day Puygilhem was arrested,

and sent to the Bastille; he, however, came out in a few days, having been prevailed upon to relinquish the Ordinance, and accept the charge of captain of the body-guards. Such is the wonderful force of unsubduable impudence.

The story of the attachment which Mademoiselle d'Orleans conceived for him, and the marriage which was only broken off by his own ill-timed punctiliousness, and would, if it had taken place, by her blood-royal and her immense wealth, have raised him above every subject in the realm, is well known by the account given of it by the lady herself in her Memoirs. He made his refraining from marrying Mademoiselle a great favour with the king, and his good fortune continued increasing, and advanced to a surprising height of prosperity and distinction, when all of a sudden, about a year after, on his return from Paris to Versailles, he was arrested, conducted to the Bastille, and afterwards to Pignerol. The cause of this reverse of fortune is likewise traced to the resentment of the mistress and the minister. Madame de Montespan had not forgotten the treatment she had received from him, on a variety of occasions, and the jealousy of Louvois was continually excited by Lauzun's success, and by the impudence of his rivalry.

Lauzun recovered his liberty, but not till ten years after, when it was purchased at an immense sacrifice by Mademoiselle, but he was never restored to his influence over the king's mind. For many years he was not permitted to come within five miles of the court, and ultimately only procured his return by his gallantry in safely escorting the Queen of James II. and her son from London to Calais, when that monarch was obliged to make his escape from England. This return was, to a man of Lauzun's character, one of triumph; adroit and able courtier as he was he did not fail to make the best use of his position between the two courts of St. Germain and Versailles. For the rest of his life he enjoyed great consideration and a magnificent fortune, and lived the life, and had all the distinctions of a nobleman of the very highest class. He had the best table and the best house both at court and at Paris, and they were graced by the first society. But with all this, he was miserable. The familiar approach to the king was gone. With all Lauzun's capricious love of independence, his vanity, and his insolence, he was a courtier by birth, education, and habit, and to a courtier of Louis XIV. the idea of the king was all in all. It was like living without light to be without his favour, and having enjoyed his intimacy, to be deprived of it was to be struck blind. Such tricks can the force of habit play with the imagination of the strongest minds; the impression of received and undoubted public opinion scarcely ever fails to sink deep. The atmosphere in

which a man is born seems to colour his intellect, and the dye is too fast ever to be washed out. Sir Thomas More believed in witchcraft; Lord Bacon in the force of charms; and Lauzun in the magic of a king's smile. In order to regain it, he did many of the extraordinary things recounted by Saint-Simon, and what is more, his vexation at not succeeding led him into indescribable folly. He either fancied himself or pretended to be in profound disgrace, and every year he kept a sort of anniversary of his fall by some extravagant exhibition of madness. At these times he used to say his grief overcame his reason. He hoped to please the king by this refinement of flattery; the king only laughed at him. Nobody else, however, dared to laugh: Lauzun was the most formidable person about the court: his malice was as bitter as his wit was inexhaustible. His manners were reserved, measured, even gentle and respectful: from under this low and honied tone, however, sprung up sallies of the most piercing and overwhelming description, either for their extreme justness, their force, or their humour, and this in two or three words, and sometimes with an air of absence or indifference as if he was not thinking of what he said. A man so much feared had of course no friends. He was not only severe in words, he punished practically sometimes. In the execution of one of his schemes of regaining the confidence of the king, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, in order to pick up some political connection among the foreigners of distinction who at that time resorted there, and whom he calculated on turning to account. Not succeeding, he resolved on visiting the army of Marechal Villeroy, then in the field (1705), where he was received with all the honours of war, as having commanded in chief the armies of the (French) king in Ireland. He remained three days with the army, which was in presence of the enemy. It was known that the king was desirous of a battle, and all the world, which is the way of the peaceable folk, seconded the king in his wish, for nothing is so gratifying to citizens at home as to hear of the spilling of blood. This was the reason of Lauzun's visit. The officers to whose care Villeroy had committed him, took him to see the enemy's outposts and showed him all in their power; he, however, so teased them with questions, and was so anxious to know more than they could tell him, that out of spite, they carried him within musket shot, and ran the risk of being surrounded, thinking thereby to give him a fright. Lauzun, however, was the last man on earth to be afraid. He had, with all his ardour, that kind of cool courage which is so well acquainted with every degree of peril, that it can look on and discriminate the nature of every risk, as if the observation was carried on at the fireside. Instantly seeing through the de-

sign, he diverted himself with redoubling his questions, and took care to stop in every position which he knew to be most dangerous, so that he had the satisfaction of seeing several of them walking wide, and endeavouring to shuffle off. He only permitted them to withdraw, when he had thoroughly convinced them that they had mistaken their man.

On his return to court, every body got about him to learn the situation of the armies. This was what he had gone to see, and longed to tell. He acted his usual part of the reserved, the disgraced courtier, a forgotten neglected character, who could not see two steps before him. The day after his return he went to the Princess of Conti's, to pay his court to the dauphin, who did not like him, but who knew that he (Lauzun) detested Villeroy. Monseigneur put various questions to him respecting the position of the armies, and the obstacles which prevented them from engaging. The duke drew back, after the manner of a man who is resolved to be pressed; he did not conceal that he had been a great deal between the two armies, and very near the enemy's outposts, but contented himself with launching out in praise of the beauty of the king's troops, and the high spirits they were in at finding themselves so near the enemy, in such fine position, and on their eagerness to engage. "But why did they not engage?" Pushed at length to the point he wanted, "I will tell you," said he, "since you absolutely command me, that I have very exactly reconnoitred the fronts of the two armies, and the whole ground between them, and on their right and left. It is true there is no rivulet between them, and that I saw neither ravine nor hollow road either to get over or into, but there are other obstacles which I took a great deal of notice of." "But what on earth are they?" said Monseigneur: whereupon Lauzun began repeating over again the impediments which did not exist; at last, pushed to extremity, he drew his snuff-box from his pocket. "Remark now, Monseigneur; there is a thing between them which is exceedingly embarrassing for the feet—a growth of broom." "But how high?" "How high shall I say,—how high," he repeated, looking about the room for an object of comparison; "high—high," at length he said, "high, I do assure, *as this snuff-box.*" The dauphin burst into laughter, as it was intended he should; all the company joined: the story took, ran through the court, and soon arrived in town. The same evening it was told to the king. Lauzun had his triumph, and showed, in this way, his gratitude to Marechal Villeroy for all the honours he had paid him, and his own pique at having picked up nothing at Aix-la-Chapelle which answered his purpose.

One day, a short time before his death, when he was supposed to be dying, he called the priest to him who had been very assi-

duous during his illness, and who, as Lauzun knew, was stimulated to his extra exertions by his hope of a considerable bequest for the rebuilding of his church, and gave him a formal benediction, telling him that that was all he had for him. The Duke de la Force was present, a man whom Lauzun had always made his butt; to him he began making a grave speech of thanks and gratitude for his attention to him during his illness, and as he was the eldest of his house, beseeched him to give him his blessing. The Duke de la Force, with the priest beside him, was struck by the absurdity of the request, but at length complied; the pair were immediately dismissed and retired, the duke laughing, and the priest not a little mortified at the scene. Another day, when he was said to be very ill, Biron and his wife ventured on tip-toe to the door of his room, and keeping behind the curtains, contrived to get a peep at him; they were perceived in the glass. To Biron he was attached, but his wife, who was his own niece, and his principal heir, he detested, as he thought her mercenary, and her manners were disagreeable to him. Offended at this invasion of his sick chamber, which he attributed to avarice and a desire to ascertain whether he would soon be dead, he determined to make the parties repent, and to amuse himself at the same time. He began to pray aloud, in the character of a repentant sinner, to beg pardon of God for his past trespasses, and to hope that at least the goods which he possessed might serve to expiate his sins, and to promise that all should be left for pious uses without reserve, and to thank the Almighty for having left him this last means of escaping from the consequences of his iniquities. This prayer was uttered in a tone so penitent and with such apparent earnestness, that Biron and his wife never doubted for a moment that he was going to execute his design, and that they should be left without a penny. The sick duke sent for notaries, who drew up the will in the spirit of his prayer, and Madame de Biron was in despair. He, however, deferred adding his signature, and finding himself getting better and better, never signed it at all. This comedy greatly delighted him, and he often laughed over it with some of his particular friends, on his recovery; for in spite of the strength of his disease, and his extreme old age, (he was ninety when he died,) he got quite well, and no signs of weakness seemed to remain. With all the external indications of poor health, he had a constitution of iron, and an appetite of inordinate vigour.

His long confinement in prison had rendered him enamoured of a gloomy solitude; he would retire from the best company in the world to his apartment, and indulge in moody reflections: this was his custom every afternoon. It had also rendered him suspicious. When a confessor was sent to him in prison, at a time when he was expected to die, he insisted upon having a capuchin,

only for the sake of the test of his beard, and when he came near him he laid hold of him and gave the beard a twitch as proved to him at least that it was not false, and that there was a probability that the priest was not a spy.

Of the very able and brilliant general, the Maréchal de Luxembourg, these *Memoirs* speak copiously; partly because he was the commander under whom Saint-Simon served his first apprenticeship in arms, but chiefly on account of a claim which the Duc de Luxembourg set up of precedence over sixteen dukes and peers of France, in right of the duchy he received through his wife. The importance attributed to this claim in these times it is hardly possible for us to appreciate; precedence and the trifling shades of rank are accidents which the more philosophical spirit of the present day leads men to speak of at least lightly, however in some instances they may stickle for them. But precedence in the court of Louis XIV. was the life and soul of the age, and if there was anything deemed worth the sacrifice of life or fortune, it was the privilege of standing higher, or being called up before another. In the details of this cause so variously and ingeniously pursued, there is nothing to interest a modern reader beyond the devotion with which it was carried on, the ability and rank of the parties who struggled through this contest about a shadow, and more especially the solemn importance attached to it by the able, the sensible, and upright Saint-Simon himself. The spectacle is humiliating; it leads a man to suspect the nature of his pursuits, assume what guise of respectability they may, and to be at last disposed to exclaim that all is "vanity and vexation of spirit."

The Duc de Luxembourg was named Bouteville: he was the son of the famous duellist, the Comte de Bouteville, who, when he was in exile at Brussels for having killed the Comte de Thorigny, had the temerity to return to Paris and fight Beuvron, the relation of Thorigny, whose second was Bussy D'Amboise, and who was killed in the rencontre. Bouteville, with his second and cousin, Rosmadec, failed in making his escape: both were beheaded on the Place de Grève, in 1627. Bouteville was of the family of Montmorency. The young Bouteville was born six months after the catastrophe which befel his father. His name, his talents and his ambition triumphed over obstacles which to another would have been fatal; features of a very repulsive cast and a figure which a hump before, and a very pointed one behind, had not prepared him for a career of gallantry. Nevertheless the spirit of intrigue, the confidence acquired from his familiarity with the great world, together with the habit of gaiety and debauch then in fashion, enabled him successfully to overcome the deficiencies

of his person. His countenance, moreover, when the eye had become accustomed to it, though it had that peculiar expression which distinguishes the deformed, won upon his friends, more especially when joined with the grace and brilliancy that seemed to mark his most trifling action.

The military career of Luxembourg was marked by alternations of idleness and victory: he seemed to have only to make an effort to triumph over his enemies. His *coup-d'œil* was extremely accurate; in the face of the enemy he was calm, deliberate, prudent; on the day of battle, full of confidence and boldness, and, at the same time, a coolness which enabled him to see and foresee every thing in the midst of the hottest fire and the most imminent danger. It was then that he was really great; in all other matters he was indolence itself. Play, and gay conversation with his intimate friends, and every evening private suppers with select friends, were all he seemed to care for: at them every thing was forgotten but gaiety, and if he was near a town, women were always added to the party. At such times he was inaccessible; he neither gave an order nor received a message, and however urgent, he was never interrupted. He lived to the age of sixty-seven, leading the same life, and acting as if he thought himself but twenty-five. At last, however, age, temperament, and conformation, combined to betray him, and he sunk in the midst of a most brilliant career.

Among the other generals of the court and the contemporaries of Saint-Simon, one of the most distinguished and remarkable was Maréchal Villars. His success, both in the field and court, have given him a name in history which shows how little history is to be depended upon for any thing except the rude outlines of events. The contemporaries of Villars saw the real man, and Saint-Simon has painted him at full length. Our character shall be true to the impression received from the *Mémoires*: it must necessarily, however, be condensed into a comparatively brief space.

The birth of Villars, in his time, when aristocratic distinctions were so highly prized, was not one to build a reputation upon: his father had risen from obscurity by his skill and courage in the use of the small sword, and had been retained in the household of, and seconded in their duels, some of the first nobility, after which he was employed at court, and was received chevalier of the order of St. Esprit. Villars, his son, is said to have received a piece of advice from his mother on which he invariably acted, and which probably proved of more service to him in life than the reputation of his father's courage, or the distinctions it acquired him. She said to him, "when in presence of the king talk continually of yourself:" a counsel which he religiously kept with his sovereign, and moreover extended to all his subjects, forgetting the second

part of her advice, which was "never to mention himself to any body else." Villars was a Thraso in speech, but he contrived to be so also in deeds: by the concurrence of lucky accidents he realized his most extravagant boasts, and no one was more lost in admiration at their accomplishment than himself: he could neither think nor speak of anything else, and as he was a complete repertory of plays and operas, and filled his discourse with quotations from them, the air of rhodomontade he gave to his whole course of action may be easily conceived. In fact, in his highest employments and greatest commands (and he rose to the highest the monarch had to bestow) he was nothing more or less than a strolling player ranting through his part, with this method in his madness, that he always took care to rant wholly on the subject of his own exploits. It may be supposed, that the man who had eyes only for his own deeds had a *heart* for nobody but himself, and but little love was lost; he had no friend but himself, and to serve that friend there was no depth of servility or baseness to which he would not crawl; he was never known to do any thing for another beyond paying an extravagant compliment, which was the coinage with which he used to repay all sorts of services; consequently, he had as few followers as friends: he maintained his consequence chiefly by the magnificent opinion he maintained of himself, and by the determination to spare no sacrifice of self-respect or indeed any thing or any body else to uphold his authority. As for the ordinary means of preserving an employment, attending to its duties, of them he was utterly reckless; they might perform them that would, all he was intent upon was to remain in the enjoyment of the dignity and the income of his charge: his magnificence was of a kind truly Gascon, for it concealed the most wretched avarice; and his rapacity was that of a harpy. During the war he would send out detachments with no other view than pillage, and has been known to direct the movements of an entire army with this sole view. He had heaped together piles of gold by the plunder of war, and, as he was utterly shameless, he would make a joke of the means by which he had amassed it. His love of gambling was unconquerable: for he was as lucky in the saloon as in the field: he always won. The stage was another of his passions, whether from a love of the drama or the loose women who are always connected with a theatre; with these people and their paramours he lived, and spoke their language. Not all his honours and great employments could keep him from this description of society, or from disgracing his old age by the most gross and indecent conversation, of which he made no secret. He was, in fact, utterly destitute of shame. With all this, he possessed some of the highest qualifications of a general. He had a toler-



ably just *coup-d'œil*: his greatest virtue was, however, that of masking his real intentions, and at the same time bringing up his forces to a particular spot, and at a particular moment; this is the great problem a general has to work : Napoleon solved it better than any one; Villars owed his success to it. It is made a matter of reproach to him, that he was utterly indifferent to every thing which respects the commissariat, the waggon train, the protection of convoys,—he left such matters to those who would care for them. In modern armies a commander-in-chief is almost relieved from such duties by means of responsible agents. Villars cared little about their responsibility; if they failed he threw the failure upon them; if they succeeded he took all the glory of success to himself.

In action he was cool, and his ideas clear; though, occasionally, he would permit his sanguine temper to triumph and get heated, thus involving himself in confusion and embarrassment. When he gave orders, they were couched in the most fulsome language to the party to whom they were addressed; he dwelt upon the esteem he had for the officer, and the confidence he felt in his exertions, but he committed nothing to paper, and went into no details—all was cloudy; if good came out of it, Villars was glorified; if evil, the agent was overwhelmed with the consequences of failure. His *personal* courage never fluctuated; not so his *mental* courage; as long as he was not invested with responsibility, there was no exploit too daring, no scheme too wild for him; but when he was placed at the head of armies, he grew chary of his laurels, and at times even allowed opportunities of exertion to escape him which ought to have been turned to account. In spite of the success with which he was generally attended, he failed to convince any one of his great services excepting the king and himself. It is probable that kings are placed, in respect of individuals, very much in the position of posterity; they are too far above them to see any thing beyond gross results.

The *Memoirs* of Villars, published under his name, bear every mark of having come from his pen; they are confused and bombastic; and even where he enters into minute details, they are almost entirely a tissue of fiction. The embarrassment which distinguishes his writings marked his conduct in council; he began with ardour, then wandered, and soon lost himself, until some charitable colleague assisted him in recovering the track and helped him out with the remainder of his opinion; and his confusion frequently arrived at that pitch that he would declare the exact contrary of what he evidently meant to say.

With all his own licentiousness and with that strange inconsis-

tency which distinguishes men, he was exceedingly jealous of his wife, whom he placed under the duennaship of his mother, whose undertaking was, never to let her out of sight. The Duc de Saint-Simon observes, that these precautions are always ridiculous, and by no means so successful as might be wished. As he directed his armies sometimes solely with a view to the amassing of wealth: on other occasions, he would change the whole plan of a campaign that he might have an opportunity of seeing his wife.

The first president of the Parliament of Paris, D'Harlay, was a man whose character will well repay the study. Saint-Simon, who hated him,—and he was generally both feared and hated,—has touched off his minutest peculiarities with a felicity animated by warm admiration of his talents and the deepest contempt of his character. The high office held by Harlay brought him repeatedly into contact with the king, and more especially with the aristocracy, with whom it was then the custom prevailing to *solicit* their own cause before the tribunal over which Harlay presided.

Harlay was a spare little man, but full of vigour and energy, with a lozenge-shaped face, a large aquiline nose, and vulture eyes, that seemed ready to eat every thing up and to pierce the very walls. His dress was more ecclesiastical than legal, for he carried every thing that was formal to an extreme. He was always full dressed, his gait stooping, his speech slow, studied and distinct, his pronunciation of the old school, his words and phrases the same: his whole manner was made up, constrained, and affected: an air of hypocrisy infected all his actions; his manner was hollow and cynical, his reverences were to the ground, and as he walked along, his dress rustled against the walls with a pretence of humility. His manner was always profoundly respectful, under which was clearly enough to be seen a spirit of insolent audacity: and though his expressions were measured and guarded, pride of some sort was sure to peep out, and as much contempt and sarcasm as he dared to show.

His conversation was usually made up of sententious sayings and maxims: always dry and laconic; he was never at ease himself and no one with him. He had a great fund of sense, great penetration, a vast knowledge of mankind, more especially of that class of persons with whom he dealt; he was well acquainted with literature, extremely learned in jurisprudence, and more especially in international law. His reading was general, his memory extraordinary; and though he studied a deliberate preciseness of manner, his quickness of repartee was surprising and never failed him. In all the intricacies of practice he was superior to the most dexterous practitioners. He had rendered himself so completely the master of the Parliament that not a single

member stood before him, but with the trembling humility of a pupil: he ruled all connected with it with the most absolute tyranny, turning and using them as he listed, and often without their perceiving it; and when they did, they were obliged to submit. He never suffered the slightest approach to familiarity on the part of any person: even in his own family as much ceremony was kept up as between the most perfect strangers. At table the conversation turned upon the most common-place subjects, and though resident in the same house, his son never called upon him without sending a message; when he entered, his father rose to meet him with hat in hand, ordered a chair to be brought, and took leave of him in the same manner. Harlay was celebrated for his dexterity in his form of "bowing out:" the instant he wished to get rid of any person, he began bowing them out from door to door, with so much affected humility, and at the same time with such determined perseverance, that it was equally impossible either to be offended or to resist. After he had uttered one of the cruel bon mots, for which he was remarkable, and many of which are preserved, he would instantly commence his "reverences" and not end until his antagonist was fairly driven from the field. He carried this formal mode of politeness to such an excess that he generally saw his victims into their coach, and the door shut upon them. On one occasion, the Duc de Rohan leaving him in great dudgeon at the manner in which he had been treated in an audience, as he was descending the stairs indulged in all sorts of abuse of the First President to his intendant, who accompanied him, when suddenly turning round, they found Harlay close behind them, bowing them out in the most reverential style possible. The Duke, quite confused, begged and prayed, and was quite shocked that he should give himself the trouble to see him out. "Oh, sir," said Harlay, "it is impossible to quit you, you say such charming things;" and in fact he did not leave him till he had seen him off in his carriage. The Duchess de Ferté, in the same way, as she was descending his staircase, called him "an old baboon:" she found he was close behind her, but hoped it had not been heard, for no change in his manner was visible. He put her into her carriage with his usual prostrations. Shortly after her cause came on, and judgment was quickly given in her favour. The Duchess ran to the President and overwhelmed him with her gratitude. He as usual plunged into his reverences, and was full of humility and modesty, till he caught an opportunity when all eyes being upon them, then looking her full in the face, he said, "Madam, I am delighted that an old baboon can do a favour for an old ape." The Duchess would have killed him on the spot; he, however, recommenced his reverences and bowed her out of

the place, in profound silence and his eyes upon the ground, until he had seen her into her carriage.

When the Jesuits and the Fathers of the Oratory were disputing, he wished to make up the quarrel without bringing it before the tribunals. He sent for the leaders of the two parties and tried to reconcile them; as he was taking leave of them, he said to the Jesuits, "my fathers, what happiness it would be to live in your society," and turning to the delegates of the oratory, "and, my fathers, to die in yours." His sayings were, however, not so remarkable either for their point or wit as for their consummate audacity, their cruel triumph over every feeling of sympathy and consideration for another. He gloried in inflicting a blow which in defiance of all the laws of good breeding and in the security of his high and sacred position, laid his object sprawling in helpless humiliation.

Montataire, a chevalier of the Order of the Holy Ghost, who had married a daughter of the well known Bussy-Rabutin, was remarkable, as well as his wife, for being a great talker: they were also celebrated for their excessive litigiousness. They were once at an audience of the President, and began to talk of a cause which they had before him, as was the manner and custom of the time. The husband began to speak, but had not advanced far before the lady took the words out of his mouth, and proceeded to explain the business for him. The First President listened for some time; at length, interrupting her, he said to Montataire, "Is that your wife, sir?" "Yes, sir," said Montataire, not a little astonished at the question. "Sir," replied the President, "*I pity you*," shrugging up his shoulders with an air of compassion, and then turning his back upon them. Every body laughed: it was impossible to help it. The discomfited pair retreated in confusion.

Two counsellors, who had bought estates of the noble names of De Persan and De Croi, and had taken their names, as was customary with the nobility of the time, were announced at one of his audiences. He pretended not to know them, and as they were presented, bowed with his lowest reverence, but on rising, he looked suddenly in their faces, and pretended all of a sudden to recognize them; "Masks!" he said, "I know you."

He seems to have treated all such pretensions as an invasion of the ranks of the privileged order, and in the same light regarded even the assumption of their dress or costume. During the vacation, while he was residing at his seat of Grosbois, two young barristers called on him to pay their respects. They were attired in gray dresses, such as were worn in the country, with their cravats twisted and passed through the button-hole, after a

manner that seems at the time to have been fashionable, and which was, perhaps, an infringement on the etiquette of the court, or rather a departure from the costume of the bar. This shocked his cynical humor. He called for a sort of equerry, looked at him, and then said to a groom, drive out this fellow, (alluding to the equerry,) who has the impudence to wear a cravat like these gentlemen here. The gentlemen, says Saint-Simon, were nearly on the point of fainting, got off as quickly as they could, and promised never to return.

The brutality of Harlay arose from his own wretched sufferings; he lived on the rack of a horrible temper; he was eaten up, not with remorse, but with what, at the present day, might perhaps be called indigestion. He suffered from a kind of madness, which, without interfering with his efficiency or his acuteness in the most intricate affairs presented for his decision, made him the terror and scourge of every person that had any thing to do with him. His natural talents were of the highest order, and yet he was destitute of every principle of honour; ambition, avarice, and even crime, were the stains of his life. He was proud, haughty, rancorous, spiteful, and even wicked by the natural promptings of his heart; he was hypocritical, and when there was need, grovelling and humble; in the commonest actions of his life, hollow and false; and yet in all matters of common business between Peter and James, he was scrupulously exact and just for the sake of his reputation; but let his interests, his passions, or even the air of the court or success there interfere, and no man was capable of committing more barefaced iniquity.\*

Of all the interesting characters sacred to fame and history with which this voluminous work abounds, none is more attractive in all its forms than that of Fenelon. Man, in a state of society, by which we understand a being artificial to a certain extent, and under a despotic, a religious, and a refined reign, like that of Louis XIV., artificial to a point of extreme nicety, certainly never so nearly approached the model of perfection as in the instance of this great man. In the circumstances of his rise, in his fall, in his manners, in the tolerance of his spirit and the wonderful mode in which he combined the finesse of a courtier with the simplicity of a Christian, qualities are exhibited which require to be separately and minutely studied by one who would make himself master of this great character. Saint-Simon, as the bosom friend of the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, fast and faithful friends of Fenelon, to whom he owed his rise, and who, as long as he lived, remained his faithful and devoted inti-

mates and disciples, had many and ample opportunities of knowing him well. His portrait and the anecdotes respecting him are certainly striking portions in a work, which is so rich in court-and-state human nature, that we do not know where to turn without lighting upon either a picture or a lesson. We shall not do wrong in endeavouring to do justice to the character of Fenelon by Saint-Simon in a translation, however difficult it may be to transfer the force and conciseness of the author to another language.

“ This prelate was a tall spare man, of a good figure, pale, the nose large, the eyes full of fire and most expressive of sense and talent ; I have never seen any thing like his countenance, and having once seen it, it was impossible to forget it. It was full of contraries. There were gravity and gallantry, seriousness and gaiety ; it was as appropriate to the man of learning as the bishop, to the bishop as the man ; above all, there shone forth in it, as in all the rest of his person, an air of perfect grace, decorum, delicacy, mind, and, more than any thing, nobleness. It required an effort to take your eyes from him. All his portraits are speaking, without, however, catching the exact harmony which reigned in the original, or the various delicate shades of character collected in his face. His manners corresponded with his appearance ; his ease communicated itself to others ; there were moreover, an air and a good taste that are only acquired by mixing with the best society and the great world, which diffused themselves over all his conversations ; along with which a natural eloquence, gentle yet flowery, an insinuating politeness, at the same time noble and discriminative. An elocution, neat, easy and agreeable ; every thing appeared, as it fell from him, clear and perspicuous ; even matters, which in other hands would have been thought embarrassed and obscure. He seemed never to wish to appear a wiser man than the one he was conversing with ; he put himself within the reach of his auditor, without letting him perceive it, so that the effect was like enchantment, and nobody could leave him, no one not try to return to him. It was this rare talent—and he had it to the highest pitch of perfection—which all his life bound his friends to him, in spite of his disgrace, and which in their dispersion brought them together to talk of him, to regret him, to wish for him, to attach themselves closer and closer to him, as the Jews sigh for Jerusalem, and to pine for his return, as that unfortunate people sigh and wait for the coming of the Messiah. It was in the character of a species of prophet that he had acquired that power over his followers, which, though exercised in all sweetness and gentleness, yet could bear no resistance. If he had returned to court, or entered the council, which was his grand aim, he would not long have suffered his coadjutors to remain as companions. Once at anchor, once without need of the aid of others, it would have been soon dangerous not merely to resist him, but not to maintain a constant condition of suppleness and admiration towards him.

“ In the retirement of his diocese he lived with the humble and industrious piety of a pastor, and with the magnificence and confidence of a man who felt no pain at renouncing what others might suppose him

to regret. He had the air of keeping the world at its proper distance. No man ever had the passion of pleasing more than he : it extended to the servant as well as to the master ; never did man carry it further, or with a more constant, regular, and continued application, and undoubtedly that man never lived who succeeded more eminently. Cambrai is a place of great resort and passage : nothing could equal the politeness, the discernment, the charming and agreeable manner, with which he received every body. At first he was shunned ; he courted no one ; gradually, and almost insensibly, the charm of his manner attracted a small body of friends ; under favour of this little crowd, several of those whom fear had kept away, were glad to come and sow seeds, to be reaped in other times. From one to another the fashion caught, and every body went. When the Duke of Burgundy began to show himself, the prelate's court was still further increased, and really became an effective one when the duke became Dauphin. The number of persons whom he had welcomed, the quantity of those who had lodged with him in passing through, the care he had taken of the sick, of the wounded, who on various occasions had been brought into the city, had won the hearts of the troops. He was assiduous in his attendance on the hospitals, and among the officers, high and low ; he would keep invalids at his palace for many months together, until they were perfectly re-established. While in the character of a true pastor he was vigilant in his care of their souls, and ready at the call of the meanest among them, and with his power of eloquence, and his knowledge of the human heart, so successful in gaining authority over their minds, he was not less attentive to their corporal wants. Subsistence and nutriment for the sick, delicacies for the fastidious, and even medicines, were brought from his abode in quantities ; and yet in all this was an order, a method, and a care, that each thing was the best of its kind. At all consultations on critical cases he was sure to preside. It is absolutely incredible to what a point he became the idol of the soldiery, and how his name resounded into the very heart of the court.

" His alms, his repeated episcopal visitations many times in the year, which made him personally known in the remotest district of his diocese, his frequent preachings both in town and village, his facility of access, his humanity to the lowly, his politeness to others, the natural grace, which increased the value of every thing he said and did, made him adored by the people ; and the priests, whose brother and father he called himself, wore him in their very hearts. And with all this art and this passion for pleasing there was nothing low, nothing common, affected, misplaced, he was always precisely on the right footing with every one. He was easy of access, and every claim upon him was met with a prompt and disinterested expedition ; and all who held office under him throughout his extensive diocese seemed animated with the spirit of their principal."—vol. xii. p. 66.

Saint-Simon then goes on to describe with minuteness the daily habits and modes of life of this true bishop, and charms us by the description of the curious combination he contrived to make between the hospitalities of a prince, and the duties of a Christian pastor. The details are full of interest, and we would recom-

mend them to all such of our clerical readers as will condescend to study the character of a Catholic bishop, and adopt a model from another church; we regret that they run to too great an extent for our pages.

Equally instructive is the history of this extraordinary man's rise at court and his sudden banishment from it. The annals of theology contain no more instructive lesson than the history of Fenelon's connection with Madame Guyon, Madame Guyon's introduction to Madame de Maintenon, the intrigues of the Jesuit bishops, and the use they made of the king's mistress in bringing their machinations to bear.

It is to be lamented that Fenelon did not survive the king. If any man could have established a permanent and beneficial influence over the mind of the Regent, it was the Archbishop of Cambrai. The Duke of Saint-Simon himself was the person whose power, during the reign of the Duke of Orleans, was expected to be all paramount. A long intimacy had subsisted between himself and the duke, and when the latter was under the displeasure of the king, his uncle, when he was consequently abandoned by the whole court, and the subject of the most atrocious calumnies—calumnies, however, in those times, not impossible and scarcely improbable—Saint-Simon alone, of all the *grands* of the court, continued on the same footing of intimacy and friendship that had been previously maintained: before the death of the king he had become his principal adviser, and when the regency was declared, might have been principal minister. He appears, however, to have shrunk from the cares and responsibility of a similar post, and contented himself with a place at the council board. His opinion and advice never ceased to possess great weight with the duke; but the mind of Saint-Simon was of too stern and uncompromising a cast to retain a permanent influence over a character like that of the Regent. Saint-Simon's independence, his aptitude for business, his plans of reform and amelioration, together with his strong aristocratic prejudices, probably more frequently rendered his advice importunate than acceptable, so that, after various fluctuations and disappointments, after intrigues against him and vigorous sallies in defence of his opinions, Saint-Simon accepted the temporary retirement of a ceremonial embassy to Madrid, and seems to have retreated into the character of a vigilant spectator and tried friend, who was called upon when others deceived or were not to be trusted. The intercourse between the Regent and our author was however permanent, and the intimacy and confidence on the part of the Duke of Orleans subject but to very slight intermissions. It was impossible, however, for a man of Saint-Simon's habits and sentiments to remain constantly in the



direction of a character like that of the Duke of Orleans. A much meaner instrument was better adapted to the purpose: and upon very different men from Saint-Simon must be thrown the extravagant measures, the unsettled policy, in short, the horrid profligacy, public and private, of the Regency. Saint-Simon was however sufficiently mixed up with it all to let us fully into the secrets of the reign.

The charge of the general falsehood of history, alleged so freely and perhaps so truly, is inapplicable to such a work as the one before us. Saint-Simon was not a *litterateur* collecting scattered notices of public events from inefficient authorities, and moulding the whole into some general idea of the order and succession of motives and actions cast in his own brain. When he writes of the men who influenced the transactions of his time, he speaks of persons he was in daily contact with, and in conjunction or opposition to whom he was himself concerned in the transaction of the most important affairs in the country. Were it necessary to produce instances of the light which such men throw upon the rude and shadowless pictures of history, we might instance the character of the Regent himself, which, till the publication of these *Memoirs*, has never been rightly understood. As we pass from page to page of the latter volumes, the monster of other writers vanishes, and the human being takes his place: his vices do not become less odious, but they are more intelligible: instead of being horrified by a phantasmagoria, now retreating into undistinguishable pettiness, now rushing upon and overpowering the imagination with the vastness and ugliness of its lurid proportions, we have presented to us the image of man, the likeness indeed of a fallen angel, but at the same time a being whose inconsistencies and excesses we can comprehend and arrange or account for, with whose misfortunes and disappointments we can sympathise, while we do not the less detest his enormities. He and his daughter the Duchess of Berri, as they are painted in the Saint-Simon gallery, are admirable studies for the moralist who would write on the education of princes. Cardinal Dubois, the Duke de Noailles, and all the other heroes of the Regency, are also drawn at full length. This portion of the *Memoirs* relative to and on the Regency, and that short period of the majority of Louis XV. which preceded the death of the Duke of Orleans, occupy rather more than seven volumes of the whole twenty-one, and are perhaps more replete with stirring incidents than the preceding part, but fall sadly below them in the dignity and ability of the historic personages of the former reign. On the death of Louis the government became one infamous scramble, and the persons engaged in the disgraceful hustle were fit actors in such scenes.

ART. II.—*Sturlunga Saga* edr *Islendiga Saga* hin mikla nú útgengin á prent ad tilhlutun hins Islenska Bókmenta Félags eptir samanburd hinna merkiligustu handarrita et fengist gátu. (The Sturlung Saga, published by the Icelandic Literary Society.) 4 vols. 4to. Kaupmannahöfn. 1817-20.

LITERARY Societies of Iceland! Literature in that land of eternal snows and storms—the land where humanity stands on the very verge of its extinction!—Literary societies in a country where the capital has not 200 inhabitants, and no town besides it one half the number! How strong must be the pinions of civilization when it can fly so far! how warm the social springs that can organize such associations in such and so scantily peopled a region! Little indeed has nature done for this remarkable spot of earth;—she flung an island into the icy ocean, vast indeed in extent, but desolate in character. And a cruel mother has nature been to this almost abandoned child. Time was when vegetation covered its surface, and fields and forests were vocal with Skaldic songs. The verdure has passed away, the songs are mute. Time has crushed the adventurous spirit of the Icelanders of old. There was a day when their chiefs and warriors went forth with their triumphant vessels “even to the middle sea;” there was a day when they taught the arts of poetry, of navigation and maritime war to the natives of the south. Who hears of Iceland now?

And yet Iceland is not quite forgotten, for a series of interesting English works have appeared from the year 1809, when Sir George Mackenzie and Professor Hooker turned their attention to the subject. Drs. Holland and Henderson have contributed valuable materials, and we propose to fill up some of the blanks which they have left, and to bring down the literary history of Iceland to the present time. We cannot but think the very situation of Europe’s Ultima Thule (if Europe may claim her) must add to the interest of her literary story. Her icy and most appropriate name, her ever-burning volcanos and ever-returning earthquakes, her population showing fatal and extraordinary diminution under every new estimate; what fields are these for producing flowers of history or poetry! Look at the huge Iceland and see what a space it occupies on the world’s map. Not very long ago it counted at least a hundred thousand inhabitants. Depopulated by time, which has more than once introduced frightful pestilence, there are now not half that wretched number. Their occupation is that of shepherds and fishermen, for the bitterness of the climate makes all agricultural labours vain or un-

productive. They are scattered over the wide wastes of the country, far distant, in huts and farms, and it was only in the year 1787 that any portion of the population was gathered into towns, if towns may be called the two spots where a few families have their abode together. These are Reikjåvik (Reikevig) and Eyafjörður (Öfjord), and nearly half the inhabitants of these are Danes. Among them are a few merchants and artisans, and officers of the Danish government, some of Icelandic and others of Danish birth. The rest of the population of the island are of native origin, whose education has been almost wholly domestic, with the exception of a few clergymen and lawyers, whose incomes are miserably limited. Of the clergy, a very small number have ever quitted their native island; the others have pursued their studies in the schools of Skalholt and Hólm, where, till lately, instruction was given in theology, philosophy, history, geography and mathematics. After they had gone through the elementary courses of these schools, they were denominated students. A trifling portion of these visit Copenhagen to complete their course of instruction, but the great majority remain at home, pursuing the few occupations which give to the labours of man the daily bread of life, a boon most grudgingly conferred in this stormy and snowy land.

It might seem a fruitless task to seek for literary associations in so dark and distant a field. But learning has not denied its solace to Iceland in the 18th and 19th centuries. Few, indeed, are the Icelanders, and very far away, but they have kept alive the flame of knowledge, fed like the eternal lamp in the oriental sepulchre.

Harold the Bright-haired, the despot of Norway, had by his tyrannical acts forced many of the noblest men of Norway to fly from their country. They went forth adventurous wanderers, and spread themselves through many lands. Scotland, the Hebrides, the Orkades and the Shetlands received considerable numbers. Many, more hardy still, and more determined effectually to alienate themselves from the misrule of the tyrant, preferred the more distant and more desolate Iceland. This was the period of the first colonization of the island, and contemporaneous with it was the peopling of the Færo islands. Since then nearly a thousand years have run their course, for it was in 874 that these Norwegian pilgrims crossed the cold waters of the Northern Ocean. They established a commonwealth, or republican form of government, which in 930 was recognised by the whole of the inhabitants. Christianity was introduced among them in the year 1000, and universally received in 1016.

These democratic institutions led to remarkable intellectual developement, and saved the ancient Norseman's language, history, poetry, mythology and philosophy from destruction. Their government was a mixture of paternal influence with popular suffrage. It was a hierarchy built upon a commonwealth, and in this resembled most of the Scandinavian political institutions of the heathen times. The laws obtained the sanction of the general suffrages, and it would appear that these laws very nearly resemble one another through all the ramifications of the Scandinavian branches of the Gothic stem. Modified by Christianity, these laws were arranged and collected into a code in the year 1120. This curious specimen of early legislation, known under the name of *Grágás*, is now in the course of publication at Copenhagen, under the editorial care of Mr. F. W. Schlegel. This code is not wholly inoperative in Iceland even at the present time, and will afford matter for very interesting research and comparison between it and what is known of the remote legislation of the Anglo-Saxon and other Gothic races. But time and space would fail us to follow this subject into all its many ramifications, and still more to mark the history of the ancient literature of Iceland. The works of Drs. Holland and Henderson throw some light on this matter, though it was hardly to be expected that their information should be very varied or profound. We have limited ourselves to a very narrow orbit, and mean only to give some account of the literary associations or learned societies of Iceland.

The societies for the cultivation of letters which grew up in the middle ages cannot fairly be compared to any existing establishments, and, as a general observation, the social or associating spirit was weak in its efforts and inefficient in its results until far later times. The associations that did exist were either among kindred of blood, or community of religion. In Iceland, the greater number of colonists were allied to the families, or direct descendants of princes, noblemen, heroes, or skalds. In them the spirit of clanship, or the pride of family, was rife, and their union and intercourse with one another had for its object the preservation from oblivion of the achievements or the songs of their particular races. They met to talk over the deeds of their ancestors, and to encourage their children to heroism by recounting to them the feats heroic of other times. This, in fact, was the great subject both of parental and of pedagogical instruction. Oral lessons were the habitual mode of communication, while Runes, whether engraved on wood, metal, bone or stones, were sparingly used, at least in the more remote periods; yet there were cases where

such record was the almost prescriptive right and usage of families, who had thus established between them a certain bond of union. Such was that of the old *Hallúr* of the *Haukadal*, an estate lying close to the celebrated Geyser on the one side, and on the other to the wild mountainous country. He was one of the most illustrious lovers of literature, whose descendants, Teit, Are, Frode, Gusur, and others, still preserved the reputation of their ancestor. From these, and Sæmund Frode, who established the school of Odda, the illustrious Snorre Sturleson descended, whose fame was partly shared by his brother's sons Olaf Thordsen and Stùrla Thordsen. To these distinguished men we owe the composition and preservation of the Edda and the most remarkable of the Northern Sagas. Many of the monks, as we have hinted, laboured in the same vineyard, and with the same success, among whom the Benedictines of the Thingeyre monastery are most remarkable, especially the Abbot Karl, with Gúnlög, Oddur, and other of the regular clergy.

The subjection of Iceland by the king of Norway in 1264 had a fatal effect upon the literary spirit of the island. It destroyed alike the influence and the labours of those family associations we have spoken of, while it corrupted, degraded and impoverished the clergy. It had an equally disastrous effect on the growing commercial spirit of the country. And it seemed as if all misfortunes were leagued against the devoted Iceland, to overwhelm it beneath the pressure of associated evils. A succession of most wintry seasons, the drift-ice of the northern pole, the bursting forth of new volcanoes, and, worst of all, the all-ravaging plague, invaded the devoted land as if with unanimous purpose of desolation and destruction. A dreary cloud overshadowed Iceland, and when the darkest of the misery had passed away, the people who were left seemed to have lost all that once characterized their race. There is a long epoch of darkness, which for centuries promised no redemption. The Lutheran reformation in 1550 led to the overthrow of all the convents, and to the loss of many valuable national manuscripts, whose loss at that period there seemed no one willing to prevent, or even to deplore. Of the works of that time a large quantity have since been destroyed by fires, shipwrecks and other calamities. In the middle of the following century some interest was awakened in behalf of the too-long neglected Iceland and her literary remains by Olaf Worms. His researches and zeal were efficiently seconded in 1660 by Frederick the Third of Denmark, whose royal encouragement elevated to distinction studies which Olaf Worms dragged forth from oblivion. And to the names of Danish kings

who have specially patronised the Icelandic literature, that of his present majesty, Frederick the Sixth, should be undoubtedly added, and occupy a high and honourable place.

In the year 1760, a society was formed in Iceland on the model of those which are now so common in different parts of Europe. But its workings were secret and its name *The Unseen*. With two exceptions,—Hafðar Einarson, rector of the Latin School of Hólum, and author of the *Sciagraphia historiæ literariæ Islandicæ*, and the liberal Danish merchant, Soeren Pens, who was settled in Iceland, and who undertook to defray the cost of the publication of the work which the society issued—with these two exceptions, the members of that society are now unknown. This work is the old *Konungs Skuggsia* (*Speculum Regale*, or *Royal Mirror*, Copenhagen, 1768, large 4to.) of which Einarson had charge of the text and a Latin translation, though the edition owed much to the care of other individuals, and especially to John Erichsen, who wrote the Danish version, and added many notes. The whole is a remarkable production, and with the exception of a few law books, is the only printed work written by a Norwegian in the old Scandinavian or the modern Icelandic, as his native tongue. In this respect it is almost unique, for though there are a number of Norwegian diplomas of the same character, they are of later date, and the Abridgement of the Ancient Norwegian History, which exists in the ancient dialect, has never been published.

It would be vain to endeavour, with our remote and mortal eye, to trace the proceedings of the Invisible, seen only in their works, and these works are now rare and almost unobtainable. Of the *Konungs Skuggsia*, Finsen's Latin Dissertation and Erichsen's Danish Introduction give translations of the original text. That text, we believe, may pretty safely be attributed to a period between 1185 and 1202, the reign of the great King Sverrer, though there is no reason to believe the monarch himself to have been the author; the work was, however, probably produced by his command, or at least under his auspices. The author must have been an individual who had filled some office at court, though in the later part of his life he retired to his property in the most northern part of Drontheim. The volume is in the form of a dialogue between himself and his sons, in which they receive instructions from him in the following topics. 1. The manner of life and usages of merchants, with much information of use and of interest to them.(a) Decorous and prudent conduct of seamen and men of business.(b) Necessity of arithmetic, astronomy, knowledge of sea currents, of the daily progress of the sun and the common course of the winds in the

different seasons. (c) Information respecting Iceland, distinguishing what is fabulous from what is really remarkable. (d) Other particulars respecting Iceland, and finally, (e) Extraordinary and authentic particulars respecting Old Greenland, of which a great part appears unvisited and unknown. In this are some curious specimens of zoological knowledge, particularly respecting the whale fish of the Icelandic and Greenland seas. This part contains particulars of a stony morass in Norway, and of the snow-shoed travellers of that land, and of their long summer days and winter nights. 2. The manner of life and customs of courtiers, and especially of the king as chief of the court; of the manner of government and usages of the palace—of the offices of the court and how best to attain them—of court ceremonies—of every species of weapon and war machines for sea and land combat—on the fine arts—of virtues and accomplishments—of the king's honour, religion, power, wisdom, love of justice, and science of government. Then follows a dissertation on the sacredness and solemnity of the right of protection (*jus asyli*) in the churches; on civil and ecclesiastical authority, with the limits of each, and the lawful jurisdiction of the clergy. These latter particulars were developed in a continuation of the work which has not escaped the destructive power of time; nor is it known whether the author accomplished another undertaking of which he speaks, having for its object to describe the life of the peasant, or countryman, in all its details. "Alike to us now whether the latter was accomplished or not; that which has been done and is lost, is as if it had never been done. And if an additional regret falls upon the ravages of time, that regret is as idle as if it mourned over unaccomplished purposes and defeated intentions.

But of what is left to us we cannot refrain from giving a specimen or two, merely saying, that the Latin translation is very agreeably but very unfaithfully written. There is a great charm in being transported, as this book at once transports us, into the Scandinavian world at the end of the twelfth century. Thus does our author introduce his subjects:—

"I turned over in my mind men's different modes of life in their different stations; I industriously examined the manners and means of existence of every class; I saw great multitudes journeying in the highways of immorality, and sadly weary therein. There were those who were tired with their travel, and had lost their strength in endeavouring to remount the mountains' side; they could not find the path, not even that which would lead them back again to the highway."

It is to discover an outlet from difficulties such as these that the author introduces the father giving his paternal counsels of

prudence. The son, perplexed in his choice, desires to try the different routes, in order that he may form an estimate of all; and make an appropriate selection. The kind and prudent father consents to gratify his son's earnest wish to track the many perilous and painful ways, but gives him wise counsel in the shape of condensed apophthegms. "There were also present," says the author, "sundry distinguished and thoughtful persons who listened to the conversation, and entreated that it might be recorded in a book and saved from oblivion, for the instruction of many more." "And he," says the author farther on, "who will hear or read this volume need not be told what was the author's name or profession, in order that he may fling its counsels aside out of envy, hatred, or scorn to the writer:" and then, appealing to the friendly indulgence of his readers, he adds, "not from arrogance, but out of pure beneficence have we laboured—beneficence towards all and each to whom such instruction as we can give is acceptable."

In the beginning of the work the father thus addresses his son :—

"A great philosopher has said, 'To fear God the Almighty is the beginning of wisdom,' and shall he not be feared as an enemy but also as a friend, according to the answer of the Son of God to him who asked his council, 'Thou shalt love God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength.' And though God is to be loved above all, so is he also to be feared when a man feels in himself a tendency to evil, for such desires must be controuled by the fear of God, whether or not we are influenced by the fear of man; and he who has learned this, and acts upon it, possesses the truest wisdom and the highest bliss. This law must be the guiding star of every station, whether courtier or peasant, merchant or mariner—to all it is equally needful."

The young man expresses his desire to learn the science of commerce and navigation, and not, for the present at least, to seek his fortunes at court: to which the father answers, that though he himself has been more of a courtier than a merchant, he will not resist his son's wishes, as the worthiest men, he adds, are often engaged in the pursuits of business.

"But you must well understand," he continues, "the distinction between the true merchant and the self-styled merchants, who carry on dishonest practices both in buying and selling. The true merchant is one who exposes himself to many dangers—now on the sea, now in heathenish lands—and almost always among unknown people. He must seriously consider whither he ought to direct his thoughts, in order that his affairs may be prosperous. The ocean should witness his docile promptitude and persevering gentleness—wherever he tarries, in commercial towns especially, he should exhibit modesty and meekness, and win the kind affections of all people. He must have no noisy or trou-



blesome companions—he must rise early—he must attend the morning mass at church, and seek the favour of Heaven by psalms and prayers. After thy night's repose go forth to thy business. If the scene is new to thee, then is thy special prudence needful, and thou must study the manners and habits of the merchants, those who have the most honourable name and fame. Take care that thy wares, whether thou buy or sell, be honest and undamaged, and thorough be thy examination *before* thy bargains are closed. Seek witnesses to all thy contracts—discreet and honourable witnesses. Settle thy bargains, if that may be, before thy morning or mid-day meal, and, having settled them, prepare thy board with white linen, wholesome food, and comfortable drink. Keep a good table if thou art able, and when thy meal is over, take a short rest or a pleasant walk, in order to keep thy spirits cheerful. Inform thyself as to the business that other merchants are doing, what new merchandise is arrived which thou mayest be desirous of buying. Returned home, examine and take good charge of thy purchases, and see that they are not subject to loss or damage while under thy roof. If thy wares get injured, and it is necessary for thee to get rid of them, show the defects openly and honestly, and make the best bargain thou art able, lest thou be deemed a cheat. Set a fair price upon thy goods, not higher than is just, and thou wilt not be deemed a higgler (*mángari*, literally monger,) and let not thy wares remain long on hand, as it is merchant-like to be active in selling and in buying, and in making many profits, and devote thy hours of leisure to study. Learn knowledge from books, and especially law books. In these last inform thyself thoroughly, and while thou art a merchant there is none of them so important to thee as the *Bjarkeij* law.\* For when thou art well acquainted with the laws, not only wilt thou protect thyself against injustice from others, but secure thyself against illegal dealings towards them. But though thou art called upon especially to study the laws of other countries, thou must not forget to become acquainted with their manners and usages, and specially in the places where thou makest thy abode. And if thy knowledge is to be perfect, thou must study all languages, especially the Latin and Welsh (Provençal), which are the most widely spoken, yet must thou not forget thy mother-tongue.

“Accustom thyself to a busy and wakeful life, but not so as to injure health by over exertion. Keep aloof from sadness, for sadness is sickness of soul. Be kind and gay, equable not changeable. Avoid evil speaking, and give good counsel to him who will accept it. Seek the company of the best men. Keep thy tongue carefully, it may honour, it may also condemn thee. If thou wax angry, speak little, and that little not vehemently. Men would give gold sometimes to buy back a passionate word, and I know of nothing that so destroys unity as the exchange of evil language, especially in the moment of strife; and there is no nobler, no higher power than that by which a man can keep his own tongue from cursing, slandering, and other foolish prate. There are other things to be avoided like the fiend himself, as fulness, i. e.

\* The *Bjarkeij* law is the ancient commercial and maritime code of north-western Europe.

excess, gaming, dice, wagers, whoring, and other excesses. These are the roots of many more evils, and, unless great care is taken, will hand thee over to great shame and sin.

"When thy capital amounts to a considerable sum, divide it into three parts. Invest one-third with honest and able merchants, who abide in the best trading places; the other two-thirds divide in different plans, and employ in commercial journeys, for thus it is not likely that in any case all thy fortune should be sacrificed. But if thou hast amassed very large stores of wealth, then employ two-thirds of it in the purchase of land, the safest of all possessions both for thyself and thy family; and thus, if it please thee, thou canst employ the other third in thy wonted trade; but when thou art satisfied, when thou hast seen the manners of foreign lands, and undertaken many voyages and trading journeys, thou mayst withdraw. Yet remember all thou hast seen both of good and evil, the evil that thou mayst avoid it, the good, to profit by it, not alone for thy own benefit, but for the benefit of all who will be counselled by thee."

Surely these are words of wisdom, and the old Icelandic merchant who taught such lessons as these between six and seven hundred years ago is entitled to some reverence now.

The author gives a poetical description of summer winds and winter storms, which Finn Magnussen published in 1810 in Danish Iambic verses, under the auspices of the Royal Society for Norway's Welfare.

Of Ireland the father gives the following account to his son:

"Ireland is nearly the best of all the countries with which we are acquainted, though it does not produce vines. It is in the temperate zone, and has no intolerable heat in summer nor cold in winter, and the oxen and sheep are in the open field the whole year through. It is said that the people who inhabit this country are fierce, murderers, and ill-bred—yet none of the many saints that have been among them have been ever sacrificed."

Among the whalefish of the Greenland and Iceland seas, the author introduces the monster so well known to fame, but not even professed to be *ex viso reperto* by him—the Kraken monster, as big as a good-sized island. He calls him *Hafgúfa*, which being interpreted is sea-mist or ocean-haze—a not unfit name for so misty, mystic and mythic a creature—and it seems with such appearances he was frequently confounded, probably without them was very seldom seen. To the Norwegian stories respecting the Kraken Pontoppidan has given sufficient currency. Modern Icelanders call him *Lyngbak*, in Danish *Lyngbak*, in German *Heyderücken*, literally *Heath-back*, denoting that heath-shrubs (making, no doubt, the same mistake as the rest of the world, and deeming the creature to be no other than "real property,") settle on his dorsal territory. Our author's credulity is not of

the overflowing sort—for he says, the *Lyngbak* very seldom approaches the fish banks on the shores, and he never heard of one being captured alive or found dead—that he is very rarely seen, and when he is, he looks extremely like a streak of land. Hence he opines that not more than one (perhaps two) of these monsters dwell in the abysses of the sea, and doubts whether they ever breed. The account of the mode of feeding adopted by the solitary wanderer is very curious, and to us novel, though by no means distinguished by good manners. He sometimes vomits forth an enormous quantity of stuff, and countless myriads of fish rush to devour it. When the congregation is most crowded, Master Heath-back draws in his breath, and opens his wide throat, into which the waters rush in stupendous torrents, carrying with them the tremendous shoals of fish which had been attracted to the neighbourhood. The torrents rush in till the monster is satiated, and then he closes his mouth. It may be naturally supposed that the stories of the Kraken are a repetition, or reflection, of those of the immense sea-serpent of the Eddaic mythology; the said serpent has of late years, it would appear, crossed the Atlantic, and has come to tell Brother Jonathan his history, who, according to newspaper paragraphs, seems willing to give him a very fair reception.

Of Iceland he draws a melancholy picture. It is almost uninhabitable for the human race, he says, on account of the ice which covers so large a portion of its surface. Not only is its iron cold nearly intolerable, but it is visited by the huge floating icebergs from the Greenland coast. It is tormented with subterranean fires and fearful earthquakes; he calls it a dead fire that feeds upon stones and rocks, which it converts into liquid lava as if they were soft wax. He believes these fires to proceed from the ancient abyss of death, and to be intimately connected with the flames of hell. He speaks of the burning mountains which throw up their waters to the skies, and turn whatever they moisten to stone. The boiling gulf—the volcanic craters—the eternal glaciers—he takes to be the scenes where the souls of perdition carry on their struggles, and are suffering the penalties of sin—a notion pretty extensively spread in Northern Europe during the middle ages; while in the South similar opinions were formed of the Sicilian *Ætna*. The devil himself is supposed to fan and nourish the hidden fires, while his progress was marked by eruptions and earthquakes. The Edda, an earlier record, ascribes earthquakes to the terrible *Loki*, the Satan of Scandinavian mythology; a similar power is attributed to the warlike movements of his son *Yörmungandar*, or *Midgardsorm*, the monstrous sea-serpent that girdles the

world, and holds his tail in his mouth to make a sphere-encircling belt. Similar traditions of his countrymen of the heathenish age the Venerable Bede records in his book *De ratione Temporum*. "Dicunt habitationes nostras vicinas esse ori Leviathan, qui dum haurit fluctus terra apparet, et dum remittit, obruitur, (Is) terram complectitui tenetque caudam in ore suo, qui aliquando sole exustus nititur illum comprehendere, sicque indignationis ejus motu terram quoque moveri. Haurit quoque aliquando immensitates fluctuum ut etiam omnia maria sentiant in reddendo inundationem, et inde terræ moveantur." The oldest Icelandic Bibles give to the Leviathan the Mytho-Eddaic name of *Midgardsorm*. Loki's monster children followed the *serpent* with the purpose of devouring him.\*

He reports of Greenland that it is the farthest land of the globe towards the north, and that in its neighbourhood is the sound through which the great ocean rushes, which surrounds the world, visiting the coasts of all other countries. Can this have reference to Lancaster Sound?—for it is perfectly certain that Scandinavian settlers reached a high latitude in Danish Greenland. Not long ago a stone was found in latitude 73° bearing a Runic inscription in the old Norwegian or Icelandic language, with the date of 1135, on which both Rask and Finn Magnussen have made a report in the fourth volume of the Danish Antiquarian Annals, (1826, second part.)

In ancient times, says the author, the court was the great fountain-head of good manners, and it ought to continue so. It is not a little interesting to get possession of the notions of a Norwegian courtier who lived nearly 700 years ago, as to the proper refinements, the delights, the duties of a courtly life. His instructions as to the best means of winning the grace of the monarch without failing in official or moral duties, we have not space to insert here. He informs us, however, that the *birdmen*, who were the most distinguished officers of the court, were not necessarily of aristocratic or noble family, but in many cases chosen on the ground of their merits. He deems the courtly life, the light set on a hill, not to be hidden, but to blaze forth in distinguished graces and virtue; the model of urbanity, propriety, sagacity, and morality; and this especially, as the eyes of intelligent ambassadors from other courts are constantly on them, who will report their good and evil doings through the world, and judge of every thing else by what they witness in the

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\* Finn Magnussen's *Lexicon Mythologicæ Borealis* (Havniæ, 1838), of which an account appeared in the seventh Number of this journal.

neighbourhood of the king. The reputation of the great will then, he says, descend to the small, who become objects of horror or of sport and shame. Of the "meetings of kings" he has a most superb idea. They should come, he says, with their magnates, their archbishops, their yarls (earls), bishops, knights, vassals. And let them not forget that their misconduct flings disgrace upon their king, to whose account it will always be transferred, since the world will say if he do not approve of the misconducted man, why, why did he choose him? (And we venture to say in this parenthesis, that the world would be right.) But if the king *do* look about him, and detect the false courtier in his misdeeds, then indeed may he be flung from his seat of honour, and perhaps be visited with ignominious death. "So," saith the sage, "avoid thou, my son, this horrible danger, when thou goest to court to seek thy fortunes." A few of the maxims which the old man lays down, we will give in a verbal translation.

"I will give thee, son, some of the most important instructions as to the manners of the court, which will be useful when thou goest to take thy firm-stand there. The beginning of all wisdom is the fear of the Highest—that fear never let go out of thy heart. God must thou love above all things, and next to him love all virtue. Accustom thyself habitually to equity, justice, and moderation. Think of thy last hour and avoid all slander. Remember that the life of man is short, but his memory is long, and that we live again in the opinions of those we leave behind us; it is much to ascertain whether words of good or of evil will be our portion after our death. The multitudes are like beasts—they fall into the pit, and no one comes to ask whether they behaved bravely or basely in the world; but man has a nature superior to this, a nature to which beasts contribute a portion of enjoyment. Man is formed to be the glory of this and another world, if he struggle to obtain it; and it is his duty so to turn his mortal existence to account that his deeds and the memory of his good deeds may live when he has ceased to live. And this is more especially the obligation of kings and of high appointed men."—"And as it particularly becomes kings to seek truth and wisdom, so should they display them with gentleness and kindness, and when reposing on their beds to think of their kingdoms and their subjects, and how they can best be served and governed; how the mighty may be prevented from oppressing the mean, and the mean from improper rebellion against the mighty, so that each may preserve his proper station, and right be preserved in all—that weak pity do not step in between crime and its fit punishment, for punishment must follow crime, yet let not that punishment be cruel or unjust. These thoughts are suited to the kingly bed of rest, in order that his daily actions may not be hasty, when the cares of his people require all his attention."

About 60 pages of the book are devoted to the description of

the sundry weapons of war used in the middle ages. The art of war was one of the favourite studies of the court.

At much greater length is the art of government described. This part consists of more than 300 pages, and the ethics of the court are decorated with sundry interludes from Gospel history, and various illustrative allegories. Among the episodes is a sort of poem entitled *Divine Wisdom*, which has been translated by Professor Finn Magnussen into Danish Iambics, of which the conclusion is as follows:—

“Where shall he find a hiding place,  
Who seeks to hide himself from me—  
Who fill the whole extent of space,  
Dive into every depth profound,  
See every mote—hear every sound,  
Know every thought—where can he flee?”

Need we apologize for saying so much of this remarkable production, this visible creation, or rather resuscitation of the Invisible Society, for which the literary world owes a great debt to Erichsen and Finsen.

They were not, as we have said, members of the Invisible Society, but they were among the founders and most zealous labourers of a society established in Copenhagen in 1779, whose services to literature have been very great, and whose title is, in Icelandic, *Hit Islenszka Lærdoms-Lista Félag*, in Danish, *Det Islandske Literatur Selskab*—i. e. The Icelandic Literary Society. The above-mentioned John Erichsen (Icelandic, *Jón Eyricksson*), was chosen its president, and became the principal mover of its literary efforts. Two young students, Olav Olavsen, (living still as professor in Kongsberg, Norway), and Thorasen Liliendal, who died in his early days, were the earliest projectors of the institution. Twelve Icelanders, all of them university students, formed themselves into a committee, each undertaking to frame a code of laws, inviting the co-operation of the Icelanders resident in the Danish capital. Erichsen was chosen president by their unanimous suffrages; he did honour to the election, and devoted himself with unwearied zeal to the objects proposed. The code proposed by a young student, named Sander, (who died soon after), was adopted, and published in Danish and Icelandic the following years. Its purpose was declared to be the spread of learning and useful knowledge in Iceland, especially connected with agriculture, manufactures, and the arts—the preservation of the purity of the Icelandic (or as it is here called, Old Northern) tongue. Every ordinary member was bound to furnish some appropriate composition in Icelandic.

The pecuniary means of the society were small, yet they were enabled generally to publish one volume a year. Though by no means opulent, Erichsen took upon himself a large portion of the ordinary expenses of the society.

John Erichsen died in 1787; his death was a sad blow to the society, and to Iceland and Icelanders—for never had more of activity, generosity, and aptitude, been blended in one individual character than they were in his. It was not easy to replace him, nor was the choice which was made a happy one. Lauritz Andreas Thodal was made president, though not an Icelander, and only imperfectly acquainted with the language. He had held high offices in Iceland, and his position in society would, it was supposed, be of great use to the society. His election was the more remarkable, as a very eminent Icelander, the father of the lately deceased Thorlacius, a justice, counsellor, and rector of the Metropolitan School at Copenhagen, could hardly have failed to be present to the minds of those interested in the well-being of the society. Thodal's insufficiency in the Icelandic language led to a sort of Danicizing its character: a modification of its laws introduced the Danish into many of its proceedings. This did more injury to the national character of the society than it reaped of benefit from the protection the King of Denmark threw over it, by calling it Royal, a title, by the way, which had been offered by Guldberg, the then minister, during Erichsen's presidency, and which Erichsen declined until it should have done something to prove itself worthy of the honour.

Fourteen octavo volumes were published by this society; their title is, *Rit þess Konunglega-Islenska Lærdómslista félags*. They contain a curious variety of valuable matter, and as there nowhere exists any table of contents, and we deem those contents of considerable importance to Icelandic students, and perhaps of interest to the general reader, we have arranged the whole under the heads of the different authors, remarking only that the Arabic numerals refer to the volume in which the article is to be found.

**I.—John Erichsen.**

1. On Salt and its Preparation.—On the Whale Fishery.
2. On Dolphin Catching.
3. On Salmon and Herring Fisheries.
6. On the Recovery of Intoxicated Persons, and of those Frozen.

**II.—Olaf Olavins, Chamber-Secretary and Custom-House Collector at Skagen in Jutland, Author of Travels in Iceland, A Description of Skagen, &c.**

1. Icelandic Nomenclature of Plants, Fish, and Birds, on

the Linnæan System.—On the *Lagvad*, an Instrument used in Isefiórd (Iceland) for catching Sharks.

2. On the Mode of Preparing Flounders for Shipment in Jutland.—Comparison between the Fisher-boats and Fisheries of Mantrand in Sweden, with those of Jutland, Iceland, and North America.
3. On the Eel Fishery.—On Bird Catching at Dráney, in Iceland.
8. On the *Bundraad* of the Danes, or *Synkeröte* of the Norse, a net for fishing in the deep.
9. On the New Legislation respecting Iceland's Commerce.—On the Grasses and Fodder of Iceland.

III.—*John Olafsen*, of Svefneyum, better known by his Latinized name of *Hypnonesiensis*, an Oriental scholar, and learned in Northern Archæology, the brother of the poet, and himself the author of the work on the Art of Poetry in the Ancient Norse. Some other works of his were destroyed while printing, during the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807. He died in 1811.

From 1 to 6, Icelandic Translation of Isaiah.

IV.—*John Johnsonius*, the Editor of several works published by the Arnæan Committee, to which he added the Latin notes. He died in Iceland, having been appointed receiver of taxes there.

1. *Islands raka*, (Iceland's Awakening,) an heroic Poem.
  8. *Islands münadarmál*, a favourite National Song.
- Sundry Translations from the Danish poets, Tullin, Evald, Bie, &c.

V.—*Stephen Bioernsen*, a distinguished Mathematician, publisher of the old Icelandic *Rímegla*.

Sundry Mathematical Papers.

8. On Prognostications as to Weather from the Northern Lights, Earth, Air, Water, and certain Animals.
13. On Field-measuring or Land-surveying.

VI.—*Olaf Stephensen*, Author of the History of the Trade of Iceland.

4. On the Keeping and Protection of the Eider-Bird.
5. On Icelandic Flocks of Sheep.
6. On Icelandic Herds of Cattle.
7. On Icelandic Fisheries.
8. On Icelandic Breed of Horses.

VII.—*Skúle Magnussen*.

4. The Highland Peasant of Iceland.



5. The Lichen Islandicus.
  6. On Planting in Iceland.
- VIII.—*Stephen Thorasensen*, Author of several works on Husbandry and Gardening.
2. On Draining.
  13. On Hay-Preservers.—On the Love of Reading among the Icelandic Peasantry.—On the Superiority of Grazing to Agriculture.
- Sundry Tables of Births, Confirmations, Marriages, and Deaths, in Holm.
- IX.—*Hans or Hanner Finsen*, Bishop of Skalholt, the publisher of his Father's *Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiæ*.
4. On the Sulphur Mines and Sulphur Trade of Iceland in the reign of Frederick II. (1536-59.)
  5. On the Deaths of Children in Iceland.
  11. Historical and Chronological Accounts of the Clergy in the Diocese of Skalholt, from the time of the Reformation down to 1791.
  14. On the Depopulation of Iceland by Cold, Volcanic Eruptions, and Famine.
- Sundry Tables of Births, Deaths, &c. in Iceland, from 1779 to 1795.
- X.—*Geir Johnson Vidalin*, continued these Tables from 1796 to 1800.
- XI.—*Olav Olavsen*.
6. On the Salmon Fishery in the Dransmen-Eív (Norway).—On Manures.
  10. On the Sharpening of Scythes.
  11. On the Preparation of Potash.
  12. On the Preparation of Food—Beer and Bread.
- XII.—*Benedict Johnson Groendal*, a well-known Icelandic poet.
1. On the Preparation of Potash from certain Sea-weeds.
  11. On the Manufactory of Isinglass.—On Bleaching.—On the Small-pox.
- A Translation of Pope's Temple of Fame.
- XIII.—*Magnus Ketilson*, the Publisher of several works at Hrapsey, mostly on Juridical and Economical Topics.
4. On Paupers and Criminals who are unable to Labour.
  7. Remarks on Magnusen's Article on the Highland Peasants.
  12. On the Stalling of Sheep and Oxen in Summer nights.

**xiv.—Gudsang Sveinson, a Clergyman.**

7. On the Use of Sheal-houses (Icelandic, *Sel*; Scot-ticè, Sheal, Sheil, Shelo.)
8. On Sledges, as now used in Iceland.
9. On Icelandic Architecture.

**xv.—John Steingrúsen.**

9. Rules for landing and going on board of boats with a heavy surge.

**xvi.—Olav Josephson Hjort, died in Northern Norway.**

8. On Reindeer and their Food.

**xvii.—Egil Thorhalleson, who visited Greenland for the purpose of Examining and Describing the Remains of Buildings of Norweco-Islandic origin. He was afterwards settled there as a Missionary, and returned to Funen, where he died.**

8. On the Employment of Seal-skins by the Greenlanders, in Boats and Clothing.

**xviii.—Marcus Eyolfson (Clergyman).**

1. On the Labours of the Hay-harvest.

**xix.—Biarne Emarsen.**

3. On the Preparation of Cod and Ling.
5. On the Morals of Servants.
11. On Yearly Contracts for Service, and Duties of the Labouring Poor, translated from Lindapt's Danish.

**xx.—John Sveinson (Physician).**

4. On the Icelandic Epidemics.
5. On the Establishment of House Pharmacies in Iceland.
12. Home on Scurvy, from the English.
13. On the Cheapest and Simplest Medicines.

**xxi.—John Sveinson, Jun.**

1. On the Manuring and Managing the Hay-crops of North Iceland.

**xxii.—Sigurd Petersen (the Poet).**

1. On Manures and Manuring.

**xxiii.—Thorasen Liliendal.**

- 2 to 7. On the Obsolete Words in the Old Icelandic Laws.
3. On Smithery and Steel Making.

**xxiv.—Sigurd Thorsteinsen, (a Goldsmith in Copenhagen).**

1. On Permanent Gilding.

- xxv.—*Sámund Magnussen Holin* (Minister).  
 2. On the Wild Grain (*Melur*, i. e. *Elymus arenarius*,) of Iceland, and its Management by the Peasants.
- xxvi.—*Gudmund Thoogrunson* (Minister).  
 1. 3. 5. & 10. Translations from Büsching.
- xxvii.—*Svein Paulsen*, Surgeon, still living, and the author of several works on Natural History and Biography.  
 9. On Lime from Stones and Shells.  
 9. & 10. Register of Icelandic Diseases.  
 10. On Soap-making.  
 13. Translations from Bergmann and Büsching.—  
 On the Susceptibility of the Human Body.  
 15. On Mortal Diseases.
- xxviii.—*John Jacobsen*.  
 11. On the Utility of Milk in Iceland.
- xxix.—*Bioern Thomason*.  
 13. On the Duties of Popular Teachers in Iceland.
- xxx.—*John Espolin*.  
 12. Translation of Danish Poetry.
- xxx1.—*Arngrim Johnson*.  
 12. On the Laws respecting Stranded Fish.
- xxxii.—*John Thorlakson* (the Poet).  
 13 to 15. Translation of the Three First Books of the Paradise Lost.
- xxxiii.—*Thord Thorkalsen*.  
 12. On Foxhunting.
- xxxiv.—*Islief Anarsen*.  
 Translation of Plutarch's Lives.
- xxxv.—*Magnus Stephensen*.  
 3. On Meteors and Weather Changes, especially with reference to Popular Superstitions.
- Of anonymous writers are the following:—  
 9. Translations from Theocritus, Anacreon, and Horace.  
 10. Translations from the Danish.  
 12. On Hay-ricks,  
 13. On Sledges.  
 14. Statutes of the Book Societies of Southern Iceland.  
 15. On the Construction of Stone Houses in Iceland.

All the above are the productions of native Icelanders. There are two others,—the first a native of Färro, Nicolai Mohr, who wrote a paper on the Method of catching the young Eagles, as practised in Norway, Färro, Scotland, and Shetland; the second,

Jens Lassen Busch, a Danish merchant trading to Iceland, whose work is the Article in the fourth volume on the Use of Hand-mills.

It will be seen that these books really form a Cyclopædia of useful knowledge, singularly fitted to the objects proposed; and though there was no division of departments of inquiry regularly arranged, yet the different topics naturally grew out of the different parts of the field, and formed a whole of very remarkable utility. Had the volumes emanated from one directing or superintending source, they would hardly have presented a more appropriate *vade mecum* than they now offer to the Icelander who desires to turn his country to the best account. They answered the end proposed to himself by the founder of the Literary Society, of whom, considering the great influence he exercised over the civilization of his country, we hope a few particulars will not be unacceptable to our readers.

John Erichsen was born on the 28th of August, 1728, a remarkable date, on which, many years after, Goethe first saw the light of day. The farm of Skálafell, in the south-east district of Iceland, was his birth-place; his father, Erik Johnson, was a poor, but respectable and virtuous peasant; his mother's name was Steinúnn; she possessed qualities and instruction far beyond her grade in society, and she soon discovered the talents of her infant son, which began to exhibit themselves at a very early period of his life. He was taught, as is the custom among the Icelanders, to read and write by his parents: they also paid very particular regard to his religious instruction, and he was confirmed when only nine years old, much earlier in life than the usual period for the performance of this ceremony. In fact, within a short period, a royal decree has forbidden confirmation till after the age of fourteen. His maternal uncle, the chaplain Vigpis Johnson, struck by the boy's readiness and diligence, devoted much attention to him through four long winter seasons, the summer months being, in Iceland, invariably devoted to labour. In 1743 he was received into the Latin school of Skalholt. At this time the Danish Bishop Harboe was making an ecclesiastical visit to Iceland, sent thither by King Christian the Sixth, and was deeply interested by the lad's progress in his studies, and he directed that every attention should be paid, and every facility offered him until he could be received as a student in the Copenhagen University. Great was the delight which he and his family received from the bishop's protection, and in 1745 he accompanied the bishop to Denmark, and took up his abode with the bishop's father at Broager in Sleswig, where he was brought up with all the care and kindness which one of the family could

receive. The following year Bishop Harboe took possession of his diocese of Drontheim, in Norway, and was accompanied by his young Icelandic guest, who pursued his Latin studies there under the auspices of Daer, the bosom-friend of Lukin, the Danish poet. He departed from Drontheim for the University of Copenhagen in 1748, bearing with him the most honourable credentials. He had lived some time among Danes, Sleswigers, and Norwegians, and great was his sorrow, when mingling among the Icelanders at Copenhagen, he discovered that he had nearly forgotten his mother-tongue. He determined then assiduously to devote himself to the study of the ancient Scandinavian writings, and soon became an authority in all matters connected with the purity of the ancient languages, taking precedence far above any of the other Icelandic students. Henceforward he pursued this course of reading and research with unbounded devotion and ever-growing delight. He made rapid advances in knowledge, and obtained his bachelor's degree in 1750. He was received into the Borsch College in 1754, and made *Decanus* of that community. The year following, a kingly decree nominated him Professor of Jurisprudence in the Soroë Academy. For twelve years he filled the chair with reputation and renown, and with his friend and fellow-collegian, Ove Guldberg, gave a long-lasting lustre to that establishment. In 1764, the office of tutor to the hereditary Prince Frederick of Denmark was offered him; but under the advice of his friend and former disciple, an Icelandic, Luxdorff, he declined the honour, which was in consequence conferred on Guldberg, who rose by that opportunity to the very highest public offices of the kingdom. In 1771 he was called away from Soroë, and nominated a member of the newly-constituted Norwegian chamber; after which he occupied a succession of important public posts, fiscal and administrative, was made a state councillor in 1774, an assessor of the highest court of justice in 1779, librarian of the Royal Library in 1781, and in 1783 principal director of the Soroë Academy. He had been made member of several very important national commissions, as, for instance, that which had charge of the Arna-Magnæan MSS.; that for the reform of the university and high schools of Copenhagen; and that for the improvement of the situation of the Danish peasantry. In every important matter directly or indirectly relating to Iceland he was engaged. In fact, the demands on his attention far exceeded his powers of endurance, and many circumstances took place connected with his country which distressed his mind, and embarrassed his intentions; his power of exertion diminished with his cheerfulness, and a gloomy thought and feeling darkened his existence. His days became melancholy; his

nights were sleepless. It was a sad contrast to his once habitual gaiety. Bodily disease, evidencing itself in vehement perspirations, attacked him. On the 29th of March, 1787, he attended the Rentkammer College for the last time. Nothing appeared peculiar in his manners, except that his tone was singularly sad, and yet full of expressions of amenity to those around him. At the end of the sitting he left for his abode in Christianshaven, and had to pass in his way over the long bridge which separates Zealand from the Almager Islet. He had gone a little more than half over, when he called to the coachman to stop. He stopped; but before he had looked round him, his master had flung himself into the sea. It is said that his clothes and his watch were left in the carriage. He was not long in the water, and medical assistance was speedily obtained; but his head had been grievously wounded in his fall, and all the cares of kindness and of science were in vain; but he gratefully pressed the physician's hand, and died! *Mors terribilis est iis, quorum cum vita omnia extinguuntur, non quorum laus emori non potest.* He was fifty-eight years and seven months old. He had popularized himself in his own and in foreign nations, by his personal virtues and literary merits; and the manner of his death added singularly to the touching sorrow which that death awakened. In Iceland, especially, the melancholy story spread like a deep knell over a wide desert. He had become the pride, in proportion as he had become the benefactor of his country; and his countrymen in different ways recorded their affectionate admiration. Olav Olavsen, who was settled at Kongsberg, in Norway, painted a picture to his memory, in which his portrait was introduced. One of the earliest works of the since so renowned Berhal (Albert) Thorwaldsen was Erichsen's bust of the natural size. This bust was afterwards possessed by Thorkelin, who presented it to Biarne Thorsteinson, the bailiff of Western Iceland. Unluckily the bust was broken in the voyage, but the head was preserved. To the biography of Erichsen, written by Svein Paulsen, with Appendices by Thorsteinson and Olavson (A. D. 1808), an excellent portrait is attached. The work was printed at the expense of the present Icelandic Society. Erichsen was of middle height, but pale and thin; his appearance, especially in the latter part of his life, languid, notwithstanding his bright piercing eye. He was remarkably eloquent, affable and loquacious; rather mean in his garb; inexpensive in his habits; but he chose to live within the proceeds of his employment, providing however for the ample education of his children, the maintenance of his younger brothers, and those accessions to his library which were necessary to assist his studies. Four of his sons were provided for in the

royal military, civil and medical service; two sons and one daughter died in their youth; two other daughters are yet living, the widows of two officers of rank, one of whom was Jansen, the late governor of St. Thomas's, who is renowned in the heroic annals of Denmark, and who died in 1823. Count Raventlow, the minister of state, who had been one of Erichsen's most zealous protectors, transferred his kindness to the widow and children of his protégé.

Erichsen's works in Danish and Latin were numerous. He edited Holberg's poetry—wrote largely on law—published many criticisms and additions to the more remarkable productions of his day—several orations—divers volumes on the improvement of Iceland—and on the ancient languages of the North. He edited and furnished the Latin translations of Gunlang Ormstunger and Skald-Rafn's Sagas, (1775,) with essays on their antiquity. In 1777 he published his *Torfæna*; in 1787 *Sæmund's Edda*, with *Prolegomena*. He left behind him some volumes of an Ecclesiastical History of Iceland, which are not published. He assisted Suhm in his History of Odin and the Scandinavian Divinities, and Mallet in his French account of the Edda. In a word, his was a life of literary labour,—and those labours had always in view the melioration of his country and his species.

On his death Thomas Thaarup, a distinguished poet of Denmark, wrote the following lines :

Du var Skæber af din egin Hæder,  
Vie Olding! ejgede Mand!  
Og din hjæreste blandt dine Glæder  
Var dit Arbeid for dit Fødeland.

Thou wert thine own honour's sole creator,  
Sage old man! benevolent and bland!  
And the sweetest thought of thy blent  
nature  
Was thy labour for thy fatherland.

Island! njósom Friheds gamle Sæde!  
Nævn en Klippe med hans ædle Navn.  
Dine Døttre der hans Tab begræde,  
Dine Sønner tænke der hans Savn!

Iceland! freedom's seat in ages hoary,  
On thy rocks engrave his honour'd name,  
Let thy daughters mourn thy vanished  
glory,  
Let thy sons preserve his sacred fame.

These were translated into Icelandic by Johnsonius. It is a curious fact that Erichsen is the only Icclander of any distinction who has been ever known to commit suicide.\*

\* Luxdorp and Thorlacius both wrote Latin epitaphs, and, as they have been much admired, we transfer them to our pages.

Luxdorp's was as follows:

Tandem exuvias, assidue laborum  
detritas, curis ipse æger et attonitus,  
non alium quod jussit Socrates evergetur  
expectans, sponte deposuit  
funere ante diem æternus acerbo.

And the one by Thorlacius runs thus:

Tu quisquis es, viator!  
qui dotes, meritum et abitum viri nostri  
vel miraris,  
tua quæ refert inde dicto.  
Sæpena vero sortis arcanum quæ frustis

But to return to the society which was so long the object of Erichsen's care. On his death, a young man, then travelling in Great Britain at the King's expense, was elected to the presidency. This was Grim Johnson Thorkelin, and it was imagined that his residence in England would enable him to bring British reputations to support and grace the society. A number of individuals, mostly Scotch, were made members of the society.\* As to their appropriate merits, and the grounds of preference to other and better men, we are not in possession of the needful information. Of the contributions of most of them to Scandinavian literature we have no knowledge. In truth, the society was tottering to its dissolution, and the fifteenth volume of its transactions is sad evidence of its decrepitude and decay. In the year 1814 it attempted to struggle into notice; a meeting was held, new members were chosen—but its euthanasia was come, and in 1817 its few remaining fragments were gathered up and incorporated with other affiliated bodies.

Meanwhile in Iceland itself a society had sprung up, without any foreign aid, which consisted of very numerous members, and which at once entered into a sphere of great usefulness. This was the Royal Society for General Icelandic Instruction—in Icelandic, *Íslands Konunglega Lands Uppfradangar Felag*; in Danish, *Íslands Kongelige Landsplysnings Selskab*—and its history will not be without instruction to us.

Its founder was Magnus Stephensen, at the present time Privy Councillor and Justiciarius of Iceland, the son of Olaf Stephensen, (mentioned in p. 55.) During his residence in Copenhagen he had been the treasurer to the Icelandic society. After Erichsen's death, (1787,) in consequence of a petition from Stephensen, the title of "Royal" was alienated from the Society, and many of the most valuable papers withdrawn. In 1788 he declared that

Sic raptò patamine ad supèra et cœlestia  
papilio avolaris:

Occidit non suo, non Pascuarum  
sed hominum sèd bonorum

quibus vivendo profuit, judicio præcas.  
O! raram sortem,

ab officio non vivendo, sed enim moriendo  
deficere. Quisquis es qui hæc legis,

ito in rem tuam, et pia manu Ericianos  
voce vocato,

Utique forent hoc factum minores  
vincit amor patriæ,  
et sortis humanæ fragilitas.

rimaberis venerare.

Suum ille tantum et hæcenas nunc dedit

In tuum plus et ultra cogites  
cinerique

quem non calente lacryma sparsimus  
bene precor!

\* These were Lords Macdonald and Buchan, Sirs William Fordyce and John Sinclair, Messrs. G. Dempster, Thomas Asle, G. E. and I. Wolff, J. Pinkerton, W. Topham, Dr. Lorimer and W. Thompson.



the Society had fallen into the hands of green and rash young students, who took upon themselves to criticise the writings of their masters, and, professing to be reformers, were only de-formers of all that was produced. The consequence was, that the most eminent of the fellows, especially of the residents in Iceland, would not consent to submit their productions to the crude criticisms of half-instructed youths. Situated as Stephensen was in Iceland, his project and purpose were to gather round his new institution those who had retired in disgust from that of Copenhagen, and perhaps to remove the head-quarters of Icelandic literary representation to Iceland itself;—a project which was welcomed at the Althing, (or general assembly,) but which failed in its object. Its failure, however, led Magnus Stephensen to another plan, which had more popular bases and promised more valuable results. At the Althing held on the 19th July, 1794, he associated himself with Olav Stephensen, (the president,) Stephen Thorasensen, Stephen Stephensen, the Bishop Hans Finsen, and Bioern Gottskalksen, the proprietor of the printing establishment of Hrappsey, for the purpose of dispersing useful knowledge over the island. Magnus Stephensen, who lived at Leirá, was appointed *Tilsjonarmadr*, (or Inspector,) to the society, in consequence of his own residence in the neighbourhood of the printing-press. This association took no specific title, but united in its objects a great variety of inhabitants of all classes, eager for the spread of information, and willing to contribute thereto according to their means. They had shares, and portions of shares, and were to be repaid, or to receive the amount, in books printed by the society. In 1786 a list of no less than 1200 persons was printed at Leirárgördum of the subscribers alphabetically arranged, as has been the immemorial usage in Iceland, according to their baptismal names.

But, in a country like Iceland, storms and “skyey influences” interfere with all the concerns of life, and, of course, of literature. There came a sharp winter and a dear season, a difficulty in paying subscriptions, and a decline and decay of intellectual ardour; and the demon of discord, born of religious controversy, came also into the field. Orthodoxy, that most insulting and quarrelsome of creatures, mounted her wild war horse, and found something, as she always finds, in exertions however pure and virtuous, to insult and trample on;—and thus a society which began and continued in the noble and holy purpose of spreading instruction was enfeebled and overwhelmed. The pecuniary advances of the president were reclaimed, and the published books and printing materials were given up to the establishment of a public “Institution for knowledge and instruction,” (*Visinda og*

*Upplysingar-stiftan*), to be united to the printing-office, formerly of Hráppsey, now removed to Leirargördum (Leiraagarde), which was still conducted by Bioern Gottskalksen, and with whom it was bargained that he should continue to supply the public with Icelandic works on the same terms as the society had sold them to its members. The Icelandic newspapers of 1800, however, announced the election of members to the Society of instruction, and only four or five years ago there was a summoning of the body to meet at Videy, in Iceland, notwithstanding the official announcement in 1798, that the Society was fused into the public institution just mentioned. It has held on, indeed, a sort of unrecognised existence, and since 1826 a paper war, which is still waged, has been carried on, both in Denmark and Iceland, as to its management and failure. The property has become involved in lawsuits, growing out of the arrangements made for the publication of Icelandic works; but a sad evil is produced by this state of things, namely, that the Icelandic presses are left in useless, or rather pernicious, inactivity, while the Danish government has taken the affair in hand, to be settled by a final but probably very tardy decree.

And this leads us back to the earlier proceedings of the Society, especially as connected with the state of the press in Iceland. The Society had the benefit of royal protection from the first, a protection necessary indeed to its existence, and still more to its success,—since no printing establishment was allowed in Iceland without the king's license. There were formerly two privileged presses on the island. The most ancient was introduced into Nuppsfelt in 1529, and has since that period, with the exception of a short transfer to Skalholt, been conducted for the most part at Holúm, in the northern part of Iceland, where for 300 years it has continued to publish Icelandic books, mostly, however, on theological and religious topics. Of late this press has been in a state of unusual drowsiness, which is attributed to episcopal indolence, since in a land where human energies are so little concentrated, the co-operation and assistance of men in power is frequently needed to give the impulse to exertion, and one individual's indifference or zeal gives a complexion to the whole course of human action. Awful is their responsibility who are placed in such circumstances.

In 1772 another privilege was granted for the establishment of a press in Iceland, but it was exclusively confined to "secular" topics. In the following year it began to be active in the island of Hráppsey, under the care of Magnus Ketilson, who published a monthly periodical there. In 1794 the press was removed to

*Leirárgörðum* for the use of the Icelandic Society, and in the same year its privileges were extended to the publishing of books on all topics and in all languages. It was speedily occupied with the translation of Bishop Balle's book on the religious instruction of youth, which by a royal decree was introduced into all the schools of Denmark, and of which a version was undertaken by the Icelandic Society; under the same auspices the privileged Psalm book was translated and published. The Bishop of Hólm, Sigard Stephensen, brother of the president, and uncle of the administrator of the Society, had thus allowed the old monopoly of printing to pass away from his see, and a considerable number of books were produced from the Hólm press; especially for circulation in the northern part of the Island, where the demand, especially for theological literature, was more active than in the south. The bishop made some exertions to stop the influence of this rival press, but he failed, and died in the year 1798. In the following year a royal decree transferred the Hólm press to the Society, compelling them, however, to lay aside one fourth of their profits for the support of the episcopate, and giving them some privileges for the transport of their publications.

The statutes of the Society directed that the publications they issued should be confined to religious,—historical,—agricultural or economical works,—elementary or otherwise,—newspapers or annals,—poems of the smaller sort,—and instructive poems on all topics, with the exception of those erudite compositions which are unintelligible to the people. The following list of books published, will give a tolerably accurate idea of the class of writings issued. *Summer Presents for Children*, (1794,) a moral tale, by Gudmund Johnson, a clergyman, who is still living. The title is taken from an Icelandic custom of making a present on a certain day in April,—but neither are Easter nor Christmas gifts usual among the Icelanders. *Reading for Winter Evenings*, a collection on different subjects, 2 vols, (1794-7,) by Bishop Hans Finsen. *Friendly Colloquies*, a collection comprising several poetical pieces, by Magnus Stephensen. *Remarkable Journals*, a sort of annual of news, by the same writer, which, among other things, contains a tolerable account of the French Revolution. His brother, Stephen Stephensen, continued the *Annals* from 1793 down to 1801; and Professor Finn Magnúsen has brought them as far as 1804. *Sturm's Reflections for every Day in the Year*, were translated by Marcus Magnúsen. *Martinet on the Structure and Nature of Man*, by Svein Paulsen. *Suhm, on the Creation and Virtue*, by John Johnson. *Bartholin's Christian Belief*, by Gudmund Johnson. *Balle's Lectures on the Bible*, by Arno Johnson. *Campe's Children's good Manners*, by Gud-

haug Sveinsson. Hasse on Education, by Sigurd Snorrason, and divers other works on the same or similar topics. The society republished many ancient and valuable works, among them Snorro Sturluson's Saga of Heimskringla, (1804.) They also printed the Laws and Institutes of Iceland, many of which had been for some centuries in existence, and the Acts of the Tribunals from 1763 to 1796. The History of Rolf (Rollo) of Normandy, written by Halder Jacobson, appeared in 1804. John Espolin's translation of Galletti's Introduction to History, in the same year. M. Stephensen's History of Iceland in the eighteenth century, was printed in Icelandic in 1806, and in Danish in 1808,—his Juridical Vade Mecum for Icelanders, in 1812,—his Jest and Earnest, in 1799 and 1817,—his Courts of Conciliation for Iceland, in 1819,—the Talk of the Mountain Peasant, Hjalmar, with his Children, of which the idea is obviously taken from the *Speculum Regule*, (p. 45,) in 1820,—his Inquiry into the Icelandic Laws respecting Adultery and Concubinage, in 1821,—and his Amusing Tales, in the same year. Besides these, sundry volumes on Historical, Medical, (one by Odd Hjaltenin, on Vaccination,) Horticultural and Agricultural subjects, were brought into circulation.

This activity of the Icelandic press will be a subject of equal surprise and satisfaction to our readers, but the list we have given is exceedingly meagre and imperfect. We might have spoken of the biographers of Bjarne Povelzen, of Bishop Hans Finsen, of Olav Stephensen, of Thorkel Olafsen, and many others. In 1793, John Thorlakson printed his Icelandic translation of Pope's Essay on Man; and Svein Sölvason brought out his Romance of Gissür Jarl, (Earl Gissur,) the first ruler of Iceland. A monthly periodical, entitled *Klausturpóstur*, (the Cloister Post,) from the circumstance of the place of printing (Videy) having been formerly a convent, was published regularly from 1818 to 1826. A number of very curious particulars of the Icelandic Revolution in 1809,—a version of the Second Book of the *Odyssey*, by Egilson, were among the literary productions of the time. Would we could report the continued activity of the Icelandic press, but, as we have hinted above, it is sleeping a long, dull sleep, and for the present we see no signs of its awakening. Literature is involved in litigation; vexations, delays, expenses, are the present portion of those whose better part it were to follow the peaceful pursuits of literature. A fierce battle is at this moment raging between two separate factions. Crimination and recrimination are the order of the day, and amidst the howling winds, the eternal snows, the volcanos and the earthquakes of Iceland, the voice of bitter controversy may be heard—the filch-

ing of good names—the slander whose tongue is sharper than the sword—the jealousy “whose eyes are fierce as the sea monster”—and “the hubble, bubble, toil and trouble,” which omnipresent witches stir up in the cauldron of human passions all over the world.

But away, away from these cloudy visions! and we turn with much satisfaction to the Icelandic Library Society, (*Íslands Bokmenta Félag*), established by Professor Rask, in Copenhagen, A.D. 1816. It has been reared under the auspices of a most illustrious name, and has made liberal and lasting contributions to the language and the literature of Iceland. Rask's literary character, and a portion of his merits, can scarcely be wholly unknown to any of our readers; but of the vast extent of his philological erudition, we may be allowed to speak from personal and intimate intercourse. No man ever existed, whose study of language has been directed to a wider circle, and assuredly none who has made the structure of language so much the object of attention. He is the consummate comparative anatomist of philology, not building up his theories from the scattered fragments gathered, as it were, by accident, but drawing his deductions from the most profound and elaborate research; and by comparisons comprehensive and exhaustive, throwing daylight on all those curious inquiries which have, for the most part, been feebly and ignorantly dealt with by the majority of critics. Not that Rask's writings have hitherto enabled the world to form any accurate estimate of his extraordinary learning. To have written the best Icelandic or Anglo-Saxon grammar, to have tracked through Hebrew or hieroglyphic records the chronology of Egyptian kings, to have edited Eddas, or Sagas, and have carried off prizes for essays on this or the other limited inquiry—this—these—are little—are nothing, compared to what he is capable of effecting. He is one of the very few men who can write on philology, having some sufficient acquaintance with the subject in its various bearings; who has seen with his own eyes, heard with his own ears, the tribes, the tongues, which cover the world's surface; who, if he has not girdled the whole earth, has at least explored those tracts in which so many nations were cradled; and who, travelling through all the East in the pursuit of philological knowledge, took with him a mind so trained, and exercised, and cultured, that nothing could be wasted upon it. As Iceland was among the objects of his earliest attention, so to Icelandic interests he has devoted himself with unbounded zeal, and established a claim to be considered one of her best benefactors. Rask spent three years in Iceland, from 1813 to 1815, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the literature, language, and habits of the country. In 1813 he

published his Icelandic grammar; in 1814, Haldorson's Icelandic and Latin Dictionary. On the 30th March, 1816, a day which has been ever since commemorated as the anniversary of the society, its first meeting was held under Rask's presidency; and in October of the same year, he undertook his long oriental journey, stopping however on his way, both in Sweden and Russia, and publishing in both countries valuable philological works. The branch society, or rather the affiliated, or fraternised association, had its birth at Reikjåvik, in Iceland, under the auspices of Arne Helgason, and the general code of laws for the whole was printed in Copenhagen, in Icelandic and Danish, in 1818. Its object is the supply and circulation of really valuable books in Iceland, not only original works, of living authors, but of those of standard reputation, and in such languages as may be applied to the purposes of education. It proposes also, to publish newspapers and other periodicals, and to sell all its productions at the lowest possible price. Its members are ordinary and extraordinary, who pay a small contribution to the common fund; and honorary and corresponding members, who for the most part are foreigners. The sittings of the Danish branch are held quarterly in Copenhagen; those of the Icelandic branch half-yearly, on the 31st March and 11th July, those being the periods when the convocations of the clergy take place in Reikjåvik. Each branch chooses its own executive yearly, and keeps its own accounts separately, which are, however, blended in the general annual statement. All the publications of the society are however printed at Copenhagen, and sent to Iceland by the vessels which trade thither. Iceland alone furnished nearly five hundred members to this society, the amount of whose contributions were however less than that of its less numerous fellows dwelling in Denmark. The society has received annual grants from the king, and liberal gifts from many patriot Danish noblemen, among whom Count Adam Moltke and John Bülow are entitled to particular mention. Its popularity in Iceland is great, and many of the inhabitants have made, for them, large sacrifices, in order to support and encourage its exertions.

When Rask left Denmark, he was succeeded by Bjarne Thorsteinson, the present bailiff of West Iceland; and on his departure, Finn Magnussen, the erudite editor of the elder Edda, filled his place, which he held till Professor Rask's return from Asia, in 1827, who has ever since occupied the chair.

The following are the principal works published by the Society.

1. Their transactions, containing a tolerably complete review of the literature and politics connected with Iceland. From 1817 to 1826, the volumes were printed in quarto, under the title of

*Íslenzk Sagnablið*, (Icelandic Historical Leaves); the first year, edited by Magnusen and Thorsteinson, contains an account of public events from 1804, and especially of the attempt of the English to revolutionize Iceland, in 1809; the other volumes are edited by Magnusen alone, as was the first volume of the sequel, in octavo, which followed in 1828, under the title of *Skirnir*, a name signifying Narrator, which has from the time of the Mythic Edda, been given to the messenger of Freyr, the God of the Sun. The volumes for 1828 and 1829 had Benedict Jonason for their editor, and that of 1830, Baldwin Einarson. The supplementary historico-literary matter was furnished by Thorgeir Gudmundson.

2. An elaborate and critical edition of the *Sturlunga Saga*, with variorum notes, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. This well-known historical account of the Icelanders, (written in 1284,) is accompanied by an ancient biographical account of Bishop Arne Thorlakson, (*Arna Biskups Saga*), down to A.D. 1320. The work is in four quarto volumes, (1817—1820,) and is accompanied by an introduction written by Biarne Thorsteinson. The critical notes were furnished by Gisle Bryngulfsen, a minister, who was drowned in the bloom of life, (1828,) after having distinguished himself by the curious and erudite *Periculi Runologici*, printed at Copenhagen, in 1823. He was assisted in his labours by Svein Biörn Egilson, tutor of the Bessefted school in Iceland, and by two promising young students, Sigurd Stephensen, who died soon after in early life, and Thorasen Oefjord, another hopeful young man, who, being appointed to office in his native island, was drowned while returning to enter upon its duties. Such—and there are many such—visitations have too often thrown deep gloom over the hopes of Iceland. Long and distressful is the list of disappointed expectations—sad the tales of many of those, the depositories of their countries' fame, who have been swept away while they went forth in search of "the meet inheritance of noble minds." Denmark has proved to the Icelanders more fatal than the tropics to us. Pursuing their studies with devotion and ardour, the young adventurers are very frequently the victims of pulmonary attacks, and decay, and die, as if smitten by a hoar-frost. They who, in the wretched climate of their forefathers, track the wild and frozen mountains, and ford the bridgeless and terrible streams—who mount the sides of the volcano, and battle with the loudest and the fiercest storms—who fling themselves with indifference among the stupendous icebergs, or the thundering waves of a polar sea—they sink beneath the insidious attack of a climate milder than their own, a climate which an Englishman would call inhospitable.

But to them rain and storms and sleet and snow and hail, in all their fierce commotions, may be both health and music. We remember hearing an Icelander say, that he wanted to hear the wind, and it was in the autumnal season, when the equinoctial gales were shaking the very pillars of heaven. It was to him an impostor storm—the imperfect echo of the noise—the poor reflection of the grandeur—with which the war of the Icelandic elements had impressed his mind. The bills of mortality show melancholy returns by way of encouragement to the Icelanders to visit the south; yet many students venture, and we can bear personal testimony to the general excellence of their character, their aptitude for instruction, and the interest and the esteem which they seldom fail to excite in the bosoms of their teachers.

3. A continuation of the *Sturlunga-Saga*, by John Espolin, entitled *Island's Arbákur*, (Iceland's Year Books,) in nine quarto volumes, of which the first appeared in 1821, and the last in 1830. This completes the history of Iceland from 1263 down to 1743.

4. A Description of the Earth, with lithographic maps, in five 8vo. volumes, (1821—7). The first volume, on mathematical and physical geography, is by Grim Johnson, the present bailiff of Northern and Eastern Iceland, and Thord Sveinbiörnson, the Latin translator of *Grágás*; the remaining volumes by Gunlang Oddson.

5. A collection of Minor Poems, *Líðmáli*, by Stephen Olafson, a minister in Eastern Iceland, who died in 1688. This volume, in 12mo. appeared in 1823. The author writes with great mastery over his language; his verses are correct and flowing—mostly humorous—but interesting, both in a literary and philological point of view. Professor Finn Magnussen was the editor of the volume, and wrote the biography of the author, with which it is headed. This work was intended as the first of a series of a collection of Icelandic poetry, and appears with a double title page, designating such intention, but no further progress has been made in the object. Materials are not wanting, but of collected poetry there is a very small printed supply. This *Líðmáli* is, we believe, the only collection of modern Icelandic poetry, with the exception of two volumes published by John Thorlakson, the translator of Milton in 1774 and 1783, and these two volumes consist mostly of translations, and have, moreover, in them many Danish pieces. There are, indeed, the *Rímur*, of which several volumes have been printed at the Hrappey press, but they are for the most part rhymed versions, or paraphrases, of prose romances of chivalric or historical origin, and represent the poetry of the fifteenth century, at which time great numbers of such poems were written. These have, how-



ever, reached foreign countries in very small numbers, and only one of them has, we believe, been translated, namely, the *Rímur* of Hjalmar and Gnín, which was published by Bioerner, with a Latin and Swedish version (A.D. 1737,) of which Mr. Herbert has given a specimen to the English literary world. Oehlenschläger has followed the style and versification of this poem in his Brawalla-battle, the famous combat between the Danes and Swedes, in that period which has been very properly called the mytho-historical. Very many such poems remain to be published, and the Icelanders talk of them as yet unveiled Epics (*sit venia verbo!*) some of which might have been of great benefit to literature and to human happiness, had they taken precedence of the shoals of religious strophes which have been poured out in unbounded prodigality. Among these, indeed, a few may be found which can scarcely be called spiritual, or religious, compositions: some exceptions to the general tenor of these productions are to be found in the collections of Hallgrín Petersen, an ecclesiastic of the seventeenth century, who was the object of particular affection on the part of his countrymen, and Thorlak Thorasensen, who lived in the eighteenth century. Both these volumes were printed at Hólum. In the *Andleg Visnabók* (Devotional Hymn Book), of which two editions (both very rare) exist, (1612 and 1748,) there are also lyrical compositions of great merit.

6. The biography of John Erichsen, (*Æfi-Saga*), written by Svein Paulsen, with additions by Thorsteinson and Olavson, a volume of great interest and value, and one which has contributed to throw much light on the literary history of Iceland. To men like Erichsen, it has long been the custom in Iceland to do honour, and through the last century, scarcely any man distinguished among his countrymen has closed his career without a printed tribute to his memory, in a sketch of his life and character. It would be an interesting subject of research, and of instruction to future times, if the different accounts of Icelanders which have been circulated among their friends on the occasion of their death, (for few of these biographies have been ever published for sale,) were collected into volumes. Among them are accounts of Biarne Paulson, (by Finn Magnusen, whose father-in-law he was,) Eggert Olafsen, Finn Johnsen, Hans Finsen, Biorn Hasdorsen, and many others. They are written, no doubt, with the partiality of friendship, but after an intimate acquaintance with the history of those they celebrate.

To an Englishman, Mr. John Heath, the Icelandic Society owes and recognises a heavy debt. This gentleman, who dwelt for some time at Copenhagen, for the purpose of studying the Icelandic and Danish languages, printed at his own cost, and presented to the Society, the masterly Icelandic translation of

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, by John Thorlakson, a poet whose name has been familiarized to our ears by the honourable mention of him in Henderson's *Iceland*, and who died after a life of poverty in 1819. This translation is in the same poetical measure as the *Edda*, and is thus intitled, *Ens Enska Skálds J. Miltons Paradísar Missir. A Islenska smúinn af Thiodskáldi Islendinga, Ioni Thorláksyni. Kaupmannahöfn, 1828. 8vo. pp. 408.* The work was edited by Thorgeir Gudmundson and Thorstein Helgason, both attached to the Magnæan Commission and to the Commission for superintending the publication of northern works, and by them the introduction was also written. The metre of the translation is peculiar to ears unused to the continuity of lines so short, and it has somewhat of that alliterative character which distinguishes so many of the Anglo-Saxon poems. The Icelandic Society voted their thanks to Mr. Heath in a poem, of which the metre is that adopted by Thorlakson, with an English translation, *The Memory of John Milton and John Thorlakson, in the name of Iceland, to John Heath.\** Of this address, both original and translation, Finn Magnúsen was the author. The merits of Thorlakson's translation of Milton are great, but have been extravagantly exaggerated by Henderson when he says that "the translation not only rises superior to any other translation of Milton, but rivals, and in many instances in which the *Eddaic* phraseology is introduced, almost seems to surpass the original." This is very idle. There are, in fact, few books in the world of literature of which so many good translations exist as of Milton's famous poem, and though Thorlakson's version has very great

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\* It will hardly be without interest to give a specimen of *Eddaic* English, written by an Icelander, without changing any thing. It will give to our readers who have not had an opportunity of examining the structure of the old Scandinavian poetry a pretty correct idea of its character.

"Bodily sights,  
Baleful darkness,  
Sharpeneth the eyes  
Of shining Soul;  
The Genius saw  
God on his throne,  
He saw what we  
But see in picture.

"Angels, demons  
And their strife,  
Heaven and hell,  
Honour and shame,  
Earth's Creation,  
Eden's bliss,  
First of men,  
Fallen, redeemed.

"Milton sang  
This matchless chaunt,  
Praise of God  
And Paradise,  
Mundane Epics,  
Tale of man,  
Not with suns  
The song expires.

"Grateful world  
Gives him thanks,  
Loves his lay  
And bids it sound  
In all tongues  
Of Europe's sons.  
Lo! 'tis heard  
In Iceland-Thule."

merit of its own, that merit is rather as a paraphrase than a version, which it is not; it is, in fact, a re-casting of Milton in the Eddaic mould. Henderson goes on to say, that "Thorlakson has not only supported its prevailing character," (he has done no such thing, the character of the poem having changed in Thorlakson's hands,) "but has nicely imitated his peculiar terms and more refined modifications;" this is equally an erroneous view: the narrow bounds of the Eddaic verse make it impossible to introduce those "peculiar terms" and "refined modifications" which the exquisite ear of Milton enabled him to elaborate out of his now sweet and now sonorous blank verse; not that we think Thorlakson erred in choosing the Eddaic measure, over which he had a very decided mastery, and which at once took the blind bard into the regions of the old Scandinavian epics. By it more was gained in association than was lost by dissimilarity. "Although," continues Dr. Henderson, "Thorlakson has found it impossible to give the effect of certain sounds, yet this defect is more than compensated by the multiplicity of happy combinations, where none exist in the original;" a strong case this, by the way, against the superiority of Thorlakson's over every other translation. But, we repeat, it has little merit as a translation—very great as a paraphrase. It is a beautiful Icelandic poem, of which the English is the groundwork. We give two passages, which have been often pointed at as remarkable specimens of felicitous translation.

The beginning of the ninth books is thus rendered:—

"Sýng ek eigi meirr  
Um samræður  
Þá er giörði Guð  
Eða géstr einn  
Engilligr, sik  
Frá upphæðum  
Handgenginn manni

Ok hjásitjandi  
Sem hjá vin, vinr  
Lét sér vel lynda  
Ljúftiga máltið  
Af landsgróða  
Mundi manni leyft  
Margs at frétta."

And the close of the poem,—

"Öll lá nú opin  
Ok öndverð peim  
En víða veröld  
Svo velja máttu  
Hvern, sem heizt vildu  
Hvildarstað sér  
Ok til atsetrs  
Í at bua;  
Himins Forsjón holl  
Var peim handleiðer.

Þannig gengu þau  
Nú þar bæði  
Ok hældt hvort þeirra  
J' hönd öðru  
Fóru þau svo fram  
Fetum seinum  
Enimana útaf  
Edens fold."

Mr. Heath has had abundant recompense for his liberality. Large numbers of the edition have been sold in Iceland, though at a very moderate price, and their proceeds have been again applied to the production of other Icelandic books, which in their turn have been extremely useful—so that it has been already a benevolence of two harvests, and both fruitful ones,—and be it also said in honour of Mr. Heath's fellow-labourers, that the whole of their services were gratuitous,—but they too have had their reward in their labours, and in the results of those labours.

The Icelandic Society continues its meritorious exertions. It has lately been busily occupied in an honourable attempt to collect a library for the Icelanders,\* and has had considerable success.†

The Icelandic Bible Society has excited some attention in England. It owes its existence to Dr. Henderson's unwearied labours, and by the assistance of the Parent Institution, it published in 1813, a complete edition of the whole of the Sacred Writings. Since then it has produced a new translation of the New Testament, of which two of the Icelandic Bishops, (Geir Johnson Vidalin, and Steingrim Johnson,) assisted by Isleif Einarsson, have been the editors, and which issued from the Vidy press in 1827. Thorlakson wrote a poem in celebration of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which Finn Magnusen rendered into English, and it is given by Henderson in the second volume of his travels. We have seen it re-printed in Calcutta. Almost contemporaneous with the establishment of the Bible Society, was that of the Religious Tract Society, which was principally directed by John Johnson, a minister of Mödrúfell. They have published nearly fifty different Tracts.

There are two Societies in Denmark, which, from their close connection with Iceland, we cannot pass over in silence, inasmuch as their object is the publication of ancient Scandinavian writings. One of these is the Royal Arnæ-Magnæan Commission,

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\* Professor Rafn has, we believe, made some appeals to the English public on this subject, and Messrs. Arch. of No. 1, Cornhill, have kindly offered to forward any contributions to their destination. We beg leave very cordially to recommend this friendly and benevolent object to our readers. Duplicates of useful works, in any of the current languages of Europe, will be highly valued—and how few are there of those who cast their pages, who might not, without inconvenience, send some of their superfluous stores to the poor inhabitants of Iceland. Now and then an English wanderer reaches as far as that frozen land—how gratifying for him to see there the evidences of the beneficence of his countrymen—and that such beneficence would fall upon the thankful and the worthy, we can venture confidently to affirm.

† This Society reckons among its honorary Members the following of our countrymen—Sir G. S. Mackenzie,—Dr. Henderson—Mr. J. Bosworth—Mr. Robt. Jamieson, and Dr. Bowring.

whose origin must be traced to Arne Magnusen himself, who, from 1702 to 1712, was engaged in exploring Iceland, and in gathering together whatever MSS. he could find, whether ancient or modern, and on all subjects. He was a man of indefatigable habits, and he amassed a very large collection, which he brought with him to Denmark. Nearly two-thirds of the whole perished in the terrible fire of Copenhagen in 1728,—yet the third that is now left is incomparably the largest and most valuable collection that exists. The learned possessor, who married a rich widow, laid aside before his death, which took place in 1730, a capital of ten thousand rix-dollars for the purpose of publishing the most remarkable MSS. of this collection, directing that Icelandic students should be employed for that object. Up to 1772, nothing whatever was done; in that year the king established the Commission for the purpose of giving effect to the testator's desires. The first members named were all men of eminence, namely Luxdorff, Suhm, Kall, Möllmann, Langebeck, John Erichsen, and Bishop Hans Finsen—these were among the most active labourers; Thorlacius was afterwards elected a member, and Thorkelin made secretary to the Commission. The present members are Monrad, Schlegel, Werlauff, P. E. Müller, (now Bishop of Copenhagen,) and Finn Magnusen, who is also the secretary. They have not been inactive,—but we must take another opportunity to speak of their publications.

*Hid Norræna Fornfræða Felag*—or in Danish, *det Nordiske Oldskrift-Selskab*—is another society with a similar object. It is in some sort a branch of the Icelandic society, and was established in 1825, for the specific object of encouraging the publication of works in the ancient Scandinavian tongues. In 1828 the king took the society under his protection. Its statutes are printed in Icelandic and Danish, and so are its diplomas issued; its sittings are quarterly, and it publishes in Danish, a periodical of Northern Antiquities (*Tidskrift for nordisk Oldkyndighed*), and a quarterly work entitled *Hermoder*. Its members are for the most part to be found in the Icelandic Society, and its principal publications, hitherto, are in the ancient text, Historical Sagas in Norway, 4 volumes; in Denmark, 1; and in Iceland, 1—of Latin translations, under the title *Scripta Historica Islandorum*, 3 volumes—of Danish translations, 4 volumes; making together 13 volumes.

We have reached the end of what we proposed to ourselves, but have explored a very small part of the ancient Scandinavian ground. It would be a great service done to historical literature if a judicious list were published of the different writings which Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, have furnished in the last fifty

years in illustration of the history of the Northern races of mankind. During that period no year has passed without something being done to throw light upon the remoter annals of northern or north-western Europe.\* He will undertake a task of no small labour, who shall tell us all that has been done. We see a few symptoms of a reviving interest in this country, in the remains of our Anglo-Saxon progenitors; and we hope there are some among us to catch the enthusiasm with which our German brethren have been diving into all the dark recesses of Gothic speech, and Sagas, and creeds and songs, and laws, and manners. A portion of that attention which has exhausted classical mythology, which has too long dwelt in the pantheons of Greece and Rome, and is wearied with fruitless efforts to learn something more where, perhaps, nothing more is to be learnt, may very profitably and very successfully be directed to the vast field of Gothic research. For we are Goths,—and the descendants of Goths—

“The men

Of earth's best blood,—of titles manifold.”

And it well becomes us to ask, what has Zeus to do with the Brocken—Apollo with Effersberg—or Poseidon with the Northern Sea? The gods of our fathers were neither Jupiter, nor Saturn, nor Mercury,—but Odin, Braga, or Ægir. If we marvel at the pictures of Heathen divinities as painted by classical hands, let us not forget that our ancestors had deities of their own—Gods as mighty in their attributes—as refined in their tastes—as heroic in their doings—as the Gods worshipped in the Parthenon, or talked about in the Forum. Are there to be found in the stout hearts of men of the north, echoes to repeat the tones of scorn with which the effeminate of the south have insulted them for ages? Away with them!

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\* We have seen with much satisfaction a work, which has lately been published by Mr. Wheaton, the minister of the United States at Copenhagen, entitled “History of the Northmen or Danes and Normans from the earliest time to the Conquest of England by William of Normandy.” It is an interesting book, and a very valuable contribution to the amount of our knowledge of ancient northern history.

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ART. III.—1. *La Maréchale d'Ancre. Drame*, par M. le Comte Alfred de Vigny. 8vo. Paris. 1831.

2. *Marion Delorme. Drame en cinq actes et en vers.* Par Victor Hugo. 8vo. Paris. 1831.

THE Drama in France, as well as in our own country, seems at present rather at a discount; nor is this to be wondered at, for independently of the fact that for some time past nothing very brilliant or striking in that department has appeared, the real drama of life which has been exhibited there for the last twelve-month so far exceeds in variety and intensity of interest any thing which the mimic representations of the stage could offer; its scenes have been so much more striking, its changes so much more unexpected, and its denouement is yet so impenetrable, that reality seems suddenly to have assumed the romance and mystery of the stage, and the stage itself to have become the last representation of the sobriety and even tenor which used to be the attributes of common life.

The dramatic talent of the day, such as it is, our readers are probably aware, has latterly taken the direction of illustrating the early history of France. The modern dramatists are busily employed in exploring a mine which in this country is pretty well worked out; endeavouring to do for their country what Shakspeare has done for the civil wars of England, and Scott for the times of chivalry, though in a spirit abundantly different from either of their prototypes. Shakspeare, conversant with every form of life, and, therefore, tolerant of all opinions, has no theory to favour, no peculiar views of society and polity to enforce or assail. Good and evil, virtue and vice, happiness and misery, are to him alike necessary fragments of one great picture; in the darkest scenes of bloodshed and strife through which he moves, he sees some gleam of humanity enlightening the gloom; in the sunniest spots of life some lurking and melancholy shadow; while even amidst the tempest and whirlwind of warring passions, there are pauses in which ever and anon are heard the still small whispers of serenity and peace. This neutrality of mind in Shakspeare, which enables him, like the universal sun, to look placidly on all things, was favoured by the character of the period in which he lived. Those were the days of action, not of thought. The great questions which have since divided and are now agitating the world slept unheard of in the womb of time. Opinions had not assumed consistency or form, far less arrayed themselves in hostile opposition to each other. The strong prejudices and clashing opinions of later centuries had not taught men to view the past through a distorting or a partial medium, or to seek in

the fictitious representations of former days a vehicle by which their opinions on questions of government or morals might be insinuated, or the prevailing views and passions of the day flattered or confirmed.

These days of indifference, however, are gone by. The great questions which were unheard of in the sixteenth century have since been proposed and discussed with vehemence by divided senates and contending armies. The clash of opinions still echoes about us, nor can the man of the nineteenth century shut his ears to the contest were he so inclined; birth and situation, education and habit, his feelings or his interests, range him unconsciously on the side of one or other of the disputants; and once enlisted, all things, however remote, take a colouring from these prevailing opinions with which the present security or future happiness of mankind appear to him to be identified. Our great novelist views the past with a kindly feeling, because a reverence for antiquity in all things is one of those principles which he carries into the actual business and duties of life. Inclined by feeling and education to a political quietism, he is distrustful of change, he attaches himself with a fond veneration to the ancient landmarks. To his mind

"There is a consecrating power in time,  
And what is grey with years to him is godlike."

Thus he spreads a glow over all his pictures of former days, brings forward into sunshine the splendours of the tilt-yard and the banquet, while he hides "the loop-hole grates where captives weep;" and dilates with complacency on individual instances of the bravery, courtesy, loyalty and constant service of the antique world, while he passes lightly over its too general selfishness, misery and crime.

The very opposite view, and one at least as exaggerated, is taken, as might be expected, by the modern dramatists of France, who, while they have borrowed from Sir Walter the hint of dressing up for modern purposes their ancient annals, have treated him much in the same way as Caliban does Prospero after he has bestowed on him the gift of language; they turn his materials against himself, and use them only to degrade that state of society which he has painted in colours so seductive. These works might indeed be termed with some justice, an *Anthology from the History of Crime in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries*; or *Dramatic Illustrations of the Four Pleas of the Crown under the Monarchs of the Houses of Valois and Bourbon*. In their delineations, traced with an unshrinking hand, feudal oppression, feudal cruelty, treachery, rapacity, discord, selfishness, brutality, weary



the attention and oppress the heart. We seem to wander along the endless passages of some edifice of other times, where the walls echo nothing but groans, and we feel even in the darkness that the floor is slippery with blood. The chivalrous enthusiasm of Francis, the feats of Bayard and du Guesclin, the brave heart and open hand of Henri Quatre are out of date. "They are not," as Orlando says, "for the fashion of these times," but in their stead we have the assassination of the Guises, of their royal murderer Henri III., and of D'Ancre; the fierce scenes of the Barricades, since renewed with a more eventful issue; the horrors of St. Bartholomew; the butcheries of the Jacquerie; the plots and poisonings, the ferocious duels, the profligacy and rudeness and insecurity of private life; every where battle, murder and sudden death. The great novelist sees in the feudal times only a splendid arena where honour, accounted as a knight, in arms of proof, walks side by side with religion in hermit garb, "and that unblemished form of chastity" which the gentle fancy of Spenser has shadowed out in Una with her milk-white lamb. The modern chroniclers of France, on the contrary, perceive in them nothing but a wide field over which vice roams unchecked, supported on the one side by treacherous cunning, and on the other by the iron hand of power; while religion, satisfied with an external homage, shuts her eyes and follows in her train, and honour wastes on idle gallantries and airy trifles those efforts which might have been directed to the purposes of utility and virtue.

This then is the leading fault of this dramatic gallery from the earlier annals of France. The colouring is too uniformly sombre and gloomy. The closing impression is one of too unmingled atrocity. The example had been set by the President Henault in his *Scenes from the Life of Francis II.*, (suggested, it would appear, by the perusal of Shakspeare's historical dramas,) in which the characters of Catherine de Medicis and Guise are sketched, correctly perhaps, but without spirit and life, and with a great want of pliancy and nature in the dialogue. His success, on the whole, was not such as to encourage imitation, and in all probability, the worthy president's suppers were more agreeable to persons of taste than his dramatic scenes. More recently, however, the task of dramatic illustration has been resumed with more ability and force, though, perhaps, rather less fairness; with a fuller knowledge of the habits, manners and feelings of former days, and more fearlessness in exhibiting, by the changes of a dialogue, rough, animated, elevated, familiar and even vulgar as the character of the speaker demands, the shifting scenes of those turbulent and evil times. The frightful revolt of the Jacquerie under John the Good, almost cotemporary with that of Wat Tyler

under our own Richard, and which Froissart, influenced by its brutal character, has slurred over in a few sentences, has been painted with a forcible but odious minuteness of detail by Mérimée, the able author of *Clara Gazul*. An anonymous author of very respectable talent has depicted in his *Conspiracy of Amboise*, the last days of Francis II., and the narrow escape of Condé from the scaffold. The rise and fall of the Guises, the factions, tastes and absurdities of the court, the mingled cleverness, baseness, and infirmity of purpose which distinguished the last monarch of the house of Valois, have been portrayed with still greater vivacity in Vitet's *Barricades*, *Etats de Blois*, and *Mort de Henri III.*, and in the *Henri III. et sa Cour* of Dumas. The reign of Henry the Great is passed over in silence. But the thread of treachery and crime is taken up with the minority of Louis XIII., in the *Maréchale d'Ancre*, which displays the intrigues and fall of the favorite Concini, and the judicial murder of his wife; while the slavish subjection of Louis at a later period, under the real monarchy of Richelieu, and the wide-reaching and blood-thirsty ambition of the cardinal, are somewhat too conspicuously presented in the *Marion Delorme* of Victor Hugo.

Though some of the works to which we have alluded are dignified with the title of drama, while others lay claim only to the humbler title of dramatic scenes; this is in a great measure a distinction without a difference. With the exception of the *Marion Delorme* of Hugo, which with all its faults may be considered as the illustration of one leading idea, we cannot perceive in the others, in the *Henri III.* of Dumas, or the *Maréchale d'Ancre* of De Vigny, any thing of that clear unity of purpose, that distinct developement of some one great event, in contradistinction to a crowd of others, which separates the regular drama from a mere succession of scenes. Both these plays, like the others, are as much representations of the manners and peculiarities of the time, as expositions of the springs and passions by which a tragical event is brought about; while the episodical matters which, though they increase the vraisemblance of the scene, do not visibly further the action, are nearly equally numerous in both classes of compositions. In saying this, we pass no censure on M. de Vigny, for we have no hesitation in saying that many of Shakspeare's historical plays stand very much in the same predicament.

We cannot think that M. de Vigny has been so successful in the choice of a subject for his drama as he was for his novel. The conspiracy of Cinq Mars\* combined a series of events of more

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\* Vide vol. iii. p. 314, of *For. Quar. Review*.

progressive and far more intense interest than the fall of the Italian adventurer Concini, a character dissipated, worthless, unfeeling, subtle; brave when necessity forces the sword into his hand, but in his general policy hesitating, vacillating, and after all deciding as it were by accident. His fate is neither attended with the lofty interest which attends the ruin of a great, nor the sympathy with which we regard the downfall of a good man. Nor is this feeling materially altered by any thing in the character of the *Maréchale*, that Eleonora Galigai, who accompanied the queen mother, Mary of Medicis, from Italy, and reigned for some time mistress of the ascendant. Of her it might well be said, that nothing in her life became her like the leaving of it. Her well-known reply, when her judges demanded by "what conjuration or what mighty magic" she had fascinated the mind of the queen,—that she had used no charm but the ascendancy of a strong mind over a weak one, was striking and noble. But the history of her life only weakens instead of confirming this impression. A mixture of Medicean hypocrisy and persevering resolution, with the pride and grasping rapacity of a parvenue, are almost the only features of her mind which history indicates. The rest is a blank. So much the better, seems to have been M. de Vigny's opinion; there is the more to do for the dramatist.

And certainly the dramatist has not been idle. When Vertot was writing his *Knights of Malta*, and at a loss for materials, he manufactured a siege for himself, and afterwards found it so much more graphic than the true one, that he declined to make any alteration in his manuscript. Even so M. de Vigny, if he cannot find a history to suit his purpose, makes one. Leaving the character of Concini pretty much as he found it, he has gifted the *Maréchale* with beauty of person which, by all accounts, she did not possess, as well as with that moral beauty which results from warm and generous affections. This being, apparently so haughty and selfish in public life, is, in private, kind, generous, adoring her children; and even while suspecting her husband's infidelities, suppressing the passion which she had felt in youth in her native Italy, and which accident revives after long years among the splendours of Paris. The object of this early feeling is an imaginary personage, Michael Borgia, a Corsican, who, disappointed in his first suit by the stratagems of Concini, has married the beautiful but uncultivated Isabella Monti, and, accompanied by her, has secretly taken up his residence at Paris, and is deeply involved in the conspiracy which is maturing against the D'Ancre. On the conflicting feelings of this strange personage, his hatred to the husband, and his relenting towards the wife; and the licentious plans of Concini for the seduction of Isabella, whom

he has seen without knowing her to be the wife of his deadly enemy, the interest of the piece is made to turn. The jealous Isabella is at last persuaded that the Maréchale has robbed her of the attachment of her husband, and, animated by all the furies of Italian vengeance, is prevailed on to appear as a witness against her on the pretended charge of witchcraft and sorcery. The three first acts of the piece are not a little diffuse, and the action advances languidly; but the two last are full of life, incident and motion. The address of the Maréchale to her trembling judges, when they announce to her the nature of her accusation, is energetic in the highest degree.

“*The Maréchale.* Where are the proofs, the witnesses of this extravagant charge? The case will need them all, for if my memory of our ancient usages deceive me not, the stake is the punishment doomed to such a crime. Look twice at this ere you dishonour the parliament. When was life taken away but it was afterwards regretted? I have seen our late Henry weep for the fate of the Marechal de Biron. It will soon be so with me . . . . And what have I done? My political acts are those of the regent and the king; my sorceries the errors of a weak woman, left without a guide on the summit of power. Which of you knows the being that can stand calm and unmoved amidst authority, and feel without yielding to the whirlpool of human affairs? Show me that man, and I will bow down and worship him. What are the names of my judges? *(Here the judges draw back a little. As she follows them with her eyes, they endeavour to conceal themselves behind each other.)* Whom do I see around me in these men? The courtiers who were my flatterers, the submissive creatures of my will. Away!—’tis base that men who have so long obeyed a woman should league at last to ruin her. You should have had the courage, Messieurs, to remonstrate with me yesterday, or to bear with me to-day. *(Pointing with her finger.)* Answer, Monsieur de Bellièvre, you who advised me to the trial of Pronville, will you condemn me? Or you, Monsieur de Memes, you who could stoop so low to pick up the president’s mantle from my hands, will you condemn me? Or you, you, Monsieur de Bullion, who advised the ordinances for raising taxes in Picardy, without the royal letters, will you be my judge? I might say the same to M. de Themines, whom I have made a Maréchal of France, and to you Déageant, the president of my judges, to all of you whom I thus point at with my finger, and who tremble before it, as if it announced the day of judgment. *(The judges, confused and trembling, are huddled together against the wall, at a distance from her.)* Ye tremble at the very sound of your names; for ye know that I know you all; I was the confidant of your baseness; in my memory the secrets of your ambition stand recorded. Away then—make ready your stake, that the shameful annals of the court may be burnt to ashes.” *(She falls back into her seat.)*

While the Maréchale, even in the dungeon of the Bastile, is awing her oppressors into silence, bands of murderers are seeking

Concini through the streets of Paris. As he issues from the house of the Jew which contains Isabella, he hears through the obscurity of the tempestuous night the cries of the populace, but he thinks they are but the indications of some passing tumult. He rests for a moment against a pillar on the pavement, but recoils again, as from a serpent, for he perceives it is the stone on which Ravillac had planted his foot when he assassinated Henry, and in that murder it is darkly insinuated he had a share. Through the darkness of the Rue de la Ferronnerie, Michael Borgia is seen advancing, conducting the two children of his rival. He has promised to the Maréchale to save them from the dangers of the night, and has brought them in safety to his own threshold. But his promise of safety extended not to Concini. The wild ferocity of the following scene has many parallels in the actual duels of the time, as delineated in Froissart and Brantome.

BORGIA (*with the Children.*)

Poor children! come in; you will be safer here than in the houses to which they have pursued us.

THE BOY.

Ah! there is a man standing up.

BORGIA (*turning the lantern which the child holds towards Concini.*)  
Concini!

CONCINI.

Borgia! (*Each raises his dagger, and seizes with the left arm the right of his enemy. They remain motionless, and gazing at each other. The children escape into the street and disappear.*)

CONCINI.

Let go my arm, and I will liberate yours.

BORGIA.

What shall be my security?

CONCINI.

Those children whom you have with you.

BORGIA.

I am labouring to save them. Your palace is on fire—your wife is arrested—your fortune is wrecked—base, senseless adventurer!

CONCINI.

Have done—let go—let us fight!

BORGIA (*pushing him from him.*)

Back, then, and draw your sword.

CONCINI (*draws.*)

Begin.

BORGIA.

Remove those children—they would be in our way.

CONCINI.

They are gone.

BORGIA.

Take these letters, assassin! I had promised to restore them to you.  
(*He hands to Concini a black portfolio*).

CONCINI.

I would have taken them from your body.

BORGIA.

I have performed my promise—and now, ravisher! look to yourself.

CONCINI.

Base seducer, defend thyself.

BORGIA.

The night is dark, but I shall feel you by my hate:  
Plant your foot against the wall, that you may not retreat.

CONCINI.

Would I could chain yours to the pavement, that I might be sure of my mark!

BORGIA.

Agree that the first who is wounded shall inform the other.

CONCINI.

Yes, for we should not see the blood. I swear it by the thirst I feel for yours.—But not that the affair should end there.

BORGIA.

No, only to begin again with more spirit.

CONCINI.

To continue till we can lift the sword no longer.

BORGIA.

Till the death of one or other of us.

CONCINI.

I see you not. Are you in front of me?

BORGIA.

Yes, wretch! Parry that thrust. Has it sped?

CONCINI.

No; take that in return.

BORGIA.

I am untouched.

CONCINI.

What, still? Oh! would I could but see thy hateful visage.  
(*They continue to fight desperately, but without touching each other.  
Both rest for a little.*)

BORGIA.

Have you a cuirass on, Concini?

CONCINI.

I had, but I left it with your wife in her chamber.

BORGIA.

Liar! (*He rushes on him with his sword. Their blades are locked  
for a moment, and both are wounded.*)

CONCINI.

I feel no sword opposed to mine. Have I wounded you?

BORGIA, (*Leaning on his sword, and staunching the wound in his breast with his handkerchief.*)

No, let us begin again. There!

CONCINI (*binding his scarf round his thigh.*)

One moment, and I am with you. (*He staggers against the pillar.*)

BORGIA, (*sinking on his knees.*)

Are you not wounded yourself?

CONCINI.

No, no! I am resting. Advance, and you shall see.

BORGIA, (*endeavouring to rise, but unable.*)

I have struck my foot against a stone—wait an instant.

CONCINI, (*with delight.*)

Ah! you are wounded!

BORGIA.

No, I tell you—'tis you who are so. Your voice is changed.

CONCINI, (*feeling his sword.*)

My blade smells of blood.

BORGIA.

Mine is dabbled in it.

CONCINI.

Come then, if you are not—come and finish me.

BORGIA, (*with triumph.*)

Finish! Then you are wounded.

CONCINI, (*with a voice of despair.*)

Were I not, would I not have already stabbed you twenty times over?  
But you are at least as severely handled.

BORGIA.

It may be so, or I should not be grovelling here.

CONCINI.

Shall we now have done?

BORGIA, (*enraged.*)

Both wounded—yet both living!

CONCINI.

What avails the blood I have drawn, while a drop remains.

BORGIA.

O! were I but beside thee!

*Enter VITRY, followed by the Guards walking slowly. He holds the young COUNT DE LA PENE by the hand; the boy leads his sister.*

VITRY, (*A pistol in his hand.*)

Well, my child, which is your father?

COUNT DE LA PENE.

Oh! protect him, sir,—that is he leaning against the pillar.

VITRY, (*aloud.*)

Draw up—remain at that gate—Guards!

(*The Guards advance with lanterns and flambeaux.*)

Sir, I arrest you—your sword.

CONCINI, (*thrusting at him.*)

Take it.

(*VITRY fires his pistol—DU HALLIER, D'ORNANO, and PERSAN fire at the same time—CONCINI falls dead.*)

The malice of De Luynes, the inveterate enemy of the D'Ancre, and afterwards the minion of Louis, contrives that the Maréchale, in her way to execution, shall be conducted to this scene, where her husband lies dead, on the spot which had been stained with the blood of Henry, like Caesar at the foot of Pompey's statue; and the play concludes with her indignant and animated denunciation of this wretch, who stands calm and triumphant, while the Maréchale exacts from her son, over the body of Concini, an oath of vengeance against the destroyer of her house.

Our readers will have perceived, even from these extracts, something of the force and vivacity of style of this drama. Its chief fault is, that with all the assistance which imagination could lend to history, there is not in the whole piece a single character with whom the spectator fully sympathizes. Concini is contemptible; Borgia a creature of impulse; Isabella a perjured witness; Fiesco, Themines, and the rest, are, as might be expected, selfish *debauchés*. Even the Maréchale, though we perceive in her some traits of greatness, and many of kindly feeling, is far too slightly drawn, to excite our sensibilities strongly in her favour, or to divest us of a lurking impression at the close of the piece, that in the dark tissue of treachery and crime which it portrays, the guilt of all concerned differs only in degree.

*Marion Delorme*, the last production of the fertile muse of Victor Hugo, or rather the last which has been published, (for in the order of composition it precedes *Hernani*,) differs from that of M. De Vigny in some remarkable features. The basis, at least, of the whole interest of De Vigny's play is historical; the main action of that of Hugo is purely imaginary: the former adopts the simplicity of prose as most likely to give effect to the rough vigour of dialogue at which he aims; the latter writes in verse, because its compression and its musical flow assist the effect of that antithetical and epigrammatic style which he seems to consider essential to dramatic point: the former rests more on manners, the latter on character, (according to his own very peculiar notions of it): the one, while he proses occasionally, is



always cautious, and generally natural; the other, amidst striking traits of character, and singular force of expression, often startles us by the most illogical deductions, the most unaccountable changes of sentiment, the most singular and even vulgar expressions. We have of late, however, bestowed a good many of our pages on his compositions, and must therefore pass very briefly over the present, which seems on the whole to be considered, and with truth, to be a failure.

*Hernani*, it is clear, took the Parisian critics, in some measure, by surprise. Carried away by its strange and altogether original character, criticism was in a great degree either silenced or seduced into applause. But such experiments are not to be tried twice; and had the present drama been at least equal to *Hernani*, we suspect its reception would have been pretty much the same. But, to say the truth, it is in all respects inferior: its beauties are far less numerous, its absurdities far more striking; while the main idea on which the piece is founded is one of a nature so hazardous, so peculiarly calling for the exercise of those very qualities in which the dramatist appeared most deficient, a delicate discretion and taste, that in the hands even of the ablest dramatist, we doubt much whether it could have been rendered attractive.

Conceive a heroine, whose youth has been devoted to vice, the venal favourite of a licentious court, perhaps from necessity, perhaps from inclination,—for which of the two has conducted her to that state of splendid misery does not appear,—whose heart is at last touched with a virtuous affection for one who has witnessed only her beauty and her fascination, and who, ignorant of her degradation, has centered all his thoughts and hopes in her. The object of her attachment incurs the penalty of one of those sweeping and sanguinary, yet perhaps not unnecessary laws, against duelling, by which the omnipotent Richelieu is endeavouring to check the turbulence and disorder of the court:—he might avoid the hand of justice; he is preparing to do so, when the dreadful disclosure of the true character and former life of his mistress breaks upon him. Life ceases to have any attraction for him, he delivers himself up:—the hour of his execution is fixed, is on the point of arriving. His mistress, whom he has spurned from him with all the violence of a wounded heart, makes her way into his prison. The hope of saving him, of flying with him, has induced her once more to sacrifice that virtue which her affection for him has only lately taught her how to value as she ought. She comes only to be repulsed, insulted, trampled on. He will not hear of an escape, for which he is indebted to her; life from such hands is worse than death. But when the hour strikes, and the hope

of escape is over, his heart at last relents;—he flings aside his pride, his sense of injury, he remembers only her patient, unwearied attachment, sees only her silent agony, and with a last embrace and in a burst of natural tears, acknowledges his harshness towards her, and implores at once and bestows forgiveness.

That such a subject may in certain shapes be rendered highly pathetic, is undeniable; though perhaps of all others the dramatic is the form least adapted to its character; but at the same time every one must feel, that on subjects such as these, which tread upon the debateable land of morals, the most delicate tact, the most consummate skill in the management of emotion, are required; and these we certainly should never think of seeking in Victor Hugo. Nor, to be plain with him, are they to be found here: as the characters are delineated, we can neither conceive how the attachment of Didier for Marion Delorme could have been formed in such utter ignorance of her previous life; how the discovery of the truth, which in common sense he never could have expected to have learned from *her*, if he had not common sense to discover it, should affect him with such bitter feelings of contemptuous cruelty to her, even while she is loading him with proofs of a genuine attachment; nor, lastly, by what strange revulsion of feelings his conduct is so suddenly presented to him in a new light, and the being who in the third act had been denounced as “a demon,” becomes in the fifth “an angel of heaven.”

The same character of exaggeration pervades the other characters of the piece. The fourth act is chiefly occupied with a long interview between Marion Delorme, as suppliant for the life of Didier, the Marquis de Nangis, the uncle of Didier's opponent in the duel which forms his crime, and the weak, nervous, and sensitive Louis XIII. jealous of his own authority, even while sensible of his weakness, and excited at last to exert his prerogative of mercy in favour of the accused, which is the next moment neutralized by the efforts of Richelieu. The character of Louis strikes us as a gross caricature. Impotent as he was, history affords no warrant for the mingled insanity and imbecility which Victor Hugo has infused into his portrait. The reckless gaiety of Saverny, who fights, makes love, or philosophises in his dungeon on his approaching execution, all in the same tone,

“Indifferent in his choice to live or die,”

seems also carried too far. The best portrait, we are inclined to think, is that of the villain of the piece, the criminal Judge Laffemas,—but villains, we suspect, are easily manufactured.

Perhaps the best trait in the play is his cool reply in the close of the third act. Saverny, who had been Didier's opponent in the duel, and who, according to the edict of Richelieu, is equally implicated with him as to its consequences, finds it expedient for some time to circulate a report of his death. His coffin is brought to the castle of his uncle, the Marquis de Nangis, and preparations are actively on foot for his interment. But his anxiety to aid the escape of Didier leads him to throw off his disguise, and proclaim his existence. All are in transports except Laffemas, who immediately orders his arrest as guilty within the statute. While the officers are securing him, the servants of the Marquis enter hastily, to announce that the preparations for the funeral are completed.

UN VALET (*entrant, au vieux Marquis.*)

De Monsieur Gaspard les obsèques sont prêtes.

Pour la cérémonie, on vient de votre voix

Savoir l'heure et le jour.

LAFFEMAS.

*Revenez dans un mois.*

Les gardes emmènent Didier et Saverny.

ART. IV.—*Antiquities of Mexico: comprising Fac-Similes of Ancient Mexican Paintings and Hieroglyphics, preserved in the Royal Libraries of Paris, Berlin, and Dresden; in the Imperial Library of Vienna; in the Vatican Library; in the Borgian Museum at Rome; in the Library of the Institute at Bologna; and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford: together with the Monuments of New Spain by M. Dupaix; with their respective scales of Measurement and accompanying descriptions. The whole illustrated by many valuable inedited Manuscripts.* By Augustine Aglio. 7 vol. imperial folio. London. 1829.

SOME apology may, perhaps, be deemed necessary, for reviewing in our pages a work printed and published in England, and a great part of the letter-press portion of which is in the English language; but we conceive, that as the subject of it is foreign, the artist himself a foreigner, and the materials of its compilation have been principally derived from foreign sources, we shall be amply justified in the eyes of our readers for introducing to their notice a production which, in the splendour of its embellishments, in the beauty of its type and paper, and in the general magnificence of its execution, is, we think, unequalled by, perhaps, any other publication, not only of the present day, but of any former one, not even excepting such works as that on Egypt, published by

Napoleon's government.\* An outlay has been already incurred in getting it up of upwards of thirty thousand pounds; and when we also take into account the time and trouble it has occasioned, — that, as Mr. Aglio informs us, it is the result of several years' unremitted labour and perseverance, and that in obtaining access to the materials which compose it, he has often had to contend with difficulties almost insurmountable, we might perhaps be excused for trespassing beyond our province, on these considerations alone, independently of the intrinsic merit of the work, to recommend it to the notice of the learned antiquaries and great national libraries of Europe, both as an ornament and a valuable and important addition to their respective repositories.

It should not be forgotten that the artist, Mr. Aglio, is chiefly indebted for the successful issue of his labours to the liberal encouragement afforded him by Lord Viscount Kingsborough, an Irish Nobleman, under whose auspices the undertaking was commenced and proceeded with; whose zeal in the prosecution of it, and whose profundity of research, exhibited in his curious and erudite disquisitions in elucidation of the subject, are eminently entitled to our eulogy.

If, however, these recondite speculations of his lordship, which are conveyed in the form of notes, had been embodied in a preliminary essay, in a consecutive train of arguments, illustrations, and facts, the reader would, probably, have been more satisfied, and the author's reasonings would doubtless have been better understood and appreciated. When we see the quantity of learned annotations brought forward to support a favourite theory as to the aboriginal natives of Mexico, we should have expected that equal pains would have been bestowed to throw light on those Mexican manuscripts constituting the body of the work, of which no explanations had previously been given. We are aware that the task would have been not only laborious but extremely dry and irksome, without, perhaps, at last being fully successful; but we cannot help thinking that the attempt to decipher them would have been more "german to the matter" of the work itself, than the metaphysical lucubrations with which the noble writer has favoured us. The want of some such interpretations renders these particular paintings comparatively useless, and valuable merely as antiquarian curiosities, or as splendid relics of Mexican ingenuity and graphic art.

Baron Humboldt, in his celebrated work on the Monuments of America, speaking of some Azteck manuscripts deposited in certain libraries of Europe, remarks "il serait à désirer que

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\* The price is £120 with the plates in plain outline, and £175 coloured.

quelque gouvernement voulût faire publier à ses frais ces restes de l'ancienne civilisation Américaine : c'est par la comparaison de plusieurs monumens qu'on parviendrait à deviner le sens de ces allégories," &c.\* What M. de Humboldt hoped some government would do, Lord Kingsborough has here done. He and his coadjutor have concentrated in these volumes the most remarkable Mexican records and hieroglyphical monuments hitherto known to exist in Europe; they have thereby supplied the desired facilities for enabling any one possessed of sufficient leisure, curiosity and knowledge, to undertake the laborious task of collating and comparing them, with some chance of a successful result.

This collection, derived with more or less facility from the libraries and museums of the chief continental cities—none of Spain being included—comprises fewer manuscripts than one might have supposed; it is alleged, however, to be a complete union of all the existing manuscripts and hieroglyphical paintings, illustrative of Mexican antiquities, that Europe can furnish. If we are to understand by this, that it is all that Europe contains, we are much disposed to doubt the correctness of the allegation, and to hazard a conjecture that several more, could access be had to them in any way, might be found in the Escorial at Madrid, and in the archives of other Spanish towns, especially of Simancas, near Valladolid. And this belief is founded not only on the supposition of M. Fabrega, (who is so often cited by Zoëga and Humboldt,) that the archives of this place contain some hieroglyphical paintings, but on information which we have received from an intelligent Spaniard, as well as from the statement of Dr. Robertson to the same effect. The latter observes, that the papers relating to America, and chiefly to that early period of its history towards which his attention was directed, were so numerous, that they alone, according to one account, filled the largest apartment in the archives of Simancas; and, according to another, they composed eight hundred and seventy-three large bundles. Owing, however, to the jealous solicitude with which strangers are denied all access to those treasures, he was never able to avail himself of them; nor do we see any mode of getting at manuscripts deposited there, illustrative of the subject of Mexican antiquities, except through extraordinary interest at the Spanish court, or the employment of a native to gain admission, who, moreover, in order to be of real service, should be well qualified for this particular task. The fees demanded for the copying of any manuscripts are, likewise, so exorbitant, as to

form another very serious obstacle to the accomplishment of the end in view.

Dr. Robertson, when writing his "History of America," was inexcusably ignorant of the existence of a *Codex Mexicanus* in the Bodleian Library at Oxford; insomuch that M. de Humboldt, hearing of its existence incidentally from a traveller, when composing his "Atlas Pittoresque," could scarcely give credence to the account, and remarked, how could this Oxford collection have remained unknown to the illustrious Scottish historian? and the same celebrated author frequently betrays, in the course of his work, a similar disbelief or ignorance in this respect; relying, probably, on the erroneous assertion of the historian, that no other monuments of Mexican industry and civilization existed in England, except a golden cup that once belonged to Montezuma. He at length learned, however, through some literary channel,\* as he informs us, that no less than *five* Mexican manuscripts are preserved in the Bodleian; which is correct, reckoning the Mendoza collection as one of them, which is not *original*, as we shall see by and by. The late Mr. Astle, who, seven years after the appearance of Robertson's History, published his learned, though somewhat incorrect work on the "Origin and Progress of Writing," was the first, we believe, to direct attention to these paintings; but he has omitted, in his enumeration of them, though the result, we presume, of personal inspection, the beautiful *Laud* manuscript. Besides these, there were two remarkable *Codices Mexicani* at Rome, (as well as several other collections,) which were unknown to Robertson, though Acosta, and Kircher, and Mercati, in his work, "Degli Obelisch di Roma," had all mentioned that some Azteck paintings existed in the Vatican. When, therefore, we observe such inadvertencies and want of information in some of the ablest writers and most diligent inquirers on this subject, we think there is good ground for believing that omissions may have been made by the present collectors, and that the archives of the Peninsula, guarded as they are with such superstitious vigilance, may yet be found to disclose, could they be once ransacked, "treasures both new and old."

And where, indeed, could we look with more likelihood for the existence of these relics of ancient Mexico, than to the country whence the chivalrous adventurers to the New World first departed, and to which they naturally transmitted whatever they intended as curiosities or presents? Cortez, we know, while effecting the conquest of New Spain, sent over more than once to the Emperor Charles V., many valuable tokens of his success and

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\* Göttingische Gelehrte Anzeigen, 1811, p. 1553.

homage, and amongst them were several pictorial manuscripts. In 1519, soon after he had set foot in that new region, he transmitted a cargo of presents to the Spanish court, a catalogue and description of which were published by Gomara\* and Peter Martyr;† the former of whom says, expressly, that, to many gold and silver ornaments, different skins, articles wrought of feathers of various colours, and richly coloured cotton cloths, Cortez added, as presents, certain Indian books of figures which they (the Indians) employed as letters: these books were folded like cloths, and inscribed on both sides. Some of them were made of cotton and glue, and others of the leaves of a certain tree called *Metl* (*Agave Americana*), which served for paper. Again, in 1522, "he dispatched deputies to Spain," says Robertson, "with a pompous account of the success of his arms, with further specimens of the productions of the country, and with rich presents to the emperor, as the earnest of future contributions from his new conquests." And lastly, he brought with him, on his return home in the following year, many jewels and ornaments of great value, and several curious productions of the people whom he had subdued, amongst which, most probably, were some picture-writings similar to the above. The first Christian missionaries, principally from Spain, it is also well known, obtained many interesting monuments of the former history of the people whom they went to convert; and it is generally understood that whatever Mexican paintings they were found to possess, were, by the orders of Zummaraga, the first bishop of Mexico, consigned to the flames as objects of idolatry; but it is no less certain that, in spite of the iconoclastic zeal with which the Spaniards levelled the images and idols consecrated to Mexican worship, and the mistaken bigotry with which they destroyed other monuments of Mexican greatness, many of the latter escaped the general destruction; and we may conclude so from the valuable multifarious collections of them formed afterwards by Siguenza, Boturini, and other travellers. Some of these relics were transmitted to Europe from time to time, where they were regarded as objects of great consideration. And when we recollect the jealous and exclusive policy of Spain with regard to her new possessions, and every thing connected with them, we need not wonder if these vouchers of ancient ingenuity have never travelled beyond the precincts of the country to which they were originally sent, and if they still continue locked up in the same dusty and secluded chambers to which they were first consigned.

Some, however, have, as we see, got abroad; and hence is not

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\* *Chronica de la Nueva España*, cap. 34.

† *De Insulis nuper inventis Liber*, p. 354.

an additional cause of suspicion afforded us that others remain behind? Indeed, we are warranted in such a conjecture by the fact that Mr. Waddilove, during his stay at Madrid, as chaplain to Lord Grantham, the then ambassador from England, discovered, in a collection in the library of the Escorial, a Mexican calendar, as is generally alleged; which, however, it is right to remark, M. de Humboldt conjectures, for special reasons, to be only a copy from some original manuscript; he moreover, satisfactorily proves that the hypothesis founded on this painting, namely, that the Mexican calendar contained two hundred and eighty-six days, divided into twenty-two months of thirteen days, is completely groundless.

No notice is taken of this discovery of Waddilove's by Mr. Aglio as far as we can perceive, though it is possible that he may have incorporated it with some other calendar in the collection—like the tribute-roll of Lorenzana, introduced in the second part of the “Mendoza” Codex,—and that thus it may have escaped our notice; nor does he make any allusion to the circumstance of the probable existence of other collections in the archives of Spain.

After having thus offered a few preliminary observations on the general character of this magnificent production, we come to the purposes likely to be served by the publication of these ancient remains of pictorial skill. Besides the combination and arrangement of the most remarkable of these Aztec manuscripts, copies of which have been here executed with such beauty and accuracy, the work before us must be considered to have two objects in view; the one, to offer to the attention of the amateur and the antiquary, the state of the graphic art among the old inhabitants of Mexico; the other, to adduce some additional illustrations to the history, domestic and civil, of that singular people. We are aware that a respectable authority lays it down as an axiom, that the monuments of those nations which have attained no high degree of intellectual cultivation, which, either from political or religious causes, or the nature of their organization, have never been affected by the beauty of forms, can be considered but as memorials of history. This can be admitted, we think, only where objects of art are intended to be held up as models for imitation; but inasmuch as they serve as *data*, by which to ascertain the different degrees of civilization in different countries, to mark the respective stages of its progress, and to indicate the comparative excellencies of particular nations, they become an interesting object of study to the philosophical inquirer. And as there is not a more profitable and pleasing pursuit than an investigation of the steps by which, with various degrees of



rapidity, according to local circumstances, nations have gradually advanced from a state of absolute barbarism, to one of comparative enlightenment; so the arts of aboriginal states, as one of the means of this historical investigation, are, in our opinion, not unworthy, in themselves, of some attention and regard. Accordingly, the picture-writings of the Mexicans, besides the light which they may be said to throw on the mythology and history of the first inhabitants of America, and the interest of a psychological nature attaching to them, presenting us with a view of the human mind under particular circumstances, have another claim upon our notice, when placed in juxta-position with the systems of hieroglyphical writing in certain nations of the Old Continent; considered in reference to these, and to the late valuable discoveries of Messrs. Young and Champollion in Egyptian literature, we cannot but look upon the present work as affording a most seasonable criterion for ascertaining the extent and nature of the relations, if any, existing between the ancient Mexican and the Egyptian hieroglyphics. This object, we are free to confess, would have been materially facilitated had explanations been attached to those paintings hitherto not possessing any; or, at least, had we been favoured with a sort of dictionary or synopsis of the general system of interpretation adopted by preceding writers, so far as it can be ascertained. The Mexican mode, instead of being, as has been generally described, purely picture-writing, seems to have been of a *mixed* kind, in which real hieroglyphics, sometimes curiological, sometimes tropical, are added to the natural representation of an action. We even find, among the Mexicans, vestiges of that kind of hieroglyphics which is called *phonetic*, indicating relations, not with things, but with the language spoken. Hence, then, this magnificent production, though undoubtedly a most valuable boon in many respects, may be regarded as opening up a field of curiosity and research, that would have stood a chance of being much more successfully cultivated, had the possessors of it been furnished at once with the proper implements of tillage.

Independently, however, of these objections, and taking it just as it is, we cannot but hail the present work as a most rare treasure, considering that while the antiquities of Egypt and other countries have been for centuries familiar to the world, those of Mexico were hitherto comparatively sealed up. And as we cannot but suppose that the authors had in view objects such as we have mentioned, it is, perhaps, our province to point out, what we consider to be the additions which they have made to the stores of information we already possessed respecting the civilization, manners, and arts of the primitive inhabitants of New

Spain. In order to do this properly, a succinct account of the chief writers and their works, that have previously illustrated, in any way, the annals of Mexico, will be desirable: this, and a detail of the contents of the work before us, will better enable us to ascertain what has been the quantum of new light imparted by it, what Mexican manuscripts appear, for the first time, in the present collection, and how far former annalists have suffered from the want of these memorials.

It may not be amiss previously to say a few words on the state of the Old World, (we mean the European portion of it,) at the time of the discovery and conquest of the New, and to trace the outline of that influence or sensation which they at first produced on the minds and fortunes of Europeans, as well as continued to exercise from one period to another; which latter may be best done by directing the attention of the reader, as we go along, to some of the various opinions advanced and adopted from time to time, relative to the degree of civilization and grandeur supposed to be exhibited by the original inhabitants of Peru and Mexico. We shall represent this influence, and these opinions, according as they are to be gleaned, in our humble judgment, from the accounts of the first conquerors and historians, and from the statements of subsequent and successive writers.

When we take a survey of those periods in European history, more or less remote from each other, which have been distinguished as epochs, during which the human mind, in its struggles to advance in the grand march of improvement, has made extraordinary efforts, and been crowned with proportionate success, we cannot, perhaps, look to a more conspicuous one than the beginning of the sixteenth century. There were, at that juncture, so many grand objects of a multifarious nature to occupy the faculties of men, that it is difficult to say which was the most stirring and important: discoveries were then made, the influence of which will descend to the remotest posterity, and events happened which gave a new direction to the pursuits of nations. To the excitement of that age, nothing, perhaps, presents so near a parallel as that of the present. The discoveries by Columbus of the Western World, and by Vasco de Gama of the new road to the Eastern, towards the end of the fifteenth century, formed the commencement of, and by their success gave a stimulus to, that spirit of adventure which, cautious and feeble at first, advanced at length with a rapidity and force that burst through all the limits within which ignorance and fear had hitherto circumscribed the activity of the human race. And, subsequently, at short intervals, the successful exploits of Cortez in North, and of Pizarro in South America,

at last realized that full career of glorious enterprize and splendid achievement which the previous good fortune of successive adventurers seemed to prognosticate. In addition to all this, may be stated the singular coincidence, that the contemporary sovereigns of the principal European states were more potent and magnificent than, perhaps, at any other previous or subsequent era; the office of Pope was held by Leo the Tenth; Charles the Fifth was Monarch of Spain, and at the death of Maximilian made Emperor of Germany; Francis the First was King of France, and Henry the Eighth, of England; and the Turkish Empire was under the sway of Solymán the Magnificent. Europe having been previously in a condition of profound peace, the struggles and intrigues in which some of these sovereigns became engaged, in order to obtain the crown which Maximilian had bequeathed, constitute another remarkable political feature of these times; but nothing at this period so much excited the public attention, if we except the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro, as the progress which the Reformation was beginning to make under Luther. A Reformation, indeed, which, while it altered those forms of religion hitherto established in particular states—and hence, necessarily, the collateral systems of polity by which they were governed,—tended to introduce others that have been destined to stand unshaken scarcely three centuries; and now,—our ancestors of the sixteenth century having witnessed the partial demolition of false schemes of religion, (as they are now generally held to be,)—we are beginning to witness, to all appearance, the breaking-up of some of the no less corrupt and ill-founded systems of national policy. In this respect, we apprehend, we are warranted in likening the commencement of the nineteenth century to that of the sixteenth.

Hence we see that the influence which the voyages of Columbus and Gama had over the public mind of Europe, had been very considerable; the governments of several of its states, taking advantage of the enthusiasm kindled in the people by the tidings of their success, and more particularly of those who came after them, fitted out expeditions for further discovery or conquest; and England and France,—whose commerce and manufactures were then but in their infancy, especially the former,—may date from this period the commencement of a spirit of maritime enterprise and of commercial prosperity. But this soul-stirring sensation was not confined to governments or the multitude; men of science and learning, capable of comprehending the nature and of discerning the effects of these discoveries and conquests, received the accounts of them with admiration and joy. They

spoke of them with rapture,\* and congratulated one another upon their felicity in having lived at a time when the boundaries of human knowledge were to be so much extended, and such new fields of inquiry and observation opened, as would lead mankind to a more complete acquaintance with the structure and productions of the habitable globe. If such were the acclamations which greeted the first fruits of the efforts of these chivalrous adventurers, who united in their undertakings religious fervour with the spirit of avarice, it is not to be wondered at if the like feelings were strengthened as they were prolonged, and that almost every ship which reached a home port was expected to bring an account of some fresh enterprise undertaken, some hitherto unknown region explored, or new victories accomplished. All that was reported was eagerly devoured, and readily believed. Nor was the excitement confined to the parent-country of the respective heroes; it spread throughout Europe, though now becoming engaged in the warlike affairs of Germany,—and was the primary cause of inspiring the merchants, the navigators, and even the courtiers of England, with the vehement desire, already partially kindled, of emulating the glory of Spain. In addition to these rumours, which lasted for some time, intelligence of a more credible kind was naturally looked for; and the accounts of the first Spanish conquerors and visitors, as they came out in their writings, contributed not a little to change into a settled conviction, the previous doubting belief of the magnificence and civilization of the natives of these newly acquired provinces. That these writers should occasionally deal in hyperbole is not much to be wondered at, considering the propensity there would naturally be in men born in a dark age,—when introduced to habits of life, constitutions, and manners, to which they were heretofore total strangers,—to magnify what they saw, in the first heat of astonishment, and to overstrain the picture beyond its natural proportions. Hence lofty ideas of the grandeur and riches of the New World became apparent even in the topics of common dis-

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\* From a passage in Peter Martyr's Letters we learn what were the sentiments of exultation with which the learned men of Europe were affected by these accounts:—  
 “Præ lætitiâ prosiuuisse te, vixque a lachrymis præ gaudio temperasse, quando literas adspexisti meas, quibus de antipodum orbe latenti hæcenus, te certioræ feci, mi suavisime Pomponi, insinuasti. Ex tuis ipse literis colligo, quid senseris. Sensisti autem, tantique rem fecisti, quanti virum summa doctrina insignitum decuit. Quis namque cibus sublimibus præstari potest ingeniis, isto suavior? quod condimentum gratius? A me facio conjecturam. Beati sentio spiritus meos, quando accitos alloquor prædentes aliquos ex his qui ab ea redeunt provincia. Implicent animos pecuniarum cumulis augendis miseri avari, libidinis obsceni; nostras nos mentes, postquam Deo pleni aliquando fuerimus, contemplan-do, hujuscemodi rerum notitia demulciamus.”—*Epist.* 152. *Pomponio Læto.*

course, and entered at length into the poetry and literature of that and the succeeding age. Thus our Milton, in representing the angel Michael as leading Adam to the top of the highest hill of Paradise, whence he might command a view of the site of all the principal cities and countries of the world, says:—

“————— in spirit he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoil'd  
 Guiana, whose great city, Geryon's sons  
 Call El Dorado.”\*

As to the accounts given of the aboriginal Americans by the earliest Spanish writers, there are, however, conflicting opinions; some contending that they convey faithful delineations, and are marked by a simplicity and fidelity in their descriptions not to be found in subsequent historians; while others maintain that the conquerors of the New World were illiterate adventurers, destitute of all the ideas which should have guided them in contemplating objects so extremely different from those with which they were acquainted; that not only did their ignorance disqualify them from judging correctly, but their Spanish prejudices rendered their accounts of the people of America extremely defective. Without stopping to examine the correctness of either of these views, further than by offering thereon a few incidental remarks *en passant*, we shall proceed to give a short account of the chief writers on Mexico of the sixteenth century.

The first that presents himself is Fernando Cortez; whose four letters to the Emperor Charles V. are historical monuments, not only first in order of time, but of the greatest authenticity and value. They contain a regular and minute history of the expedition and conquest of Mexico, and many curious particulars respecting the policy and manners of the Mexicans. Three of them were published in the Spanish, and afterwards in the Latin and Italian languages; for the first, according to Robertson, was never made public, nor could he get a sight of it, though he made diligent search for a copy, while writing his history, both in Spain and Germany. The Abbé Clavigero, however, makes no exception, and speaks of them as if he had read them all. He appears to confound the first with the second letter, which last was published at Seville in 1522, and the third and fourth soon after they were received. They are entitled to considerable credit from the modesty and sincerity of the narrative.

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\* Paradise Lost, Book ii. v. 406—11.

The "Cronica de la Nueva Espagna," by Francisco Lopez de Gomara, was published in 1554. The materials of this work were drawn from information received from the conquerors and the writings of the first missionaries, and digested probably by the desire of Cortez himself, to whom the author was domestic chaplain. Gomara was the first who published an account of the festivals, rites and laws of the Mexicans, and the method by which they computed time. His work betrays, from the communications which he received not having been altogether true and accurate, a degree of credulity, excusable, perhaps; but a conspicuous defect is observable in him, of ascribing exclusively to his hero Cortez the whole fame of the exploits he narrates. His style is clear, flowing, always agreeable, and sometimes elegant. He wrote also "La Historia General de las Indias."

The next author of note is Bernal Diaz del Castillo, considered the most artless of all the *Historiadores Primitivos*. He composed his "Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de la Nueva Espagna" in a fit of indignation at the glaring partiality of Gomara in omitting in his history all mention of him and his fellow-soldiers, the companions of Cortez. It was not printed, however, till the year 1632, at Madrid, in one folio volume. It contains a prolix, minute, and confused description of all Cortez's operations, written in rather a coarse and homely style; but as he was an eye-witness of all that he relates, and bore a considerable part in many of the transactions, his account is much relied on; being accompanied, moreover, with such a pleasant *naïveté* of detail and amusing vanity in the narration of facts, as to render it a most singular and interesting production. Dr. Robertson is much indebted to Bernal Diaz in that portion of his history more particularly relating to Mexico.

Passing over a short though clever narrative contained in Ramusio's "Raccolta delle Navigazioni e Viaggi" by an author who is styled "Anonymous Conqueror," and a few other inferior writers, we come to Bernardino de Sahagun, a laborious Spanish Franciscan, of whom, as his General History of New Spain is now printed, for the first time, in the publication of Mr. Aglio, we shall speak more particularly hereafter.

But the most celebrated of the writers of this period on the affairs of Mexico, and one whose book has been more read and consulted throughout Europe than, perhaps, any other on the subject, is Joseph d'Acosta, a learned Spanish Jesuit. After having resided some years in both Americas, and informed himself, from experienced people, of the customs of those nations, he composed his famous work "Historia Natural y Moral de las Indias," which was published about the year 1590. It was

speedily translated into the various languages of Europe and into Latin. It is well written, and displays considerable acquaintance with the physical condition of the New World. But what rendered it peculiarly valuable, and tended to attract so much attention to it, was the circumstance of its containing the first intelligible account of the system of picture-writing practised among the Mexicans, the nature of their Calendar, and of the Quipos, &c. of the Peruvians. It is not without its blunders in these and other respects, however, which have been fully demonstrated by succeeding writers.

The only other author, perhaps, of this century, whose name we should not be justified in omitting in this enumeration, is Bartolomé de Las Casas. The work of this ecclesiastic, "*Brevísima relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias*," written in favour of the Indians, who were so cruelly persecuted by the Spaniards, contains some particulars of the ancient history of the Mexicans, but so altered and exaggerated, that little reliance can be placed upon them, however respectable the writer may be in many respects. These distortions were owing rather to the circumstance of his not having been present at what he relates concerning Mexico, and trusting too much to information from others, than to any desire on his part to impose upon the world. The "*Destruction of the Indians*," published in 1552, was written to refute a horrible book put forth at Rome by one Sepulveda, who had undertaken to justify the outrages of the Spaniards by human and divine laws, and by the example of the Israelites, who subdued the people of Canaan. Las Casas presents in himself an eminent exemplar of a conscientious clergyman. He early adopted the opinion that it was unlawful to reduce the natives of America to slavery; and that he might demonstrate the sincerity of his conviction, he relinquished all the Indians who had fallen to his own share in the division of them among their conquerors. Besides the work above mentioned, he wrote, but never published, two others; one, a "*History of the Climate and Soil of the Countries of America: and the Genius and Manners, &c., of the Americans under subjection to the Catholic King*." The manuscript of this work, Remesal informs us, was preserved in the library of the Dominicans at Valladolid. The other was a "*General History of America*," in three volumes, folio; a copy of which was seen by Pinelo in the library of the Count of Villaumbrosa at Madrid, and two volumes of it were also discovered by him in the archives of Simancas, that sepulchre of so many precious manuscripts on America. In addition to these, and to show the bold and honest determination of the man for the cause he had espoused, Las Casas wrote a very curious Latin treatise

upon this question: "Whether kings or princes can in conscience, by any right, or by virtue of any title, alienate citizens and subjects from their natural allegiance, and reduce them to a new and foreign jurisdiction?"

The ardour with which America had been the subject of investigation began to diminish from the commencement of the seventeenth century. Historians of a different stamp now entered the field; and the simple but correct narratives of the first travellers were superseded for a while by the more laboured descriptions of the declamatory school, the materials of which were, for the most part, deduced from the writings of the preceding annalists. There is, however, considerable difference in the degree of credit to be attached to these: some evince candour and a judicious appreciation of the topics that come under their notice, while others lean so much to the side of eulogy of particular parties, as to give their statements rather the air of a panegyric than of impartial and sober history. As belonging to the former class, we may mention Antonio de Herrera, the fullest and, on the whole, most accurate writer on Mexico, and America in general, of the seventeenth century. In his "*Eight Decads of the History of America*," he displays great industry and acquaintance with all the records he could obtain tending to throw any light on the subject of his inquiries, combined with strict impartiality and a correct judgment. With the relation of the actions of the Spaniards, he does not omit the ancient history of the Americans. In his account of the Mexicans he copies for the most part Acosta and Gomara. The strict chronological method he has thought proper to adopt is objectionable, inasmuch as it interrupts very inconveniently the regular connexion of a train of events that ought not to be disjoined. Nevertheless his work may be looked upon as one of the most judicious and useful of historical collections.

The next author of importance who flourished in this age, but who can hardly be classed with either of the two kinds we have mentioned, was Torquemada, a Spanish Franciscan. His "*Monarquia Indiana*" appeared at Madrid about the year 1614, in three volumes, folio. The advantages which this writer possessed in having resided fifty years among the Mexicans, and acquired their language, enabled him to give a more complete account of the antiquities of Mexico than any of his predecessors. Accordingly, he has collected an immense mass of important facts, and discovers an accurate knowledge of local circumstances; and being fortunate in arriving at the city of Tenochtitlan at a period when the natives were yet in possession of a great number of historical paintings, he got hold of several of them, and made use



of the excellent manuscripts belonging to Sahagun, Olmos, and Benavente. Notwithstanding all these advantages, however, his defects are very conspicuous. He is often fanciful, superfluously learned, and inclined to the marvellous; and in respect to the chronology and calendars of the Mexicans, he speaks generally in so confused a manner, that it may be supposed he had misconceived most of what the Indians had told him relative to their astronomical phenomena. "Torquemada," says an enlightened traveller, "has collected with the most scrupulous exactness, names, traditions, and isolated facts; but, being utterly destitute of judgment, he contradicts himself whenever he endeavours to combine facts, or judge of their natural relations." Nevertheless, there is much curious and valuable matter comprised in his work: consequently, the labour of searching for the *aurum e stercore* must be undergone by him who would desire to profit from its pages. The History of Mexico, by Betancourt, under the title of the "Mexican Theatre," is little else, in respect to the ancient part, than an epitome of Torquemada.

Of all the Spanish annalists of Mexican affairs who lived during this century, none are better known, or have been more frequently had recourse to for information by modern readers, than Antonio de Solis. He is an elegant and ingenious writer, but his "Historia de la Conquista de Mexico," is more an encomium than a history. His manner is declamatory and laboured, but his language is chaste and polished, and exhibits a pure model of the Castilian tongue. He studies embellishment rather than truth, is often paradoxical, and delights in contradicting authors of acknowledged credit. Ever solicitous to exalt the character of Cortez into that of a perfect hero, exempt from error, and adorned with every virtue, he sacrifices the indispensable attributes of a great historian for the pitiful pleadings of an avowed panegyrist. The speeches interspersed through his history are, like those of Livy and Thucydides, mostly of his own manufacture, though eloquent compositions. Hence the literary fame of De Solis appears to have been elevated far beyond his merits. There is little doubt, indeed, but that the fulsome and extravagant style of colouring which characterized the productions of this author and others of his school, was one of the principal actuating causes of the springing up, in the following century, of a band of philosophical writers, sceptical in regard to the accounts received of America, to whom we shall presently have occasion to refer.

One of the most comprehensive writers of this time on the antiquities of Mexico was Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Gongora; whose Spanish works, had they been preserved, would have

thrown much light on Mexican story; but through the negligence of the heirs of the learned author, who was professor of mathematics in the university of his native country, the greater part was lost, and only some fragments are said to remain in the works of Gemelli, Betancourt, and Florencia. He was the greatest connoisseur in Azteck antiquities of his age; he had made, at a vast expense, a large and choice collection of ancient pictures and manuscripts, (which were unfortunately destroyed in a great fire at Mexico in 1692,) and applied himself with much assiduity, and many advantages, to illustrate the antiquities of Mexico. Besides those before alluded to, he composed many works, mathematical, critical, historical, and political, some of which were printed at the capital of New Spain, from the year 1680 to 1693. Gemelli Carreri, in his travels through Mexico, was under great obligations to Sigüenza, and published from his collection two specimens of Azteck picture-writing, of which more hereafter.

We purposely omit some good writers, and Peter Martyr of Angleria among them, and several inferior ones, both of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and hasten to introduce some notice of the Milanese traveller, Boturini Benaducci. In 1736 he crossed the seas with no other view than to study on the spot the history of the native tribes of America. To this end, he made himself acquainted with the Mexican language; traversed the country to examine and collect the remains of its historical monuments; made researches into its antiquities; entered into friendship with many of the native Indians, to obtain their ancient pictures; and procured copies of many valuable manuscripts which were in the libraries of the monasteries. The museum which he formed was the most numerous and select ever seen in that country next to the one of the celebrated Sigüenza; it contained nearly five hundred hieroglyphical paintings and manuscripts, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of them burnt as monuments of idolatry by the first bishops and missionaries. Among the curiosities of this collection may be mentioned the original of two hymns, composed fifty years before the conquest, by Nezahualcojotl,\* king of Acolhuacan, or Tezcuco,

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\* This king wrote in the Azteck or Mexican language sixty hymns in honour of the Supreme Being, and two elegies. The great nephew of Nezahualcojotl, baptized under the name of Ferdinand Abba Ixtlilxochitl, translated a part of these verses into Spanish; one of the elegies was on the destruction of the city of Azcapotzalco, and the other lamented the instability of human greatness in the person of the tyrant Tezozomoc, whom the poet compares to a large and stately tree, which had extended its roots through many countries, and spread the shade of its green branches over all the lands of the empire, but at last, worm-eaten and wasted, fell to the earth, never to resume its youthful verdure.

a sovereign equally remarkable for his superior intellect, and the wisdom of his legislation. The proprietor of this splendid collection, the result of nine years researches, published in 1746 "*Idea de una Nueva Historia General de la America Septentrional*," containing the prospectus of the great history he contemplated, (which was never published,) and a catalogue of the curiosities in his museum. A considerable part of this Boturini had transmitted to Europe, but the ship in which the articles were sent was taken by an English privateer during the war between Great Britain and Spain, and it was never known whether the paintings among them reached England, or whether they were thrown into the sea as of no value. It is not at all improbable that some of the *Codices Mexicani* now at Oxford may have been saved, and have descended to us, from this capture: Boturini himself, having the misfortune soon after to incur the displeasure or suspicion of the Spanish government, was sent as a state prisoner to Madrid, and was, in consequence, deprived of all his literary treasures, which were confiscated, and remained buried in the archives of the viceroyalty at Mexico. These valuable relics of the literature of the Aztecs were preserved with so little care, and in course of time so torn, pillaged, and dispersed, by persons ignorant of their worth, that there scarcely existed, when Humboldt arrived there, an eighth part of the hieroglyphical manuscripts taken from Boturini. A feeling of indignation comes over us on hearing of the fate which attended these valuable remains, which had cost so much care and labour, and which the unfortunate Boturini, fired with that enthusiasm that is peculiar to enterprising men, calls, in his Historical Essay, "the only property which he possessed in the Indies, and which he would not change for all the gold and silver of the New World." A small part of this museum came into the hands of Lorenzana, when he was primate of New Spain, of whom we shall have to speak by and by.

The chief collectors of Mexican antiquities of more recent times have been MM. Gama and P. Jose Antonio Pichardo. The house of the latter was to the Baron de Humboldt, when he visited Mexico, what the house of Siguenza was to the traveller Gemelli. Pichardo sacrificed his fortune in collecting hieroglyphical manuscripts, and in copying those he was unable to purchase. His cabinet was also much enriched by his friend Gama's bequeathing to him all the most valuable paintings he possessed.

With the exception of the instance of Benaducci, the ardour of research into the antiquities of the ancient Americans may be

said to have been visibly on the decline at the beginning of the eighteenth century. A few Spanish and Mexican writers exercised their pens on subjects connected therewith, hardly worthy of being recorded; and some French, English, Italian, and German authors wrote on the old topics, some of them in a rather different spirit and manner from those in which the subject had hitherto been generally handled. The models of a well-regulated state, as regards its institutions, civil polity, and other circumstances, being, in the opinion of some of these philosophers, exhibited only by ancient Greece and Rome, they were unable to comprehend any other mode or condition of excellence in states. With the writers on America, this may be taken as the age of classicism; no modification of ancient civilization could be, in their opinion, worthy even of common regard, unless capable of being measured by that standard of perfection which the world had been so long accustomed to venerate. And this brings us to the mention of the name of De Pauw, who, in his "*Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains*," broached opinions very derogatory to the intellectual and physical condition of the inhabitants of the New World. He laid it down very confidently, that under the influence of an unfavourable climate, which checks and enervates the principle of life, man never attained in America the perfection which belongs to his nature, but remained an animal of an inferior order, defective in the vigour of his bodily frame, and destitute of sensibility, as well as force, in the operations of his mind. Others, and M. Buffon among them, struck with the appearance of degeneracy in the human species throughout the New World, broached the notion that this part of the globe had but lately emerged from the sea, and become fit for the residence of man; that every thing in it bore the marks of a recent origin; and that its inhabitants, lately called into existence, and still at the beginning of their career, were unworthy to be compared with the people of a more ancient and improved continent.

As a sort of counterpoise to these notions, however, it is true, another singular theory was started, founded upon no less erroneous premises; that, inasmuch as the rude simplicity of savage life displays an elevation of sentiment, an independence of mind, and a warmth of attachment, for which it is vain to search among the members of polished societies,—the most perfect state of man is that which is the least civilized. Consequently, the manners of the rude Americans were described by the philosophical advocates of this doctrine as models to the rest of the species. The most paradoxical of these writers have been ably answered, with, perhaps, too partial a leaning to the side of the

Americans, by Clavigero, in some dissertations appended to his "Storia di Messico:" and M. De Pauw found another antagonist also in the person of Dom Pernety, who characterizes his work in a few words, as containing "*assertions très-hasardées, pour ne rien dire de plus, avancées en même temps avec un ton affirmatif, un style vif, et une confiance qui devoient en imposer aux lecteurs, peu au fait des matières qu'il traite.*"

As authors of inferior note, though of the same spirit, and charged with endeavouring to depreciate the natives of the New Continent, we may mention Thomas Gage and the Abbé Raynal. The former, an English friar, author of a "History of New Spain," is accused by Clavigero of having not only mixed fable with his statements, but of being guilty of deliberate falsehoods. Robertson, on the other hand, maintains, that his observations on the manners and laws of the Americans are those of an intelligent eye, wherever religious opinion was not in the way. The Abbé Raynal was a conspicuous writer of his day; on American affairs he was, undoubtedly, too full of singular conceits, and too subject to be led away by them; instead of calmly and impartially balancing the conflicting accounts and crotchets of previous historians and philosophers, he went so far "on the doubting side," as almost to disbelieve the pre-existence of the Mexican monarchy much before the Spaniards arrived in the country. He likewise rated the degree of civilization attained by the Mexicans far too low.

But of all the historians of America, whether of ancient or modern date, none has attained so much celebrity as Dr. Robertson. That author's previous History of Charles the Fifth had prepared the world to expect something from his hands superior to any preceding account of the New World, and corresponding to the high opinion which had been cherished of his genius and ability; and, on the whole, he did not disappoint it. Views and sketches of America (as they might be called, comparatively speaking,) had been given by able writers, and splendid portions of its story, had been adorned with all the beauties of eloquence; but prior to Robertson, no author had bestowed upon it the mature and profound investigation which such a subject required, or had finished upon a regular plan, that complete narration and perfect whole, which it is the province of the historian to transmit to posterity. It is true his advantages were considerable; his intimacy with Lord Grantham, then the English ambassador at Madrid, procured him such a rare collection of Spanish books and manuscripts as had been seldom, or, perhaps, never possessed by any other individual; so much the greater, then, must be our regret

that at the death of the owner of it, this choice library should have been dispersed. It is singular, however, considering the time and assiduity alleged to have been employed by him, in endeavouring to gain information from all quarters of what might illustrate his labours, that his work should exhibit so many flagrant instances of want of knowledge. That he should have been ignorant of several specimens of Mexican remains in the hands of obscure individuals, or even in continental repositories, may perhaps be passed over as venial; but that he should not have known the existence of a fine collection of Azteck paintings in the principal library of his native kingdom, is scarcely to be accounted for, unless we suppose that, attaching but little importance to such relics, he did not institute a very rigid inquiry after them, resting contented with what in that respect might be accidentally supplied to him, in addition to what was previously known.\* The want of a better acquaintance with the Mexican manuscripts and specimens of art than those he has mentioned, has led him to make some incautious statements founded upon the latter, which have been taken up by succeeding writers to his discredit; for his "History" has been much commented on, and by men of opposite ways of thinking. The general opinion of his work seems at present to be that, besides the defects just pointed out, it is too much abridged in that part relating to the original inhabitants of Mexico—the Toltecks and the Aztecks;—that in his examination and judgment of facts, and of the representations of the early annalists, he is too severe, and some times erroneous; and that he has hardly done justice to the Indian character. The style of his narrative was, at the time he wrote, generally considered faultless; it is now thought too artificial, too uniform, and to display a want of ease. But Robertson was a classicist; and his faults, whatever they were, both of matter and manner, are principally to be attributed to the school to which he belonged. One of the most vehement of his castigators was the Jesuit Clavigero, in a "History of Mexico," published soon after the appearance of Dr. Robertson's work. His strictures chiefly relate to the remarks of the Scottish historian as to the slender knowledge of the institutions and customs of the Americans to be derived from the ancient monuments of Mexico, the paucity and ambiguity of the picture-writings, and the imperfect materials found scattered in the Spanish writers. To observations of this nature, and to other rather extravagant notions adopted from De Pauw, of the intellectual incapacities of the Mexicans, Clavigero replied with,

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\* This notion of ours is confirmed, we think, by the observations which Robertson makes in his notes relative to the *Vienna Codex*.

perhaps, too great a degree of vehemence and warmth, and with a palpable prepossession in favour of the contrary sentiments. Dr. Robertson inquired patiently into the truth of the charges brought against him by the Italian historian, and published the result of his inquiry in 1788; the justice of some of them he admitted, and others he endeavoured to refute. The additional information of later years on the subject of America, conveyed through the pages of such writers as Humboldt, Southey, and others, has furnished better founded grounds of objection to some of the statements of Robertson. We are inclined to think, however, that the censures passed upon him by the historian of Brazil are rather too severe, and hardly warranted by the weight of the objections.

Soon after the first edition of Robertson's book, came out the "*Storia di Messico*," by the Abbé Clavigero, already mentioned, a tedious and voluminous work, and altogether too highly coloured and poetical in its delineations; but the registration of facts and events connected with the early history of Mexico, not before known, and the general minuteness of its detail, coupled with the circumstance of the author's having resided nearly forty years in the provinces of New Spain, acquired the Mexican language, and studied their manuscripts and other monuments of antiquity, attracted towards it considerable attention. It is true that the facts of his history, though attested by a crowd of witnesses often hostile to each other, were, at first, owing to peculiar circumstances, regarded as extremely doubtful. He demands for his performance credit for diligence of research and integrity of narration:—"In somma," says he, "ho avuto sempre mai d'avanti agl' occhj quelle due sante leggi della storia, di non osar dire il falso, nè temer di dire il vero, e mi lusingo di non avervi contravenuto." The most interesting parts of his work are the dissertations annexed to it, wherein the author undertakes to handle, with great show of candour and acquaintance with his subject, some of the most flagrant misconceptions and misrepresentations of writers on the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the aborigines of Mexico.

Since the end of the last century, a fortunate revolution has taken place in the manner of examining the civilization of nations, and the causes which impede or favour its progress. We have become acquainted with countries, the customs, institutions, and arts of which differ almost as widely from those of the Greeks and Romans, as the primitive forms of extinct races of animals differ from those of the species which are the objects of descriptive natural history. We may instance, in proof of this change, the researches instituted with such success by a society at Calcutta, into the antiquities of the people of Asia, and those that have been carried on with, perhaps, still greater benefit, into the hieroglyph-

phical monuments of ancient Egypt; on those of the American continent, the investigations of Baron Humboldt appeared at an epoch in which no longer was deemed unworthy of attention whatever is not conformable to that style, of which the Greeks have left such inimitable models. To the labours of this learned and indefatigable traveller the world is chiefly indebted for the increased light thrown on the ancient state of the Mexican and Peruvian nations, by his collection and elucidation of their monumental remains. In his "Atlas Pittoresque," a magnificent work published at the beginning of the present century, he has brought together whatever relates to the origin and first progress of the arts among the people of America. The greater portion of the plates represent specimens of the remains of their architecture, sculpture, historical paintings and hieroglyphics, relative to their division of time, and the system of their calendar. In regard to the latter of these objects, Humboldt has been singularly happy; he has unfolded with great success the complicated method of chronology adopted by the Aztecks; and on comparing his explanations of their calendar with those of Clavigero, Gemelli, and Torquemada, we see how inaccurate in many respects were the notions hitherto entertained in regard to the Mexican almanack. But the principal object of this celebrated traveller and excellent man seems to have been to bring together pictures of the manners, arts, languages, and traditions of the New Continent, and to point out the analogies subsisting between them and those of the Old World, wherever they can be ascertained, without at the same time venturing to determine the secret causes of these resemblances, while no historical fact carries us back to the period of communication which existed between the inhabitants of different and remote climates. This work we regard as eminently calculated to supply a previous *desideratum* in the historical details of America; and the plan of it is, in so far, superior to the methods generally pursued by investigators of the monuments, languages, and traditions of nations. The author has avoided founding any particular hypothesis on insufficient grounds; he frankly lays before his readers the result of his observations and researches,—like the summing up of an impartial judge,—and leaves them to form their own conjectures as to the origin of a people on which it is vain to offer any decisive opinion, knowing that the human mind, notwithstanding the difference of external circumstances as to time and place, will frequently develop itself in the same manner: "Tant il est vrai," says M. Visconti, "que l'esprit de l'homme, malgré la différence des siècles et des climats, est disposé à agir de la même manière dans des circonstances parrilles, sans avoir besoin ni de tradition ni d'exemple." M. de



Humboldt was fortunate enough, in his visit to the "Yellow skies of Mexico," to possess himself of several Azteck hieroglyphical paintings, which are now deposited in the royal library of Berlin, fac-similes of which, as we shall presently see, adorn the work of Mr. Aglio.

Waiving in the present account any notice of some minor authors on the same subject, either because the substance of their lucubrations is contained in the works of those we have mentioned, or that their views and investigations have not gained sufficient notoriety to entitle them to be brought within the scope of this article,—we shall now proceed to notice such publications as have already exhibited engravings of Mexican paintings; that by so doing we may be able to ascertain which of Mr. Aglio's *Codices* appear for the first time, and in so far are an addition to the previously existing stock.

The most remarkable specimen of Mexican picture-writing with which the world was for a long time acquainted, is that published by Purchas in his "Pilgrimage," generally denominated the Collection of Mendoza, from the circumstance that Don Antonio Mendoza, made viceroy of New Spain not long after the conquest, sent these paintings as a present to Charles the Fifth; the ship in which they were transmitted was taken by a French cruiser, and hence they came into the hands of Andrew Thevet, geographer to the king of France, who had himself visited the New World. At his death they were purchased by Hakluyt, who was then chaplain to the English embassy at Paris; from the French capital they went to London, and being bequeathed by Hakluyt to Purchas, wood-engravings of them were published by him in 1625, at the instance of Sir Henry Spelman, the antiquary. This collection of pictorial manuscripts, termed by Purchas "one of his choicest jewels," was originally accompanied with interpretations in the Mexican language, which were thence translated into the Spanish, and after it came into the possession of Hakluyt, the Spanish explanations were further transferred into English by Michael Locke, at the request of Sir Walter Raleigh. It is divided into three parts. The first contains the history of the Mexican empire under its ten monarchs. The second is a tribute-roll, representing what each conquered town paid into the royal treasury. The third is a code of Mexican institutions, domestic, political, and military. In 1692, a copy of these paintings, together with a fresh version from English into French, was published by Melchizedeck Thevenot in the second volume of his work entitled "*Relation de divers Voyages curieux*;" but this copy abounds with faults and transpositions. Kircher also republished a fac-simile of the first paintings from the

copy of Purchas, in his "*Oedipus Egyptiacus*." We have already observed that Robertson was ignorant, and Humboldt not fully certain, that the originals of "*Mendoza*," (as they have been generally thought to be,) were lodged among the Selden manuscripts in the Bodleian library at Oxford. The manuscript is now discovered, however, not to be original; the outline of the figures is done with a pen, and they are drawn on European paper. It is the same as Hakluyt bought at the death of Thevet, whose name is written on several of the pages; having afterwards become the property of Purchas in the manner he relates, it is possible Selden obtained it from him,—or what, perhaps, is more probable,—from his intimate friend Sir Henry Spelman, to whom it might be left by Purchas, and afterwards descend into the possession of Selden. The reasonableness of this latter supposition is considerably increased by the order of the deaths of these three great antiquaries.

The next specimen of the graphic art of the inhabitants of Anahuac was given to the world in two plates by Gemelli Carreri, an Italian traveller, in a work entitled "*Giro del Mondo*." The first of these engravings represents the progress of the Aztecks on their first arrival in the country, and of the various stations in which they settled before they founded the capital of their empire, Tenochtitlan. The second is a chronological wheel, or circle, representing the manner in which they computed and marked their cycle of fifty-two years. These, together with the portraits of Mexican kings in the same work, he received from Siguenza, who was living at Mexico when Gemelli arrived there, and of whom mention has been made as a diligent collector of Mexican documents, and who was the inheritor, besides, of the hieroglyphic paintings of a noble Indian, Juan de Alba Ixtlilxochitl. It was for a long time believed that this work of Carreri was a fictitious tour, and Dr. Robertson, as well as other historians, thought proper to impugn his credibility; but later writers, particularly Clavigero and Humboldt, have put it beyond a doubt that Gemelli as certainly saw what he describes in Mexico, as that Denon was in Egypt, or Mr. Salt in Abyssinia. Meanwhile the copies of these Azteck paintings were comparatively neglected, inasmuch as they were found in a book resting under the imputation of being a mass of falsehood and imposture. M. de Humboldt has at length rescued it from the consequences of this extraordinary scepticism, and thus satisfactorily proved the authenticity of the engravings.

The third published specimen of Mexican hieroglyphics was taken from the remains of Boturini's collection, which he left in New Spain at his departure;—part of his museum, as we

have already observed, having been captured on its way to Europe. Cardinal Lorenzana, into whose hands some of the remaining portion fell, published from it a curious tribute-roll in thirty-two plates, along with the figure of the Mexican year. Clavigero, who inspected them, says, that the paintings of the tributes are the same with Mendoza's, but that they are better executed, and have the figures of the tributary cities, which are wanting in those of Purchas and Thevenot. We are told by Mr. Aglio, however, that the symbols of the tributary cities in Lorenzana are engraved in the most incorrect manner, and that the explanation is full of errors.

The fourth publication of copies of Azteck paintings was by Dr. Robertson, who, in his history, gave a few pages of the *Codex Mexicanus* at Vienna, in outline only. The whole collection consists of fifty-two pages in the first part, and thirteen in the second. Of all the Mexican manuscripts which exist in the libraries of Europe, that of Vienna is the oldest known. According to a Latin note in the first page, it would seem to have been a present from King Emanuel of Portugal to Pope Clement the Seventh; as well as to have subsequently been in the possession of the Cardinals Hippolito de Medicis and Capuanus. It is mentioned by Nessel\* and Lambeccius† in their catalogues: and the latter observes, that as King Emanuel was dead two years before the election of Pope Clement the Seventh, this manuscript could not have been given to this last pontiff, but rather to Leo the Tenth, to whom Emanuel sent an embassy in 1513. But as this latter account appears from the dates to be as improbable as the former, (for no Mexican manuscripts could have been in Europe in 1513,) we are only able to conclude as certain, that, at whatever period it reached Italy, after having passed from hand to hand, it was offered in 1677 to the Emperor Leopold by the Duke of Saxe-Eisenach. It has been stated that this painting was executed on human skin; but this is an erroneous assertion, and it is probable, according to Humboldt, who examined it in 1811, that it is a skin of the *mazatl*, which naturalists call the Louisiana stag, an animal common in the north of Mexico. The fact of this *codex* having no interpretation annexed, detracts from its value. M. de Humboldt imagined it might treat of astrological matters, but Dr. Robertson does not attempt (very prudently, perhaps,) to hazard a conjecture as to its meaning.

Soon after the first edition of Dr. Robertson's history came out, Mr. Waddilove discovered in the library of the Escorial a Mexican

\* Nessel, Catal. Biblioth. Cæsareæ, tom. vi. p. 163.

† Lambecii Commentar. de Bibliotheca Cæsar. Vindobonensi, ed. 1776. p. 966.

Calendar, according to which, as is alleged, though varying from ascertained facts, the Azteck year contained 286 days, divided into 22 months and 13 days. A fac-simile of this manuscript never having been published that we are aware of, beyond the mention of it made by some eminent writers, it seems hardly relevant to our purpose to dwell upon it. We may just observe that it has been suspected to be only a copy of a Mexican manuscript, from the circumstance of its being in the form of a folio, whereas the generality of these MSS. are of the quarto size, and, moreover, from its having entirely escaped the notice of any Spanish author. At the bottom of each page is an explanation in Spanish, which has been added since the conquest.

The Abbé Clavigero, in his account of Azteck paintings, known to exist when he wrote, mentions a collection in the Vatican at Rome, (of which Robertson, as we have remarked, was ignorant,) but that he had had no opportunity of applying there to consult them. What Clavigero could not do, M. de Humboldt has done; he has discovered and examined two remarkable *Codices Mexicani* at Rome, numbered 3738 and 3776; and has given in the thirteenth plate of his "Atlas" an exact copy of one of the folds, or a page of the latter, which is called the "Little Vatican." Nine figures taken from the *Codex Anonymus*, No. 3738, representing "Costumes delineated by the Mexican painters in the time of Montezuma," have been published in the fourteenth plate; also "Epochs of Nature according to the Azteck mythology," in plate 26, and othersymbolical figures from the same manuscript in plate 60th.

Besides the *Codices Vaticani*, the labours of this eminent traveller have produced numerous specimens of Mexican art, and thereby added very considerably to our archæological knowledge of the New Continent. He has illustrated the subject of Azteck paintings more than any writer that has gone before him; and has been, we believe, a principal guide to Mr. Aglio in directing him where to find the collections with which he has enriched his splendid performance. We shall mention those plates only of his *Atlas Pittoresque* that have a more immediate relation to our purpose, premising that Humboldt speaks of but six grand collections of Mexican manuscripts existing at present in Europe, namely, those of the Escorial, Bologna, Veletri, Rome, Vienna, and Berlin. To these he does not, however, forget to add the manuscripts of Dresden, of Paris, of Mendoza and Gemelli. Fragments of the Berlin collection are given in four plates, the 12th, 36th, 38th, and 57th; of the Vatican in four, namely 13th, 14th, 26th, and 60th; of the Veletri in three, the 15th, 27th, and 37th; and of the Vienna in three, namely, the 46th, 47th, and

48th. The collection preserved in the royal library at Berlin contains different Azteck paintings which Humboldt procured during his travels in New Spain. Some of them formerly belonged to the Chevalier Boturini, and were executed posterior to the arrival of the Spaniards on the coast of Anahuac. The *Codex Vaticanus*, No. 3738, was copied in 1566 by Pedro de los Rios, a Dominican monk, from pictures made by Mexican painters, at the time of the first abode of Cortez at Tenochtitlan. In this respect it resembles the collection of Mendoza; the outlines of the figures are done with a pen, and in an extremely coarse style of drawing. According to Lord Kingsborough, Acosta mentions this Codex in a passage in the 19th chapter of the 2nd Book of his "Natural History of the Indies;" and he moreover asserts, that the only paintings to which Acosta can refer, as at all suiting his purpose, are those contained in the third part of this Codex. Zoëga and Humboldt are of opinion that it was No. 3776 of which Acosta and Kircher have taken notice, which is the only original painting in the Vatican library at present known, (if we omit some few remnants of the Boturini museum,) though Mercati, in a work \* already referred to, relates that towards the end of the 16th century, two collections of *original* manuscripts existed in the Vatican. How the two *codices* we have just noticed got there, we are not informed. Of all the Mexican paintings preserved in Italy, the Codex Borgianus of Veletri, now removed to Rome, is the largest and the most remarkable for the splendour and extreme variety of the colours. The manuscript once belonged to the family of Giustiniani, from whom it came, in a rather mutilated state, into the hands of the Cardinal Borgia. The great freshness of the colours might lead us to suspect (says Humboldt) that the Codex Borgianus, as well as of the Vatican, does not go beyond the fourteenth century. The histories of the Escorial, Vienna, and Mendoza collections have already been given. The collection of Bologna is deposited in the library of the Institute of Sciences in that city. We are unacquainted with its origin, but we read in the first page that this painting, traced on a thick and ill-prepared skin, was ceded in 1665 by Count Valerio Zani to the Marquis of Caspi. An engraved copy of it exists in the Borgan Museum.

In the 45th plate of the "Atlas Pittoresque," we find an engraving of "Fragments of a hieroglyphical MS. preserved in the Royal Library of Dresden." The first information respecting this singular specimen of Mexican writing was communicated

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\* Mercati, "Degli Obelisch di Roma," 1589, c. 2, p. 96.

by M. Böttiger in a work\* which displays the most extensive acquaintance with the paintings of barbarous nations as well as of the Hindoos, the Persians, the Chinese, the Egyptians, and the Greeks. According to him, this Azteck manuscript was purchased at Vienna by the Librarian Gotze, in 1739. It is on paper of *mell*, (*Agave Americana*), containing forty leaves, covered with paintings on both sides. What renders this manuscript remarkable, is the disposition of the simple hieroglyphics, many of which are arranged in lines, as in a real symbolic writing; a great number follow each other without connection, as in the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the keys of the Chinese.

"Fragments of Hieroglyphic Paintings taken from the Codex Telleriano-Remensis," are represented in plates 55 and 56. This volume, into which Pedro de los Rios (mentioned above) copied, either toward the end of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century, a great number of hieroglyphical paintings, belonged formerly to Le Tellier, archbishop of Rheims, but it is not certain by what means it came into his hands. In its outward form it resembles the larger Vatican, No. 3738. The copies in this Codex, which belongs to the royal library at Paris, are in general very carefully made, and bear the character of original drawings. Each hieroglyphic figure is accompanied with explanations, written, as it appears, at Mexico, from the dictation of some of the natives. The notes of this MS. throw great light on the history, the chronology, and the religious rites of the Aztecks. In the circumstance of its being a copy, and not an original, the Codex Tellerianus resembles the Mendoza collection and the larger Vatican. It contains three different works; the first, a ritual almanack; the second, a book of astrology; and the third, divided into two parts in Aglio's work, contains a Mexican History, from the year five *tochtli*, or 1197, to the year four *calli*, or 1561. It is asserted that an original Mexican Calendar, painted on paper of the Agave, and very much resembling this Codex of Le Tellier in the disposition of the signs of the days in the year round the figures of the principal Mexican idols, is preserved in the library of the Chamber of Deputies in Paris. How is it, then, that a fac-simile of this calendar is not inserted by Mr. Aglio in the present collection?

Having now taken a review of most of the principal writers on ancient Mexico, and enumerated and described the histories, as far as they are known, of these Azteck paintings, fac-similes of which have appeared, either whole or in part, anterior to the publication before us, we now proceed to particularize its contents, and to offer such remarks in passing as may seem necessary.

\* Böttiger, Ideen zur Archæologie der Malerei, tom. 1, p. 17—21.

The contents of the **FIRST** Volume are :—

1. Copy of the Collection of Mendoza preserved in the **Selden Collection** of Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. 73 pages. Marked Arch. Seld. A. 1. Cat. MSS. Angl. 3134.

Here the first part of "Mendoza" ends with the 18th page; in Purchas, with the 13th. The second part contains thirty-nine pages, according to Aglio; in Purchas there are thirty-eight divisions, thirty-five of which have figures. In the third part both authors keep almost exactly together in the number and form of the plates and figures. In the first and second parts they diverge materially; the latter being taken from the tribute-roll of Lorenzana, many houses standing for towns conquered being inserted in Aglio's work which are not found in Purchas. The general execution of the former author, as regards brilliancy of colouring and embellishment, and faithfulness and neatness of imitation from the originals, (for we have inspected them at Oxford,) are not, of course, for a moment to be compared with the rude outline wood-cuts of the old antiquarian.

2. Copy of the **Codex Telleriano-Remensis** preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. 93 pages. Marked 14. Reg. 1616.

The first part takes up 13 pages; the second, 33; the third, 8; and the fourth, 39 pages.

3. Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Hieroglyphic Painting, from the Collection of Boturini. 23 pages.

This is not coloured; the original, we believe, is preserved in the Vatican, and the history of it is unknown.

4. Copy of an Original Mexican Painting, preserved in the Collection of Sir Thomas Bodley, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. 40 pages. Marked Arch. Bodl. H. 75 Cat. MSS. Angl. 2858.

5. Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, preserved in the Selden Collection of MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. 20 pages. Marked Arch. Seld. A. 2. Cat. MSS. Angl. 3135.

6. Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Hieroglyphic Painting, preserved in the Selden Collection of MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A roll marked Arch. Seld. A. Rot. 3 Cat. MSS. Angl. 3207.

This roll occupies twelve pages of Mr. Aglio's work.

The **SECOND** Volume contains :—

1. Copy of a Mexican MS. preserved in the library of the Vatican. 149 pages. Marked No. 3738.

2. Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting given to the University of Oxford, by Archbishop Laud, and preserved in the Bodleian Library. 46 pages. Marked Laud. B. 65 nunc 678. Cat. MSS. Angl. 546.

3. Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, preserved in the library of the Institute at Bologna. 24 pages.

4. Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna. 65 pages.

5. Fac-similes of Original Mexican Paintings, deposited in the Royal Library at Berlin, by the Baron de Humboldt; and of a Mexican Bas-relief, preserved in the Royal Cabinet of Antiques.

**The THIRD Volume comprises:—**

1. Copy of an Original Mexican Painting, preserved in the Borgian Museum, at the College of Propaganda, in Rome. 76 pages.

This is truly magnificent and beautiful; one of the finest specimens in the collection.

2. Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, preserved in the Royal Library at Dresden. 74 pages.

Figures and hieroglyphics similar to those of this manuscript were discovered on the walls of some buildings three or four hundred miles from Mexico, about twenty-five years ago, by M. Dupaix.

3. Fac-simile of an Original Mexican Painting, in the possession of M. De Fejérváry, at Pest, in Hungary.

4. Copy of an Original Mexican Painting, preserved in the library of the Vatican. 96 pages. No. 3776.

The contents of the FOURTH Volume are :

1. Monuments of New Spain, by M. Dupaix, from the original drawings executed by order of the King of Spain. In three parts.

The first part consists of sixteen plates, lithographed by Mr. Aglio. The second is not wholly lithographic. The third comprises views, buildings, &c. most of which are lithographed; among the drawings of this part is that of a very curious sacrificial stone, where twenty-four persons are made to represent the same number of territories. We here strikingly recognise in the figures, that peculiar formation of the head, and prominence of the nose, which are the essential characteristics of the monuments of Mexican sculpture. M. Dupaix, captain in the service of the King of Spain, having in early life improved his taste for the fine arts by a residence in Italy, made several excursions through New Spain, in 1805, 6, 7, to investigate the Mexican monuments; and in these volumes is contained the result of his travels.

2. Specimens of Mexican Sculpture, in the possession of M. Latour Allard, in Paris.

3. Specimens of Mexican Sculpture, preserved in the British Museum.

4. Plates copied from the "*Giro del Mondo*" of Gemelli Carreri; with an engraving of a Mexican Cycle, from a painting formerly in the possession of Boturini.

5. Specimen of Peruvian Quipos, with Plates, representing a carved Peruvian box, containing a collection of supposed Peruvian Quipos. Drawings of the various fanciful figures on the lid, front, back, and two ends of this box are here given. The box is in the possession of Lord Kingsborough.

The FIFTH Volume contains the Dedication to Lord Kingsborough; an extract from Humboldt's "*Monumens de l'Amerique*;" the Spanish Interpretations to the Codices of "*Mendoza*" and the "*Telleriano-Remensis*," and the Italian to the Vatican MS. No. 3738, as far as the 92d plate, up to the time of the Conquest. Then we have the Commentary of Dupaix, in the original Spanish, on the Monuments of New Spain, engraved in the fourth volume. And, lastly, in Spanish also, the sixth book of the inedited MS. of Sahagun's History of New Spain; treating of the rhetoric, philosophy, morals, and religion of the Mexicans.



The SIXTH Volume, as an Appendix, consists of an English version of the Interpretations accompanying the three Hieroglyphical Paintings already specified, with copious Annotations by Lord Kingsborough. Arguments to show that the Jews in early ages colonized America, extending in the form of notes through 188 pages. Translation of Dupaix's Commentary on the Monuments, contained in the fifth volume. A further body of notes concludes this volume.

Volume the SEVENTH contains the whole of the MSS. of the "History of New Spain" by Sahagun, in the original Spanish, except the sixth book, printed in the fifth volume.

Bernardino de Sahagun, a Franciscan monk, being employed during the sixteenth century in instructing the Mexicans, made great proficiency in their language and history. He composed several works in Mexican and Spanish; and among them may be particularly mentioned, a "Universal Dictionary of the Mexican Language," in twelve volumes, folio, containing all that belonged to the geography, the religion, and the political and natural history of the Mexicans. This work of great erudition and labour was sent to Madrid, and is probably still preserved in some library of Spain. He is the author also of the "General History of New Spain;" in writing which, he says, that he assembled the Indians of Tezcuco and Mexico, most conversant with the antiquities of their country, in order that they might explain to him the signification of their ancient paintings, as the best authority he could follow in composing his history. It has been hitherto preserved in manuscript, in the library of some Spanish convent, until it came into the possession of Lord Kingsborough, though, we believe, owing to religious bigotry, it has not escaped some mutilations.

We have now gone over the contents of this great work. Besides presenting us with more accurate copies of the MSS. and paintings which had previously appeared, we have now the whole of the collections of which Humboldt and others had only given us fragments. The portions of the work which are entirely new are Nos. (as we have noted them) 3, 4, 5, and 6, in the first volume; Nos. 2 and 3 in the second; No. 3 in the third; Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 5 in the fourth; the commentaries of Dupaix, and the sixth book of Sahagun in the fifth; part of volume sixth, and the whole of the seventh. The whole of the manuscripts and paintings, as well as the highly finished lithographic drawings of the fourth volume, have been copied and completed by Mr. Aglio's own hand; and the coloured impressions, which have also been executed under his immediate inspection, present perfect and exact fac-similes of the superb originals. From the method adopted in every instance in copying the Mexican paintings contained in the work by means of transparent paper, the greatest

correctness has been obtained; the minute hieroglyphics of the Dresden MS. have been no less faithfully imitated in this manner than the larger figures of the paintings of Velettri, &c. Thus the merit of indefatigable perseverance, and of admirable skill in the workmanship is conspicuously due to Mr. Aglio; a bolder and yet at the same time a more graceful pencil than his does not exist. But beyond this, we are free to confess, looking at the *graphic* portion of the work as it now stands, we cannot see the validity of its claims to be considered as augmenting the stores of Mexican history. This cannot be said, however, of those portions of the work, which comprise the *literary* labours of Dupaix and Sahagun, which are really valuable and instructive.

We had intended making some extracts from the *descriptive* portions of the work, but beside the disadvantage of exhibiting them without the *graphic* documents which they illustrate, our limits warn us to desist.

Before we conclude, however, we must say a few words on the various learned lucubrations of the noble annotator. His notes display a thorough acquaintance with the multifarious sources of sacred and profane history in support of his favourite hypothesis, that the Jews were the early colonists of America. The multitudinous arguments employed may be plausible enough, but we cannot help mistrusting their cogency. His Lordship certainly manifests no less anxiety than research in his attempt to prove the soundness of his positions, more particularly, as in the third part of the Mendoza Codex, where striking resemblances present themselves betwixt the manners and customs of the ancient Mexicans and of the Israelites. In fact, the whole and only end and aim of the Noble Lord's labours, open the volumes wherever we may, tend more or less to this point: "Eò excubuerunt potissimumque referuntur omnes ejus cogitationes, omnes curæ, omne studium." We beg leave to observe, however, (what many great writers have remarked, and which a citation from M. Visconti in this article corroborates,) that very close analogies between the institutions and habits of remote nations are not of themselves a proof of their identity of origin. But, it may be answered, they are not the only evidence here depended upon; even granting this, we think we could show, did not the limits of this article forbid our entering on the wide field of controversy, that some of the noble writer's arguments, founded in several instances on too credulous a reliance upon the assertions and absurd conjectures of the early missionaries, might be successfully impugned. M. de Humboldt, speaking of some learned men, who, allured by splendid hypotheses built on very unstable foundations, have drawn general consequences from a small number of solitary

facts, says: "they have discovered Chinese and Egyptian colonies in America; recognised Celtic dialects and the Phœnician alphabet; and, while we are ignorant whether the Osci, the Goths, or the Celts, are nations emigrated from Asia, have given a decided opinion on the origin of all the hordes of the New Continent." We have neither space nor inclination to ascertain whether this description be really applicable to the Noble Lord, but we apprehend it is not far from the mark.

The following extract will probably give our readers a sufficient idea of the style and depth of reasoning of the noble expositor of the "Antiquities of Mexico."

"The belief which the Mexicans and Peruvians entertained of their origin, is likewise an argument in favour of their common descent. The former of these nations pretended that their ancestors had proceeded from seven caves; and the latter, that they were descended from seven heroes, who came out of the same cave. M. de Humboldt has observed that if we knew exactly in what part of the globe the ancient kingdoms of *Tulan*, *Tlapallan*, *Huetlapallan*, *Amaquemacam*, *Aztlan*, and *Chicomoztoc*, were situated, we might be able to form an opinion of who the ancestors of the Mexicans were, and from what country they passed over to America. An attentive examination of the meaning of these proper names, and the mutual comparison of one with another, may at least assist us in forming some conjecture. But it must first be observed, that the opinion of Herrera, (who is the authority to which a kind of general submission is yielded on all questions relating to America,) viz. that that continent was only colonized from its western side,—is improbable in the extreme; for, omitting physical reasons and other causes for supposing that the contrary would rather have been the case; such as the great current of the sea, which runs from the African towards the American shores; the relative magnitude of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans; and the consequent nearer proximity of America to Europe; and the much greater naval enterprise which has in all ages distinguished Europeans, and the Asiatics bordering on the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, from other Asiatics, and likewise the curious facts mentioned by Sahagun, that the Mexicans recorded in numerous historical paintings an early colonization of America from the East, as also that Torquemada says that when Quecalcoatle set out on his return to his former kingdom of Tlapallan he proceeded to the province of Coacacoalco, (which was situated on the Gulf of Mexico,) and there embarked in a boat or raft formed out of serpents' skins (and such a boat seems to be represented in the forty-third page of the painting preserved in the Royal Library of Dresden)—Herrera cannot be considered a candid author, or one who declared all that he knew or believed respecting the ancient colonization of America; nor can it be expected that much weight should be attached to his theory—that America was peopled from Asia by colonists passing over the Isthmus of California, and that the Mexicans came from thence; since modern geographical science contradicts the supposed facilities of such a passage. We shall, therefore, (divesting ourselves of

all ancient prejudices, which Lord Bacon rightly considers the idols to which human reason readily bows, and to be most detrimental to the advance of knowledge,) proceed to the consideration of the meaning of the above mentioned proper names, and, comparing them with each other, endeavour to discover whether they may not all have a common reference and lead us to that portion of the Old Continent to which ancient traditions and the mythological recollections of Peru and Mexico equally point. Tulan signifies *the country of reeds*, Tlapallan, *the red sea*, Huetlapallan, *the old red sea*, Amaquemacam, *the country of the veil of paper*, Aztlan *the country of the flamingo*, and Chicomoztoc *the seven caves*. In the absence of all positive knowledge of facts, to employ conjecture is not only admissible, but becomes absolutely necessary, if research after truth is not altogether to be abandoned. We may therefore be permitted to express an opinion, for reasons which shall be alleged, that Egypt is the country to which all these proper names refer; and that the colony which arrived in early ages in America from the East, were Jews from Alexandria, in which emporium of the commerce of the world they had been established from the period of its foundation by Alexander the Great, and enjoyed equal rites of citizenship with the other citizens, possessed a contentious synagogue, and, probably as a means of increasing their wealth, addicted themselves to those mercantile pursuits which caused its haven to be crowded with the ships of every country."

After an attempt to show that the Jews of old were good navigators, because John of Portugal referred the plan of Columbus for the discovery of the New World to a bishop and two Jews, eminent cosmographers, for their judgment upon it, and that they (the Jews) might have introduced the use of the mariners' compass to Europeans, deriving it from the east, his lordship thus proceeds :—

"The reasons for supposing that the proper names of places above mentioned all refer to Egypt, are the following, which are chiefly derived from the local qualities of its soil,—Tulan, (the country of rushes,) is a name which would well suit a country extending along the banks of a great river covered with flags; Tlapallan and Huetlapallan, (the country of the red sea, or of the old red sea,) would be an appellation equally applicable to Egypt; Amaquemacam, (the kingdom of the veil of paper,) might refer to the reeds producing the papyrus, since the land of Egypt is said in scripture to be hidden in her reeds, on account of their great abundance, and the lowness of the soil. Aztlan, (the country of the flamingo,) is a name which recalls to our recollection the Ibis, a bird of the flamingo species, which was very common in Egypt, and greatly revered by the Egyptians; Aztlan, likewise, is said to have been an island, and that part of Lower Egypt, named the Delta, in which Alexandria is situated, is in fact an island formed by the arms of the Nile; and the pyramid, the memory of which the Mexicans preserved as existing in Aztlan, might have been nothing more than a tradition of the Egyptian pyramids. Chicomoztoc, (the country of the seven

caves, or of the seven dragons' mouths, or of the seven gulfs;)—for *oztoc* may be interpreted a *cave*, a *dragons' mouth*, and a *gulf*,—might also have signified Lower Egypt, and the seven branches of the Nile, from which colonies, either at the same or different times embarking, might have proceeded to America."

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ART. V.—*Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer*, von Jacob Grimm. (Teutonic Legal Antiquities, by Jacob Grimm.) 8vo. Göttingen. 1828.

GERMAN antiquaries, whether poetical, philological, historical, or legal, have long been renowned not only for their indefatigable industry and research, but likewise for the ratiocinative—if we must not say philosophical—spirit, governing both their investigations, and their use of the fruits of those investigations. But these profound and theoretical explorers of the past are characterized by yet other qualities not so generally known. After all that has of late years been learned, and all that has further been presumed concerning our continental kinsmen, it has never, we apprehend, entered an English imagination, that any living thing, even a German philosopher, could take to legal antiquities as a relaxation from severer studies. This has, however, Dr. Jacob Grimm informs us, been the case in the present instance; and what our readers may think still more wonderful, we ourselves have found the result of the indefatigable Doctor's labours nearly as recreative as he, we hope, did the labours. Assuredly it was not with any view to recreation that we opened his bulky volume, but in search of historical information concerning the early Germans, when, most unexpectedly, the book proved, in some parts at least, so entertaining, that we continued its perusal for our pleasure, and immediately resolved to communicate some portion of the amusement it had afforded us, not to those persons to whom it might be deemed most appropriate, the members of the legal profession, but to our readers in general. Ere we speak of the *Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer*, however, we must premise a word or two concerning the author.

Dr. Jacob Grimm is one of the most distinguished philosophical and speculative German archæologists in this archæological age. He has, in conjunction with his brothers, and in common with F. H. von der Hagen, and others of less note, collected and published abundance of old national legends, of popular traditions, of nursery tales, of old German poetry, and historical and critical information respecting that poetry, of which more upon some future occasion. He has concocted a Grammar of the same comprehensive character as the *Legal Antiquities*, including under

the appellation *Deutsche*, (which for this purpose we translate Teutonic,) all nations of German or Teutonic race. This Grammar is singularly philosophical, and indeed in every respect so extraordinary, that, unpromising as a Grammar seems for reviewing, we have long been desirous of placing some account of it before our readers, and trust that our desire may shortly be gratified. Our worthy Doctor, thus various, but ever archæological and national in his pursuits, has now, partly as we have said to recreate himself after his Grammatical toils, and partly to exhibit a new mode of treating Legal Antiquities, produced the work before us; a work, which, he says, would have been more easily and fully accomplished some hundreds of years ago, the unpicturesque and unpoetical seventeenth and eighteenth centuries having done their best to get rid of what the supercilious wisdom of those ages deemed the silliness of rude times. But as German views are always characteristic, we must give Grimm's in his own words.

"The historical Jurist explains the new by the history of the old; the Antiquary the old by the old, and only collaterally by the new. The former neglects what is quite antiquated, the latter what is quite new. The former is obliged to adapt the old to the system of modern legislation; the latter is disposed to let the multiform appearances of the old rest upon their broader and freer basis. Of yore all was more sensibly unfolded; of late all is more intellectually condensed. Here, it is essential to weigh, to ground, and to develope; there, merely to collect and to detail. Under such circumstances it appeared to me rather a hazardous than an unprofitable task for one not of the legal profession to undertake, without any reference to practice and the system of the day, a faithful and complete collection of all accessible materials for an *elementary History of German Law*. The advantage would be infinitely greater could I attract the attention, not of jurists only, but of those explorers of antiquity who have devoted their labours to the language, poetry, and history of our forefathers. I herewith deliver a first attempt at a work of this description, which may well be said to contain more oil than salt.

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"Let us dive into the deeper antiquities of German law. \* \* They are more peculiarly German than anything else, though I shall point out scattered traces of them amongst some ancient and some modern nations. Their fundamental character is *the establishment of the legal by the sensible; the consecration of what is to be permanent by something unsettled*, something that cannot be wholly withdrawn from the dominion of chance."

Having thus allowed Grimm to explain his views, in terms that will, perhaps, be better understood by and bye, we may add our own statement, that in collecting these voluminous relics of Teutonic Antiquity, he is actuated by an intensely patriotic desire; first, to display the poetical and picturesque cha-

character of his German forefathers; secondly, to clear them from the imputation of barbarism, by showing them to have been not a whit more barbarous than the Greeks and Romans; and lastly, to soften the existing antipathy to feudalism.

The first, and to us the most interesting of these objects, appears even in his introduction, wherein he identifies legal tautology with that proper to the epic poetry of early times, which employed repetition as indispensable to energy of language. Grimm gives many, and often identical, examples from old laws and old poems; adding some few from Homer. Teutonic tautology, both legal and poetic, was usually enhanced either by rhyme or by alliteration, a favourite ornament of Teutonic poetry, and in Scandinavian the common substitute for rhyme. The same character of early epic, i. e. the giving force in simple ways, is marked in the ever-recurring legal formulæ, and in such constantly attached epithets as "bright day," "dark night," "salt or wild sea," "shining gold," "white silver," "green grass," &c.

The poetical mode of establishing legal distinctions by what is palpable to the senses, appears more manifestly in the marking of times and seasons by the going out of the cows to pasture, or their coming home to be milked, by the crowing of the cock, the sinking of the sun in gold, &c. &c. in the taking of all measures from the human person, even the size of a cauldron, which is ascertained by the age of the child that could be bathed in it. But the use of the human form as a standard was not peculiar to the old Germans, though in various ways they carried it further than any other people with whom we are acquainted. For instance, relationship was measured or described by the limbs or parts of the human body, nearest to, or farthest from, the head; the most distant cousins acknowledged as such being called *tail-kinsmen*. Some of the analogous modes of assessing damages are however quite their own. For instance, he who killed another man's dog, was to hang the slain animal up by the tail, with the nose just touching the ground, and then to cover him with wheat, so that not a hair could be seen; and this heap of wheat was the compensation due to the owner.\*

We find the same character in the ascertainment of property and privilege, by some act of the claimant, performed with some implement or symbol of his profession. For this purpose knights and nobles hurled the spear, or some other weapon, and if the Archbishop of Mentz, or the Count of Nassau, riding in com-

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\* The *Asa* gods themselves are represented as amenable to this law. Having killed a sort of man-otter, they were required by the human father of the slain to cover the dead body with gold; and a long series of calamities originated in the difficulty of procuring the necessary quantity of that metal for covering it to the last hair.

plete armour into the Rhine as far as they could find footing for their equally armed steeds, marked the extent of their dominion over the river by flinging a sledge hammer, such hammer was not so anomalous as at first sight it appears to their rank, or even to the ecclesiastical profession. Grimm considers this use of the hammer as a proof that the custom prevailed prior to the existence of written law amongst the northern nations, and to their conversion to Christianity. A hammer, somewhat resembling, perhaps, what was afterwards termed a mace, was in those early days a martial weapon. It was especially that of the God Thor, and was esteemed so peculiarly holy as to be the regular sign of consecration. Thus in the hands of the Count of Nassau it was an instrument of war; in those of the archbishop, traditionally perhaps, one of religion, though the circumstance of his being clad in armour might seem to imply its being at most a holy weapon. The reader will remember that during the dark and middle ages, man did not forfeit the pleasures of fighting by becoming the minister of a God of Peace and Mercy. A shepherd might drive his flock so far into a forest, (the property of the hamlet? or of the lord?) as that standing beyond the head of the foremost sheep he could fling his crook out of the wood; and the woodman might cut wood as far as he could fling his axe. Grimm observes that this mode of admeasurement by throwing a spear or a stone is found in Homer, but that there are no traces of any thing of the kind in the laws of the Greeks or the Romans, and he quotes Persian and Hindoo tales of land thus acquired; they belong, however, to poetry. In the Welsh law he discovers a similar spirit; and indeed we suspect that a considerable degree of resemblance in many respects existed between the Germans and their Celtic neighbours in Southern Germany, Gaul, and in Britain. Before leaving this subject of admeasurement, we should state that the smallest possible extent of mother earth's surface, the possession of which constituted a landed proprietor, was ascertained by a custom, not proper to any trade or profession, but to human nature. "The space must be so large that the owner may thereupon set a cradle containing an infant, and a stool for a maid to rock it." From descriptions in other places and upon other occasions, we suspect that this stool had only three legs.

Some doubt may arise in the breast of a sceptical reader, whether this determining of the certain by the uncertain, fancifully poetical as it appears to us, might not, when devised, be a very straightforward proceeding—the best substitute for maps, plans and written deeds. Indisputably it sprang from the want of such documents; but the arbitrary selection, in the last mentioned in-



stance, of one of the tenderest offices of humanity—the care of babyhood—satisfies us that the old Germans were as conscious as ourselves of the play of feeling and imagination marking their laws and customs.

We now turn to another point of this poetical legislation, namely, the embodying legal abstractions, or subjecting them to the evidence of the senses. We approach it with some hesitation, because the distinction between the endeavour to render sensible, and the use of symbols, seems to require a longer disquisition than we have room for, were it suited to our present purpose. It may, however, suffice to say, that we conceive the first—the rendering sensible—to belong to the earliest state of society, and gradually to assume the symbolical character as a nation advances in civilization. At all events this appears to have been the course of things in Germany. When possession of land was given by a clod of earth from the ploughed field, a turf from the meadow, a branch of a forest tree from the wood, and of a fruit tree or vine from the orchard or vineyard to be delivered, these acts, although considered as partly symbolical even by Grimm, appear to us, at least in the earlier times, simply modes of rendering the delivery evident and sensible, without troubling the court of justice, consisting of, or attended by, half the population of the district, to perambulate the domain about to be transferred; and in those days almost every transaction, certainly every transfer of property, required the sanction of a court of justice, or at the least, of numerous witnesses. The similar use made by the Romans of turf, &c. we apprehend to have been purely symbolical, inasmuch as a turf cut from the nearest grass plot, we believe, delivered an estate in Asia. So was amongst the Germans the straw, when a straw picked up in the road supplied the place of the turf, &c. It was manifestly a more abstract idea, not being like the other things necessarily a part of the property delivered, but gathered anywhere. Moreover the very word *stipulatio* seems to indicate its Latin origin; and as its instrumentality in delivering possession is found only amongst the Franks, or the countries that once owned their authority, it is not unlikely that they might adopt it from their Roman subjects. But the mode of employing it became more picturesque under the influence of German imagination. A man who wished to transfer or bequeath an estate to a person not of his blood, flung a straw into the bosom of him to be endowed, or into that of the lord who gave it over to him; the straw was thenceforward carefully preserved as a voucher for the transaction. A straw was otherwise often symbolically used. Breaking a straw was a form of engagement as solemn and irrevocable, we believe, as the striking hands, which

bears a peculiar name in almost every Teutonic language, and is still practised among the lower orders in Germany as it is in England.\* Equally symbolical was the use of straw, when a man living alone, if attacked by night, took three straws from his roof, in addition to his cat and dog, to attest the outrage. Taking possession of a house by opening and shutting the door, was surely the mere exercise of an act of possession before witnesses, although the door posts certainly did possess a peculiar sanctity.

Amongst various fanciful forms of transacting business which appear to blend the two characters, some few are worth mentioning. The adoption of a son was effected in Lombardy by the adopter's trimming, for the first time, the beard of the adopted; in Scandinavia, by his giving him his shoe to put on.† This form seems to have implied a recognition of the shoe-proprietor's authority; and, as such, was required from a bride, who completed the marriage ceremony by putting on the bridegroom's shoe. Natural children, to be legitimated by the subsequent wedlock of their parents, were placed under the mother's mantle during the marriage ceremony. Taking the keys from a wife was equivalent to a divorce; and a widow freed herself from her deceased husband's debts by throwing her keys into his grave, which was a virtual abandonment of her claims upon his property. A silken thread formed an inviolable inclosure. Knights enforced an oath by striking their swords into the earth. When two Scandinavians wished to swear brotherhood, a long strip of turf was raised, supported by a spear in the middle, and resting upon the ground at both ends: under this turf the intended brothers suffered their blood, drawn from wounds in the palm of the hand or the sole of the foot, to mingle; and they further mixed the blended stream with earth. They then knelt down beside or under the turf, and invoked the gods to attest their oath to avenge each other's death like brothers. Accused persons occasionally swore to their innocence with a similar form; it was called going under the earth, and esteemed peculiarly solemn.

This mixing of blood is one of the points upon which our learned and patriotic antiquary is most earnest to clear the old Germans of any extraordinary barbarity; for which purpose he quotes Greek and Latin authors to show that similar, and yet more savage practices, such as drinking each other's blood, were common amongst other nations. But as most of his extracts, those especially from Herodotus and Lucian, refer to the Scythians,

\* Schiller, in his *Wilhelm Tell*, says "*Des Bauern Handschlag ist ein Manneswort*," which may be Englished, "The peasant's hand-strike pledges a man's word."

† Is this the origin of the phrase "standing in his shoes?"

we doubt the *Classicistes* being much moved thereby in favour of the old Germans. In fact a very peculiar combination of seemingly incongruous inhumanity and tenderness marked, as we shall have occasion to show in the course of this article, the character of the early Germans or Teutones; and we incline to think that the incongruity will vanish if we duly consider the deeply imaginative tone of their minds, the real tenderness of their hearts, their actually extravagant valor, enhanced by their religious creed, and the utter worthlessness of life in their eyes, save as it might be employed in acquiring glory.

We entirely lose sight of symbols, and return to the senses, and the act of the party most concerned, in the custom of giving land in quantities measured by the receiver's riding, driving, or crawling, over or round it, during some determinate period of time, as whilst the royal donor bathed, or took his after-dinner nap. This custom was not however peculiar to the Germans. We find grants almost literally similar in Herodotus, in Livy, and in oriental history or fable; and, in spirit, they resemble Dido's purchase of the land a bull's hide would cover, which indeed was often literally copied by German candidates for real property. But if not Teutonic in its origin, the practice became so by the more vivid and picturesque form which, like all proceedings borrowed from the south, it assumed amidst the imaginative Northmen and Germans. It went out of fashion, we presume, from the constant cheating to which it seems to have given birth. Even saints appear to have found the temptation irresistible, and consequently endowed jackasses upon such occasions with a fleetness surpassing the best-bred racers. If saints proved thus trickish, shall we wonder at the frailty of a hero's virtue? A prince of one of the most heroic families in Germany, the Guelphs, and consequently an ancestor of the sovereign of the British isles, having obtained from the emperor Lewis the grant of as much land as he could either plough with a golden plough, or drive a golden waggon round, it is not clear which, during his imperial majesty's noontide slumber, fairly, or rather unfairly, put a golden toy-waggon or plough into his pocket, and rode full gallop, with, if we recollect rightly, relays of horses.

This mode of granting land originated, we conceive, in the ordinary form of taking possession of domains, whether inherited or otherwise acquired, by riding over them. Even kings were frequently bound thus to ride round or over their kingdoms,\* after having, upon their succession or election, (they commonly united

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\* In old Swedish law this was called riding *erikgata*; *gata* meaning road or street.

both rights,) been lifted on high upon a shield, and thus exhibited to their people for their approbation or homage—a practice, by the way, borrowed from the Germans by the Romans, when their armies came to consist principally of Germans. We first read of it upon Julian's proclamation as emperor at Paris, A. D. 360, when Ammianus Marcellinus says, "Julian was placed upon a foot soldier's shield, raised on high, and unanimously proclaimed Augustus." Is the chairing of members of parliament upon their election a relic of this ancient usage?

But we must return to German forms of taking possession, some of which are curious. The number of persons and animals to be employed in the ride was specified. The lord was to ride, sometimes himself seventh, with six horses and a half—the half being a mule; sometimes with six mouths and a half, when the party consisted of himself, two attendants, three horses, and a dog; and the quantity and quality of entertainment he was entitled to claim from his vassals upon these occasions was appointed with equal care, and was occasionally confined to bread, cheese, and wine, upon a clean table cloth. If he required more, he had to pay for it. The horses, however, were always amply provided for, being ordered to be placed up to the belly in oats. Sometimes horses and dogs were to be one-eyed, or even a one-eyed deputy was to be substituted for the lord. In other places animals and men's clothes were to be white; a more intelligible regulation, inasmuch as white was a holy colour amongst the Teutonic Heathens; and we observe that it did not quite forfeit its sanctity upon the introduction of Christianity, from the marvellous favour shown to a white sow, who, if lucky enough to produce a whole litter spotlessly white as herself, was permitted, it should seem, to ravage the corn fields within her reach at her own discretion. But the most singular and solemn form of entering into possession and receiving homage recorded, is that enjoined to the dukes of Carinthia. We translate, with a little compression, Grimm's account of it.

"The principle upon which this form proceeded was, that every new duke must take his lands and privileges as by purchase from the people, and their representative—a free peasant. Whenever, therefore, a new duke is to receive the homage hereditarily due to him, a peasant of the race of the Edlinger places himself upon the marble ducal seat at Zollfeld. Round about this seat, but without the barriers, as far as eye can reach, throng the country people, awaiting the new duke. This latter personage, in the rude garb of a Slavonian peasant, with a hunter's wallet containing bread, cheese, and agricultural implements, (small ones, we hope,) carrying a crook in his hand, and having a black steer and a lean cart-horse on either side, approaches the marble seat, led by

two noblemen of the province, and followed by all the rest of the nobility and chivalry in the most splendid festal array, with the flags and banners of the duchy. As soon as the procession comes near enough for the peasant to discover the prince, he asks in the Slavonian dialect spoken in Carinthia, 'Who comes hither in such state?' The crowd answer, 'The prince of the country.' The peasant resumes, 'Is he a just judge? Does the good of the country touch his heart? Is he of free and Christian birth?' An unanimous shout of 'He is! he will be!' resounds from the assembled multitude. 'Then, I ask, by what right he will remove me from this seat?' again questions the peasant, and the Count of Görz replies, 'He will buy it of thee for sixty pence. These draught cattle shall be thine, as well as the prince's clothes; thy house shall be free, and thou shalt pay neither tithe nor rent.' The peasant now gives the prince a slight box on the ear, admonishes him to be just, and, descending from the marble seat, takes possession of the horse and steer. The new duke ascends the vacated throne, and swinging his drawn sword in every direction, promises right and justice to the people; after which, in proof of his moderation, he takes a draught of water out of his hat. The procession then goes to St. Peter's Church to hear mass. The duke exchanges his rustic dress for princely attire, and holds a magnificent banquet with his knights and nobles. After dinner the company repair to the side of a hill, where stands a seat divided into two by a partition wall. The duke sits on the side fronting the east, and swears, bare-headed and with uplifted fingers, to maintain the laws and rights of the duchy. Thereupon he receives the homage, the oaths of allegiance of his vassals, and grants the investiture of fiefs. On the opposite side sits the Count of Görz, and grants the fiefs depending mediately upon him, as hereditary count-palatine of Carinthia. So long as the duke sits upon this seat granting fiefs, it is the prescriptive privilege of the race of Gradneckers to appropriate to themselves as much grass as they can mow, unless it be ransomed by the owners; whilst robbers enjoy the yet more marvellous right of robbing, and the Portendörfers, and after their extinction the Mordaxters, that of burning the property of whosoever will not compound with them; (by the payment of blackmail.) These extraordinary ceremonies were observed at every accession of a Duke of Carinthia during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries: in the fifteenth they disappear."

Of course we do not propose here to enter into an investigation of the whole character and nature of the feudal system—to do so would require volumes—but we have said that Grimm regards it with an eye of favour; and as he differs in this from almost, if not quite, all his philosophic contemporaries of the Continent, and far exceeds even our own candid and truly philosophic countryman, the historian of the Middle Ages, we deem it incumbent upon us to select some statements illustrative of his views respecting that curiously interwoven chain of interminable dependence and superiority in vassalage, which, however revolting to the enlightened love of liberty of the nineteenth century, had in

it something venerably patriarchal, equally touching to the affections and the imagination of a more poetical, if less logical and less sentimental age, and still fascinating to all lovers of romance. The degradation of villenage is the dark side of feudalism: it is essential, therefore, to the justification of our respected doctor's feudal prepossessions to show that, in his opinion, even this was softened by the patriarchal spirit of the system, at least in early times, the laws being calculated, as well as the rude simplicity of their framers allowed, to protect the inferior against oppression by any arbitrary extension of authority, and to afford him every fair and reasonable indulgence.

That the *unfree*, as Dr. Grimm tenderly terms the whole of the inferior classes collectively, were cruelly and unreasonably degraded, is undeniable. The very appellation of the better class of villeins, *litus*, Grimm believes to have been vituperative, as derived from the adjective "lazy," which is *lats* in Gothic, *laet* in Anglo Saxon, and *latr* in old Norse. He nevertheless gives, as the synonyme of *litus*, the Lombard word *aldius*, which is evidently the same with the Spanish *aldeano*, villager, from *aldea*, village, and all assuredly of Gothic origin, though the very scanty specimens we possess of the Gothic language may not enable us to point out the parent word. Other denominations of the unfree imply obedience and subjection—but one—*mündling*—is just what it should be, really meaning *protégé*. The unfree (lazy knaves and *protégés* alike) were distinguished from the free by their names, or rather their want of family names, by the colour and shape of their clothes, and by the cutting of their hair. The long hair, which was the distinctive characteristic of the Merovingian kings, seems at one time or other to have been common to all nobles, if not to all freemen, as there are laws of several old nations extant against cropping long-haired children without their parents' consent, and against letting the hair of the unfree of either sex grow. In fact the long hair of the higher ranks seems to have been held in almost equal honour with the beard: a woman swore, if not by her tresses, yet holding them in her left hand, whilst her right was laid upon her bosom; and some of the old Scandinavian legends record the anxiety of heroes at the block to preserve their hair from being soiled with blood by their decapitation. Further, the unfree had no *wergelt*, or fixed damages for their murder;\* but their lives were not therefore unprotected, except against their master. He, their master, claimed their value from a murderer as he would that of a horse. In like manner he paid all

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\* Grimm considers *wergeld* as literally the price of, or satisfaction for, a man, from the old Norse *gjalda*, to pay or compensate, and *wer* or *verr*, one of the many old words for man. Whence this curious coincidence with the Latin *vir*?

finer they incurred, just as he paid for any mischief done by his cattle. The unfree were forbidden to carry arms; yet in some laws a military litus is spoken of, and we learn from Mannert that some portion of the unfree household of noblemen, termed *pueri*, carried arms while escorting their lords upon journeys.\* It is not improbable that the strictness of the prohibition was gradually relaxed when the free began to regard military service as burdensome, and that when the nobles aimed at nearly independent power, they sought to increase the force upon which they relied by unlawfully arming their thralls.

This promotion of the unfree was the easier, inasmuch as European villenage was wholly exempt from the loathsome baseness of oriental slavery, the servile duties required by indolence, luxury, or wantonness, being altogether repugnant to the character and habits of Teutonic lords. The services usually required of the unfree were menial attendance, (which could hardly be esteemed dishonourable whilst its higher offices were discharged by young ladies and gentlemen,) assistance in the sports of the field, and the cultivation of the land. These were rewarded with food, drink, sometimes with various small privileges, and were occasionally cheered with music. The natural result of this intercourse of protection and dependence, was to generate a peculiar intimacy and affection between the proud noble and his thralls. Some of the services by which the unfree cultivators held their land seem to have been instituted either for this express purpose or in joke. In some parts of Germany and northern France, the peasantry were assembled upon certain occasions, as the lying-in of their lady, to beat the water in the ponds and ditches, in order to silence the frogs. The peasants upon the lands of one monastery were bound to carry a boiled capon into the refectory at meal time, and uncover it, so that all the monks might enjoy a share of the steam and fragrance; they might then take it away to dispose of it at their own pleasure. The steward of one lordship, when he received the rent or tribute due, was bound to give the bringers a sum of money to drink, upon condition that they returned home by an appointed hour, and he himself was fined a ton of fresh herrings for every penny which he did not forward to his lord by an equally appointed hour. But the most amusing payment of rent we have met with we give in Grimm's own words.

"The village of Salzdorf, in the territories of Hesse, was bound to pay the sum of ninepence to the Baron of Buchenau on St. Walburg's day (May-day.) The bearer, who was called the Walpertamannikin, was bound to be seated upon a specified stone of the bridge before Buchenau Castle at six o'clock in the morning of May-day. If he was

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\* See No. XIII. p. 179.

behind his time, the sum to be paid increased progressively, and at so rapid a rate, that by evening the whole community of Salzdorf would have been unable to discharge it. The Walpertsmannikin was therefore always accompanied by two comrades, to guard against accidents. But if the appointed hour found him at his post, he was abundantly feasted by the baron; and if he could keep wide awake through such feasting for three whole days, (including nights we imagine,) he was entitled to his maintenance for life; but if his eyes once closed for a single moment, he was forthwith turned out of the castle."

The patriarchal indulgence, modifying the harshness of the feudal system, is pleasingly displayed in the partial relaxation of one of its generally harshest features—the game laws. The following are extracts from various old laws, strongly asserting the rights of noble sportsmen.

"But if a good fellow of the county should go into the water with his hose and shoes on, and should catch hold of a fish, and eat it with good friends, he shall have done no wrong; but he shall not catch fish with nets, or carry them to market. Also if a shepherd, going with his dog to his sheep, should by chance catch a hare, and shall carry it openly upon his neck, and not cook it with kale or cabbage, but shall lawfully roast it, (first doing to it something else which, for want of a Mrs. Glasse of the middle ages, we confess our inability to explain or translate,) and invite the village magistrate, or some of his lord's servants to partake of it, he shall have done no wrong; but he shall not go after it, nor lie in wait for it, nor shoot, nor sell it."

Similar, or even greater privileges were allowed in some small states to a ploughman; nay, even

"A townsman of Eychen, if it be necessary for the support of his own life or of his family, or to do honour to a guest, may take fish in the Rhine." \* \* \* And "A citizen or a citizen's child may catch a hare or a wild boar with his dog, provided he sends the boar's head to my gracious lord of Ziegenhain at Ziegenhain."

Still greater indulgence was extended to pregnant women, who were allowed to take, or to employ others to take for them, fruit, fish, and game, *ad libitum*, for their own consumption. The comforts and necessities of women in child-bed were provided for with a tenderness equally considerate and arbitrary; and the thrall engaged in his lord's service was authorized to leave his work and go instantly home, upon hearing of his wife's parturient condition, to comfort and take care of the invalid.

Something of the same kind of indulgence was extended towards animals. The general right was, after due notice to the owner, to kill every convicted and *relapsed* trespassing animal; but a trespassing goose was ordered to be hampered, in some way that we do not quite comprehend, with a long unthrashed straw,



and if the said goose could release itself, it was entitled to its life. A hen was allowed to trespass as far upon a neighbour's land as her owner, standing upon two sharp stakes in the hedge, could throw his ploughshare between his legs. How hens were taught to know their precise limits we are not told; but they were clearly expected so to do, for a hen that exceeded her bounds might be killed, provided she was afterwards thrown into her owner's domain with as many herbs as would suffice to cook her for a nobleman's table. Further—"A miller shall not dam up the water so high but that a bee may sit upon the head of the nail in the middle of the stake, and drink and enjoy the water without wetting its feet or wings."

In the laws respecting the treatment of strangers the admixture of the kindly and severe spirit appears. Travellers were not only entitled to hospitality, but whilst journeying were permitted to cut wood for the repair of their conveyance, whatever that might be; to feed their tired horses with grain, corn, and grass, or hay from a stack, all to an extent limited by some specific position of horse or man; to gather fruit for themselves, and even to catch fish, provided they lighted a fire, and dressed and ate it upon the spot. But if they remained a year and a day in one place, they forfeited the rights of freemen, becoming the property of the lord of the soil. In many states they had no *wergelt*; and according to the Anglo-Saxon laws of Ina, they were convicted as thieves by the mere fact of deviating from the main road without blowing a horn.

But no where does this mixed character appear more strongly than with regard to criminals. Whilst the punishments awarded to guilt are fearfully sanguinary, and sometimes so disgustingly atrocious that we scarcely know how to describe them, we for ever discover an evident disposition to enable the culprit to escape. Hanging between wolves and dogs upon a leafless tree, (out of respect for the foliage of a thriving tree we presume,) burning, boiling, flaying, impaling, every kind of mutilation, tarring and feathering, casting to wild beasts, were the ordinary doom, when offences were not compounded for by a sum of money. Cowards were drowned, or rather smothered, in mud. Removers of boundary stones were buried up to the neck in the earth, and ploughed to death with a new plough, four unbroken horses, and a ploughman who had never before turned a furrow. Forest burners were seated at a certain distance from a fire of a certain magnitude, to which their bare feet were turned till the soles dropped off. But the most horrible of punishments awaited him who was detected in barking trees. His navel was dug out, and nailed to the injured tree, round which he was driven, dragging

out his own bowels, and winding them upon it in lieu of the despoiled bark. And this whilst every injury to a fellow-creature, even murder, might be expiated with a sum of money!

With these atrocious punishments were mingled, as is well known, pecuniary mulcts, seemingly so insufficient to restrain the passions of men, and finally, other castigations, which simply dishonoured the sufferer. Amongst these were cutting away the tablecloth from before a knight as he sat at meat; compelling him to carry a dog or a saddle, or to wear garments of some peculiar and unbecoming form. A man who suffered himself to be beaten by his wife, in some places had his house unroofed,\* as a gentle intimation of his unfitness to dwell in the community; in others he was obliged to lead the donkey upon which his virago partner was seated backwards, holding the tail in her hand. One of the dishonouring inflictions that was peculiarly dreaded, was the burying disgracefully; a very important part of which was not to let the infamous corse pass over the threshold. A hole, if practicable, was dug underneath it, if not, broken in the wall, through which the dead criminal, fastened by the foot to a horse, was dragged out to his appointed grave, prepared in a field, or at the crossing of roads. An outlaw was in Norse termed *vargr i veum*, which seems to mean, literally, condemned to the wolves, or perhaps put upon a footing with the wolves. In truth he was rather worse off, for not only might every one kill him, but to feed, harbour, or relieve him, was a heinous crime, even in his wife; and he who aided him by land or water, or who neglected an opportunity of seizing him, besides incurring other punishments, forfeited all right to demand assistance when himself the subject of outrage.

But various resources against this inhuman code were provided, not the least important being numerous inviolable asylums. At one of these, Mattheishof, the law says that

"A man may be protected six weeks and three days;† and when the six weeks and three days are out, the poor sinner shall fling a stone against and over the gate of the said *hof* (or court); and if he can go three steps beyond the stone and get back again into the *hof*, he shall enjoy such another period of protection; and if the proprietor of the *hof* may or can help him off, by day or night, he shall be authorized so to do for our Lord's sake."

Another resource was the facility afforded to accused persons,

\* A common mode of banishing a man was to break down his oven, fill up his well, nail up his door, and dig a deep ditch before it.

† A shorter period is always added to the longer in old Teutonic law, in the spirit of indulgence of which we have spoken, we presume, as a year and a day, fifty years and a day, or sometimes a month, or some arbitrary period of time. A man was not to be accounted an old bachelor till he was fifty years, three months, and three days old.

really guilty, for their defence, undreamed of in modern practice. They were not obliged to produce witnesses who could prove their innocence, but merely persons willing to swear to their own belief in the prisoner's oath that he was innocent. The number of such co-swearers required varied according to the nature of the accusation and the rank of the accused—a thrall requiring nine times as many as his lord; though we confess our doubts whether a nobleman, who was indulged with the privilege of trial by battle, an old heathen institution, ever condescended to adopt any other means of rebutting an accusation or establishing a right, than that which was the business and the pleasure of his life, fighting.

In a similar contradictory spirit the law of debtor and creditor seems to have been compiled. Creditors possessed such rights over their unfortunate debtors, that an old German or Northman, instead of sharing our indignation against Shylock, might probably have considered the defrauded Jew as the proper object of sympathy. By the Norwegian law,

“If a debtor be impertinent to his creditor, or refuse to work for him, the latter may bring him before a court of justice, and invite his friends to pay the debt. If the friends will not free the debtor, the creditor has a right to cut off of him as much as he will, above or below.” (It is not explained whether he was to cut flesh only, or might lop off a limb.)

But to counterbalance this efficacious kind of personal security, the debtor seems to have had the power of nearly defeating his creditor's claim by simply turning his back upon him; it being indispensable to *mannire* (ANGLICE *dun*) a man to his face.

The courts of justice in which such singular scenes occurred, and such horrible sentences were pronounced, consisted, our readers are probably aware, of nearly the whole population of the district, presided over by the feudal lord, or by judges appointed by the sovereign with the concurrence of the people, or by lord and judges conjointly. It is less generally known, we conceive, that before the accession of the Carlovingsians these courts were held in the open air. In old heathen times they were held in consecrated groves, and in Scandinavia under the shade of the ash, in imitation of the *Asa* gods, who always sat in judgment under the ash *Yggdrasill*; a very discreetly chosen locality, by the way, since Mimer's fountain of wisdom bubbles up under one of its roots. Christianity desecrated these holy shades in their religious, but did not interfere with their judicial character; and they continued to be the usual seats of tribunals so long, that in Germany going under the oaks or the linden trees, the favourite situation, became a phrase for going to law. Various other places, however, answered the same purpose, as hills, hollows, river sides, bridges, which offered convenient seats and means of inclosure,

and the church door, or the castle or city gate, according to oriental custom.

Wherever the court was held it was so arranged that the presiding judge faced the east. The accuser stood on his right, to the south; and the accused on his left, to the north. But it was the cardinal point, not the judge's right hand, that settled the post of honour; for the Welsh law, (we have spoken of the resemblance existing between Teutonic and Celtic institutions,) which seats the judge facing the west, equally stations the accuser southwards and the accused northwards, though the former thus stood on the judge's left hand. The north, which the Germans still designate as *Midnight*, was the scene of all guilt and horror to the old Northmen—an opinion naturally resulting from their profound reverence for the sun, which itself arose probably from the high value for his beams, induced by the coldness of the climate. Almost every thing holy seems to have been associated with the sun's rays, especially justice. No judicial proceedings could begin before sun-rise, or continue after sun-set—a rule which must have occasioned some procrastination during winter in the hyperborean provinces of Scandinavia.

The hanging up of a shield was essential to the formation of the court, and an announcement that it was open, as the overturning of the judges' seats proclaimed its close; for the judge must sit, (his rising interrupted all proceedings,) and not only must he sit, but sit in a specific attitude. In one State he was to sit "with one foot upon the opposite knee;" in another "with the right leg thrown over the left, like a grim lion," in which position, we believe, if he could not decide a point at once, he was to meditate upon it 123 times. In this awful position, when he had decided, he pronounced in a loud voice such dooms as the following:—

"For this we judge and doom thee, and take thee out of all rights, and place thee in all wrongs; and we pronounce thy wife a lawful widow, and thy children lawful orphans; and we award thy fiefs to the lord from whom they came, thy patrimony and acquired property to thy children, and thy body and flesh to the beasts of the forest, the birds of the air, the fish in the water. We give thee over to all men upon all ways; and where every man has peace and safe conduct, thou shalt have none; and we turn thee forth upon the four ways of the world, and no man can sin against thee."

We are tempted to add another specimen of these rudely vivid poetical judgments.

"When the heirs of a murdered man, upon receiving compensation, are reconciled to the murderer, they shall share knife and meat and all things together, like friends, not foes. He who breaks this compact

shall be banished, and driven as far as man can be driven. Wherever Christian men go to church and Heathen men sacrifice in their temples—wherever fire burns and earth *greens*, (no circumlocution can render this quaint but picturesquely descriptive verb)—wherever child cries for its mother and mother bears child, ship floats, shield glitters, sun melts snow, fir grows, hawk flies the long spring day, and the wind stands under his wings\*—wherever the heavens vault themselves, the earth is cultivated, the wind storms, water runs to the sea, and men sow corn, shall he be refused the church and God's house, and good men shall deny him any home but hell. The reconciliation shall subsist for them and their heirs, born and unborn, begotten and unbegotten, named and unnamed, so long as the earth is and men live; and wherever both parties meet, by land or by water, on ship-board or horseback, on rock or at sea, shall they share with each other oar and water-bucket, land and plank, as need is, and be friendly towards each other upon all occasions, as father to son and son to father."

We cannot quit the subject of courts of justice without a few words concerning that singular judicial institution of the middle ages, which a few years ago excited so much interest in this country under the descriptive but factitious name of the Secret Tribunal, and in Germany under its proper, but not generally understood title of *Das Vehm Gericht*. The diligent study that has since been bestowed upon old German has now explained the difficulty, by showing that *fem*, as the word was written of yore, means condemnation; and the title may be translated, the Condemning or Criminal Tribunal. Grimm conceives this *Vehm Gericht*, with its *Frey Graf* and *Frey Schöffen*—free count, and free judges or assessors—to have been merely a remnant of the numerous free and sovereign tribunals of earlier times, which retained their independence longer in Westphalia than elsewhere, and during the capricious and tyrannic violence and oppression of the worst period of feudalism, gradually assumed the forms of secrecy as a means of prolonging that independence, and as a protection to themselves and others against that violence and oppression. The *Vehm Gericht* thus constituted, for a time, no doubt, worked well, executing justice upon criminals above the reach of ordinary tribunals, but could not fail of falling in the course of time into the hands of wicked, designing and ambitious men, and thus becoming an engine of evil, horrible in proportion to its mysterious potency.

There was another lawful practice of the early Germans and Scandinavians, which, offending the best and strongest feelings of nature, has more than anything else injured them in the estimation of posterity—we mean the frequent exposure of children.

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\* An idea taken from Scandinavian mythology.

Grimm strives to acquit his ancestors of the charge of especial barbarity upon this score; and although we must confess we dearly love the genuine enthusiasm that prompts a German to stickle for the impeccability of his countrymen, whether now living or dead these 2000 years, it is impossible to repress a smile at the zealous industry with which he labours this point, by showing how long the Greeks and Romans retained the same savage custom or right. It is one which in fact seems to have been common to every nation during its early state, and to have constituted part of the rude idea of paternal authority. In Germany and Scandinavia the right indisputably thus arose from the patriarchal system; and for any palliative explanation of the extent to which it was carried in those countries, we must refer to what we have already said of the peculiarly mixed character of the Teutonic races, and of the little value they set upon life considered as mere life. Sickly or deformed children they probably deemed it a criminal weakness to rear. To the same principles must we refer the extraordinary custom of elderly persons deliberately destroying themselves, in a formal and regular way, after dividing their heritage amongst their children, without any motive except a desire to escape from the annoyance of old age and its infirmities, and to reach Valhalla the sooner.

Another custom yet more revolting, because uncoloured by any kind of even distorted natural right, and violating what we are accustomed to think of more as a duty and less as an indulgence than parental affection, is mentioned by Grimm, but as having prevailed chiefly among the Sclavonian nations, and being rare, if not quite unexampled, among the real Germans—we mean that of sparing old persons the trouble of suicide, by the son's destroying his decrepid parents. But even as guilty of this outrage, Grimm alleges that the Teutonic and Sclavonian races were no worse than the Romans, in proof of which he quotes a passage from Festus showing that sexagenarians might, in times of scarcity, be legally thrown from a bridge into the Tiber; and another from Cicero, (*Cic. pro Sext. Rosc. cap. 35.*) alluding to such a right.

But to return to the exposure of children. This unnatural exercise of the most natural of authorities, the parental, was, as we have intimated, carried to an uncommon extent in Germany and Scandinavia; and its form was, as usual, curious and picturesque. Every new-born infant was laid upon the floor\* to await the father's determination whether it should live or die; in their language, be taken up, or carried out. In the first case the

\* Was it not rather born upon the floor, and left there untouched? The Scandinavian expression answering to our "lady in the straw," was—the woman on the pavement or floor.

father took it into his own arms, acknowledged and named it. In the other it was carried out and exposed. But to render this determination lawful, it was requisite that the child should not have acquired a right to life, by tasting food or being purified with water; which last appears to have been a northern rite or practice prior to the introduction of Christian baptism. One should have thought this condition might have almost always enabled a bold and fond mother to secure her babe from exposure, but it was rarely thus taken advantage of. Respect for the laws and conjugal submission were more potent, it should seem, than even maternal love! Grimm gives, however, a curious story of its employment, by the mere charity of a stranger, to preserve an infant that, rescued from its untimely doom, lived to become the mother of St. Ludiger.

When this infant, Liafburga, came into the world, she had a beathen grandmother, who, indignant at a number of daughters, and no male heir, having been already born to her son, ordered that the expected child, if it proved a girl, should be drowned ere it could taste food. A girl it was, and the old lady's emissaries accordingly carried off the babe, and proceeded to immerse it in a pail of water. But the predestined mother of a saint was not to be thus robbed of her future honours. The infant extended her little arms, and grasping the sides of the vessel, stoutly defended her life. During this extraordinary struggle a woman chancing to pass by was touched with pity, and snatching the babe from the hands of the legal assassin, fled with it into her own house, where she put honey into its mouth. When the man, who in obedience to his orders had been endeavouring to drown Liafburga, saw her licking the honey from her lips, his conscience would not suffer him to make any further attempt at executing his murderous charge. He durst not, however, impart what had happened to his savage mistress—he assured her that she had been obeyed; and Liafburga was secretly brought up by her preserver until the old grandmother's death allowed of her being restored to her parents.

We must observe upon this story that it is the more extraordinary, inasmuch as the right of a father was only to expose his child where it had a chance of being preserved, not to kill it; and that this right could never, under any circumstances, we believe, be vested in a female. The rights of women were, indeed, generally speaking, rather moral than legal, and mothers by no means shared the authority of fathers. A father under any great pressure of distress might sell his minor sons and unmarried daughters, even as *leibeigene* or thralls, (though not a daughter to prostitution); while no circumstances could authorize a mother to sell her

son. This leads us to say a few words upon the condition of women amongst the old Germans, with which we shall conclude this paper.

Some misconceptions exist upon this subject, chiefly, we apprehend, because the same apparent anomalies are found in the treatment of women, as in every part of the character and conduct of the Teutonic nations, and arising from the same, seldom sufficiently considered, causes to which we have referred the others; that is to say, from the qualities of head and heart, modified by habits of life, that distinguished the warriors of the north. They venerated their women as the chosen vessels of divine inspiration;\* they loved them with the entire and passionate tenderness characteristic of pure morals, as the chaste partners of their weal and woe, and the mothers of their children; and they protected them with an earnest care proportioned to their helplessness.† But when we reflect that amongst these nations the whole business of existence was fighting, we perceive with self-evident clearness the absurdity of the supposition that women were, or could be, deemed the equals of men. In fact Teutonic women never seem to have possessed what we should esteem free agency, being held in constant wardship of some male relation or connection; even a widow becoming the ward of her husband's heir; of her own son, if he were of age. Their only legal rights were to the care, affection and respect of those guardian kinsmen; and public opinion, we believe, abundantly secured them in the enjoyment of those rights. And it may, perhaps, be admitted, as a collateral proof of how strongly the observance of the respect due to women was enforced, that one of the few occasions upon which it was allowable for a man to take the law into his own hands, was a guest's behaving or speaking immodestly at table in an honest man's house. If the offender would not forbear upon being admonished, the master of the house was authorized to beat him.

Women were no otherwise excluded from their father's succession than as the possession of his property was necessarily connected with the right and duty of bearing arms at the call of the country or of a feudal superior; and moveable property was strictly divided into the *heergewüt* and the *gerade*, or what appertained to the equipment of a warrior and of a woman, which were allotted to male and female heirs accordingly. In the latter were included "religious books, such as women use to read." If a

\* We do not mean that all women were thought to be inspired, but that it was only women who ever were so.

† By the Bavarian law a woman's *wergeld* was triple a man's, and was so expressly because she could not defend herself. If she bore arms she might be killed as cheap as a man. The rate of *wergeld* of the two sexes varies so capriciously in different states, that no conclusion can be drawn from its irregular difference.



widow had a daughter whose cry could be heard through a board, her *gerade* was proportionably increased. It should be remarked that minors seem to have had neither *heergewät* nor *gerade*.

In the midst of our admiration of the Teutonic tenderness and respect for the weaker sex as compared with the treatment experienced by women in the rest of the then known world, including Greece and even Rome, where they were better off, it is somewhat startling to find that a wife was purchased in Germany much as in Asia; nay, that by one law against adultery, he who seduced the wife of a freeman was bound to buy him another. Yet we cannot conceive the Teutonic purchase of a wife to have been really of the oriental character. It appears to us possible that the price paid by the bridegroom was a kind of acknowledgment of the absolute property of the bride's father in his child, of which we have already spoken. Grimm even sees ground to hope, that though the father bargained for his daughter's price, the sum received was given to the bride herself, and was therefore rather in the nature of a modern settlement. This is so gratifying a view of the matter, as saving the gallantry of the forefathers and the dignity of the foremothers of all nations of Teutonic descent, that we are unwilling to investigate it too minutely, and regret the necessity of stating that the three pennies, (or shillings, we are not sure which,) constituting the price of a widow in Lombardy, were paid to her guardian, and can hardly be considered as the lady's pin-money or jointure. Still they might, according to our suggestion, be a sort of acknowledgment of the rights he had acquired over her, or perhaps a compensation for some advantage he might have expected to derive from the management of her property, if she had any; if not, more simply, a partial repayment to the first husband's family of what she had originally cost them. It will be remembered that the husband's heir was the widow's natural guardian.

We trust our readers will by this time agree with us, that if our German and Norman, or Northman, ancestors were not actually the chivalrous heroes of romance, or even of old Froissart, they were yet further removed from the various barbarians of Asia, Africa or America, to whom they have been opprobriously likened; the savage temper generated by an insatiate desire of war and conquest being relieved, qualified and softened by pure and lofty virtues, by tenderness of affection, and by luxuriance of imagination, taking the word luxuriance in its best and simplest sense; and in this hope we take our leave of Grimm's *Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer*.

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**ART. VI.**—*Considérations Statistiques, Historiques, Militaires et Politiques, sur la Régence d'Alger : terminées par un aperçu rapide des opérations de l'Expédition Française de 1830, ainsi que par des observations sur les avantages que la France pourra retirer de l'occupation permanente de cette partie de l'Afrique ; et par l'exposé des mesures déjà adoptées pour y former et encourager des établissemens agricoles et industriels ; avec une carte de la Régence d'Alger.* Par le Baron Juchereau de Saint-Denys, Auteur des "Révolutions de Constantinople en 1807 et 1808." Paris, 1831. 8vo.

THIS work is recommended to our attention by a variety of considerations. In the first place, the author participated in all the operations of the French army employed against Algiers, and discharged the important functions of sub-chief of the general staff from the time of the reduction of the town till the middle of October, 1830. His rank and opportunities, therefore, give a weight to his authority in military matters, which is further increased by the proofs of superior talent and of correct judgment afforded by the work itself. Secondly, previous to the expedition, he had been sent to the Levant on several missions of a diplomatic and military nature, which he appears to have executed in an able and satisfactory manner; and, during the brief campaign which decided the fate of Algiers, he had all the interpreters of the army under his immediate direction;—appointments which placed him in circumstances peculiarly favourable for acquiring extensive and precise information respecting this portion of Africa. Thirdly, the statements and views contained in the volume before us, are founded upon documents which the author obtained while at Algiers; upon his own personal observations, and upon laborious researches into a great number of Arabic, French, English, and Spanish works on the Barbary States, as well as upon a careful examination of the political interests and relations of the principal European powers. And, lastly, the production, in which M. Juchereau de Saint-Denys has embodied the information thus collected, bears internal evidence of the fidelity and industry with which he has executed his task, and contains more useful as well as entertaining knowledge, compressed within a small compass, than any work of the kind which has recently fallen into our hands.

Upon these grounds we shall make no scruple to avail ourselves pretty largely of the valuable materials which this accomplished officer has supplied, in order to lay before our readers, first, an account of the circumstances which led to the rupture between Algiers and France; secondly, military details of the expedition

which terminated in the subversion of the power of the Deys, and in the annexation of the Regency of Algiers as a colony to France; and, lastly, some general remarks on the physical, moral, and political condition of this portion of Africa, chiefly with a view to the question of definitive colonization, in regard to which a certain class of politicians in this country have been pleased to entertain serious apprehensions and to propagate grave alarms.

We shall entirely pretermit the first part of Colonel Juchereau's "Considerations" relative to the various attempts that have at different times been made by the Christian powers to abate the nuisance of Barbary, and more particularly of Algerine piracy. This part of the subject has been already rendered in a certain degree familiar to the English reader by various works, to which the interest attached to Lord Exmouth's successful expedition against Algiers in 1816 gave birth, and it is therefore the less necessary for us to enter upon it in this place.

I. France, which the name alone of Napoleon had caused the Barbary regencies to respect, even after his fleets had been swept from the ocean, appears to have sunk in their estimation when that great man no longer wielded her destinies; and, in point of fact, it is agreed on all hands, that, from the period of the Restoration, the policy of France with reference to Algiers assumed such a character of weakness, and was moreover conducted in a manner so absurd, not to say scandalous, as to be but ill adapted to inspire respect, much less confidence. In 1815, M. Duval had been employed, as consul-general of France, to re-establish political and commercial relations with the Barbary States. Born in the Levant, and thoroughly acquainted with the Turkish language, as well as with the usages and intrigues of the orientals, he was considered as a person eminently qualified to advance the interests of France, and to facilitate the accomplishment of the objects which the restored government had in view. But this judgment proved to be entirely erroneous. Educated in the timid, servile class of droguemans at Pera, and accustomed to the dark intrigues, and the tortuous, obsequious, and sometimes base expedients, employed by that class in their relations with the ministers of the Porte, he wanted the dignity and force of character requisite in the consular agent of a power like France, and, instead of firmness, decision, and rectitude of conduct, he preferred, in his intercourse with the Algerine government, having recourse to the finesse, suppleness, manœuvring and chicanery habitually practised at Constantinople. One of his first acts was the re-establishment of France in the rights which she had enjoyed for several centuries on that part of the sea-coast comprised between Seibous and Cape Bon. For the privileges conferred upon it,

the French African Company had originally paid to the regency of Algiers the sum of 17,000 francs; but this sum had first been doubled, and afterwards tripled, in the course of the eighteenth century. M. Duval, however, who ought to have insisted on the literal execution of former treaties, consented to the payment of a sum *twelve times the amount* of that originally stipulated for this concession. By the terms of subsisting treaties, France had the right of constructing forts and retrenchments armed with cannon, and of placing in them garrisons to protect her establishments. But Hussein Pasha, in restoring to France the territory anciently ceded, insisted that neither forts nor inclosures of any kind should be constructed, and, above all, that no artillery should anywhere be planted; and to these terms the French consul verbally assented, while, by means of presents and intrigues, he induced the Algerine ministers to wink at the erection and arming of some military works at Calle and Bona, which were completed before the Dey knew of their existence. Their construction being sanctioned by ancient treaties, however improperly it had been effected, Hussein, on coming to the knowledge of the fact, did not insist on their immediate demolition; but he was justly exasperated at the juggling manner in which it had been accomplished, and complained bitterly of the bad faith in which Duval had acted.

But the negotiation relative to the unsettled claims of two Jewish merchants, Bacry and Busnach, proved the rock on which the tortuous finesse and diplomatic intrigues of Duval were finally wrecked. These claims arose out of circumstances of a peculiar description. In 1793, France, which had just become republican, was suffering from scarcity, and the southern departments were, owing to the failure of the harvests, in a state bordering on famine. With the view of alleviating the public distress, the government of the Republic applied to and obtained permission of the Dey of Algiers to export grain from the provinces of that regency; and two Jewish houses (those of Bacry and Busnach) were employed to conduct this commercial transaction. But although the direct agents of the Dey, these Jews appeared ostensibly as the exporters of the grain which was shipped at Algiers for Marseilles, and which, from 1793 to 1797, amounted in value to between £600,000 and £800,000. In the contracts no precise stipulation had been made for the payment of these supplies in specie; this, however, seems to have been the understanding of the contracting parties; and, in point of fact, the first cargoes of grain landed at Marseilles were paid in cash. But assignats having in the meanwhile become the legal currency of France, it was proposed to the Algerine merchants to pay for

their subsequent consignments of grain in this kind of money, although its rapid depreciation had reduced its value almost to a nullity; and the latter seem to have acquiesced, on condition of receiving an indemnity equivalent to the difference between the nominal and the real value of the French government paper. The parties, however, were unable to come to any understanding as to the fixation of this indemnity, owing to the fluctuation in the value of assignats. The demands of Bacry and Busnach were exorbitant, because, to the difference of monetary value they added usurious interest and enormous charges in name of commission. Negotiators were appointed to settle the affair; but as the French remonstrated against the extravagance of these demands, and moreover insisted on a considerable abatement in the stipulated prices, on account of the damaged state of part of the grain, no definitive arrangement was entered into. By an approximative estimate, however, it was calculated that the sums legally due to Bacry and Busnach might amount to about seven millions of francs, or £280,000 sterling. But the violent revolutions of this period, and the continual wars of the empire, caused the subject to be lost sight of, although repeated representations and demands were made by the Algerine government; and it was not till 1826, under the ministry of Villèle, that these were taken into serious consideration, and funds set apart by legislative enactment for their liquidation.

Bacry and Busnach, however, seem to have been indebted in considerable sums to subjects of France; and by an arrangement entered into as long ago as the year 1819, it had been agreed between certain commissioners appointed by the French government and persons authorized to act for the Algerine houses, that a sum of two millions and a half of francs, or £100,000, should be lodged in the *caisse des despôts et consignations* to meet the claims of their French creditors. It is not pretended that the Dey was a party to this arrangement; and it is admitted that Bacry and Busnach, though ostensibly the furnishers of the grain, were merely his agents throughout the whole transaction. Nevertheless, from the length of time which had elapsed, and the natural presumption that he must have known and approved of the arrangement entered into by his agents, the French government were by no means prepared for the demand which he now made, that the sum in question should be restored as belonging to him; that the creditors of Bacry and Busnach should be sent to Algiers *there* to establish the validity of their claims; and that there should be remitted him a further sum of £80,000, which he accused the French consul of having received as the price of certain alleged good offices rendered to Bacry. He also required

that an immediate and precise answer should be given him. The subject was embarrassing; the accounts were in a state of confusion; and some delay unavoidably occurred. This exasperated Hussein beyond measure. He believed himself at once cheated and insulted, and, in the transports of rage which this feeling excited, he broke out against the consul, whom he called the vilest and most immoral of men. Matters were in this state when M. Duval presented himself before the Dey, on the 27th of April, 1827, to compliment him, according to custom, on the occasion of the festivities of the Bairam. "Have you a letter for me from your government?" demanded Hussein furiously, the instant the consul appeared. M. Duval answered respectfully in the negative; upon which the Dey, overcome by rage, broke out into the most virulent reproaches and menaces, made use of most opprobrious epithets, and finally struck the consul on the face with a fly-fan which he held in his hand.

This gross insult had been publicly inflicted, upon a solemn occasion, by the sovereign of the country, on the agent and representative of the French government. The national dignity of France had been directly attacked in the person of the consul; and a signal reparation was indispensable. It was immediately demanded. M. Duval received orders to discontinue all official relations with the Dey of Algiers, and to hold himself in readiness to depart. On the 11th of June, 1827, a French squadron, commanded by Captain Collet, appeared before Algiers. The consul and all the French residents immediately embarked without hinderance, and without any attempt of a conciliatory nature being made to detain them. Before setting sail, however, Captain Collet conceived it to be his duty to address to the Dey an imperious and menacing demand for reparation. But it led to nothing. Hussein treated it with contempt and scoffed at the threats with which the demand was accompanied. The rupture was therefore complete. War had become inevitable.

But the measures of the French government were, in the first instance, characterised by extreme imbecility. A squadron, indeed, received orders to repair to Algiers, and establish a vigorous blockade of the port; but Hussein, so far from being alarmed at this proceeding, regarded it as a mere bravado; and considering the French government as at once weak and pusillanimous, he issued an order, immediately after the departure of the consul, for arresting and reducing to slavery all French subjects within his dominions, and for pillaging and destroying the fort of Calle, and the other establishments belonging to France. This was drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard. The odium of commencing hostilities clearly rests with the Dey. He may have had

just reason to complain of M. Duval individually, and he was certainly entitled, if he thought fit, to insist upon the recal of that functionary, as he had previously done in a case somewhat similar. But while nothing could excuse, far less justify the gross outrage done to the consul, France was bound to resent it as an attack on her national honour of the most flagrant description; and when, in addition to this public affront, the Dey chose to command the most violent aggressions to be made on the persons and properties of the subjects of France, and on the establishments belonging to that country, he placed himself in a position with regard to his antagonist which, utterly excluding all possibility of accommodation, rendered an appeal to arms perfectly inevitable. The time for prompt and decisive measures had arrived.

Still the French government temporized. In establishing a rigorous blockade of the town and port of Algiers, they expected to produce such misery and famine as would create a reaction, and excite some popular commotion, which would either overthrow the Dey or compel him to submit to terms. But they were disappointed in both these respects. Algiers received from the interior corn and other commodities necessary for its subsistence; whilst the Dey, shut up in the castle of the Cassauba, and surrounded by numerous guards, whose fidelity he secured by continual presents, was enabled at once to controul the turbulence of his own subjects, and to set at defiance the measures adopted against him. From the first, indeed, it was manifest that the blockade would prove absolutely unavailing and useless; yet, by some inexplicable *bizarrie* of policy, or rather impolicy, it was persisted in for three long years, notwithstanding the mortality which decimated the crews of the blockading squadron, and the heavy expense of maintaining it on so exposed a station. Nor was this all. In 1829, when the total inefficiency of the blockade had been experimentally demonstrated, orders were issued by the minister of war for assembling a body of troops in the south of France; and the French government appeared to have at last become sensible of the necessity of resorting to more vigorous and decisive measures. But the system of hesitation still prevailed in the council of ministers. The blockade was continued; and M. de la Bretonnière was despatched to Algiers in August, 1829, to offer peace to the Dey on the most moderate and reasonable terms. His propositions were rejected with scorn; the word "reparation," which had escaped from the French negotiator, threw the Pasha into a transport of fury; he declared that he was not the offending but the offended party, and that he would only grant peace to France on condition of being indem-

nified for the losses occasioned by the maritime blockade; and when M. de la Bretonnière, finding all hope of accommodation at an end, embarked on board the *Provence*, (a ship of the line which had conveyed him to Algiers,) the batteries of the Mole opened their fire upon her as she was weighing anchor to stand out of the bay, and continued to cannonade her as long as she was within reach. This last outrage, committed in consequence of a signal given from the Cassauba, and whilst the flag of truce was still flying at the main-top-gallant mast head of the *Provence*, brought matters to a crisis, and may be considered as having sealed the doom of Algiers. The only alternative now left for France was conquest, or abject humiliation at the feet of a barbarian, who had, for the second time, violated the most sacred obligation of international law, and committed other aggressions which, of themselves, were sufficient to warrant a declaration of war.

II. Polignac had just entered into office when intelligence of the failure of the negotiation under M. de la Bretonnière, and of the insult offered to the French flag, reached Paris; and it is to the credit of that minister, in other respects so misguided and unfortunate, that he lost no time in preparing to vindicate the national honour from the stain which it had contracted under the imbecile administration of his immediate predecessors. It was indeed alleged at the time, and has often been repeated since, that Polignac was moved to this, not so much from any sensibility regarding the dignity and character of the French nation, as from a desire to gratify the military and enterprising genius of the people, and above all to divert attention from those measures which he was already meditating for the subversion of the charter, and the overthrow of public liberty. But, independently of the suspicion with which all refinements of this description ought to be received by a calm and impartial historian, it is only necessary to recur to the circumstances above narrated, to perceive that matters had already been urged on to a crisis which rendered it indispensably necessary to have recourse to strong measures; and that the most popular and patriotic minister that France ever boasted of, had he then been at the helm of affairs, must have acted precisely as Polignac did, whatever opinion he may have formed as to the accessory political advantages or disadvantages likely to result from such a contest. France had been fairly driven to the wall by the fanatical barbarian at the head of the regency of Algiers;—her moral power, which constitutes three-fourths of the strength of nations, had been twice attacked in the tenderest part;—she had been placed in a position where it has been proverbially said that even a coward will strike; and it is inconceivable that any government so circumstanced, and above all placed at the head of



a gallant people, should have hesitated for one moment as to the course to be pursued. Polignac had no misgivings and no doubts upon the subject. An expedition on a scale of suitable magnitude was resolved on, and the determination of the French government communicated to all the great powers in alliance with France. Nor were the latter slow in expressing their approbation of an enterprise which had for its object to deliver Christian nations from a yoke equally debasing and disgraceful. England alone, under the auspices of the Duke of Wellington, appeared to hesitate; and, after stating some objections founded on the commercial interests of Great Britain, desired to know what were the intentions of France, with reference to the regency of Algiers, in the event of the latter being conquered, which it was not doubted would be the case. Polignac replied that France, when insulted, required the assistance of no one to avenge her wrongs; and that she had no occasion to consult any body as to what she ought to do with her new conquest. And with this haughty answer the duke chose to remain satisfied.

In 1827, at the time of the rupture with Hussein Pasha, a plan of attack by land against the town of Algiers had been prepared from materials found in the war-office, and particularly from an excellent survey made by Boutin, colonel of engineers, in 1807. With modifications, rendered necessary by subsequent changes, this was now adopted; the history of former expeditions was anxiously scrutinized by military men of the greatest ability; and as Charles V. and Count O'Reilly had both failed before Algiers with armies of from 25,000 to 30,000 men each, it was concluded that the French expeditionary force should possess an effective strength of from 25,000 to 30,000 infantry, and from 500 to 600 cavalry, besides detachments of artillery and engineers, of the train of military equipages, and of workmen proportioned to the number of the army, as well as the labours of the siege, and the wants of the troops. It was also resolved that every thing necessary for the success of the expedition should be supplied of the very best quality, and upon the most liberal scale. The troops destined for this enterprise were composed,—1. Of thirty-two battalions of infantry of the line, and four battalions of light infantry, each battalion consisting of 855, making an effective total of 30,852 men, including officers; 2. Of six squadrons of light cavalry, consisting of 534 men, and 503 horses; 3. Of 2,927 artillery, including officers, divided into 698 for the mounted batteries, 1,040 for the besieging batteries, 104 pontoon-men, 63 artillery workmen, and 422 of the train of the parks; 4. Of 1,310 of the engineer corps, with their officers; 5. Of 828 pioneers; 6. Of 851 men of the train of military equipages; and, 7. Of 47 men

belonging to the service of the posts, and of the army chest;—forming an effective total, including the general, the staffs of the divisions, and the different arms, and persons attached to the administrative service and military intendency, of 37,877 men. The infantry was divided into three divisions of three brigades each, every brigade being composed of two regiments, and each regiment of two battalions. The light cavalry was attached to the third division. The artillery was divided into that for the service of the field, and the battering train; and the field artillery consisted of five batteries, one of which was destined for mountain service. The sappers were formed of detachments from three regiments of engineers; the pioneers, bakers, butchers, and others were armed and regimented, so as to serve as auxiliaries to the infantry; and the train of military equipages was organized upon a new plan, the advantages of which were experienced in the course of the campaign. The French ministers were for some time undecided in their choice of a person to command this important expedition, more especially as marshals of France had offered their services, and general officers who had formerly commanded corps-d'armée volunteered to serve in the ranks; but Count Bourmont, having signified to his colleagues a desire to obtain this appointment, was at length named general of the army of Africa, without, however, resigning the portfolio of the war department, which was placed in reserve till his return. Lieutenant-General Desprez was appointed head of the staff.

The *matériel* of the artillery was ample. That for the service of the field consisted of four field batteries of four guns (eight pounders) and two howitzers each, with eight caissons for the guns, four for the howitzers, a spare carriage, two cars, and a field forge, with five hundred rounds of ammunition for each piece; of a mountain battery of six small howitzers, with two hundred rounds for each howitzer; and several chevalets for discharging Congreve rockets, five hundred of which were embarked. The field artillery was mounted on the English system, the superiority of which had been established in the course of the Peninsula war, and it followed all the movements of the columns through thickets and broken grounds without any obstacle impeding or delaying its march. The rockets were found of little use in this campaign; for the Bedouins and their horses soon became familiarized with these projectiles, which, in the end, they despised, because, in almost every case, they could avoid them. The same thing precisely had occurred in the course of the Burmese war. The battering train consisted of thirty twenty-four pounders, twenty sixteen-pounders, and twelve twelve-pounders, all brass guns; twelve eight-inch howitzers, eight ten-inch mor-

tars, and a hundred and fifty rampart guns; with a hundred and ten gun carriages, a hundred and thirty-six cars of all kinds, twenty carts of a new construction, and ten forges. The provision for each gun was a thousand rounds, and for each mortar and howitzer eight-hundred rounds. Thirteen hundred and fifty horses were exclusively allotted for the service of the artillery. The *matériel* of the engineer department consisted of twenty drag-ropes, eight forges, twenty-seven thousand pioneer and trenching tools, four thousand palisades; a hundred and fifty cubic metres of wood for the construction of the block-houses; two hundred thousand sacks, for chevaux-de-frise, with several other articles; and a hundred and eighty-two horses were attached to the service of this department. The *matériel* of the military intendancy was established on a large basis, suited to the nature of the climate, and the probable want of supplies in the neighbourhood of Algiers. During the whole campaign the utmost attention was paid to the health and preservation of the troops; and by adopting the method of purchases by commission, subject to an active and rigid inspection, regular supplies were ensured.

The naval force consisted of eleven sail of the line, three of which only carried their full complement of guns and men; twenty-four frigates, eighteen of which carried sixty guns of large calibre (thirty-pounders); seven corvettes of from twenty to forty guns; twenty-six brigs of from eighteen to thirty guns; eight loaded corvettes, eight bomb-ketches, eight sloops, two schooners, seven steam-boats, one balancelle, and 102 vessels of war, having on board about 27,000 seamen and marines, and the whole under the command of Admiral Duperré. The convoy consisted of 400 merchant vessels of all classes and nations, 150 of which were destined for the transport of provisions, and 250 for carrying the *matériel* of the different branches of the service. A number of flat-bottomed boats, drawing only a few inches of water, and with one end so constructed as to serve as a sort of draw-bridge, were also provided for facilitating the disembarkation of the troops.

By the 18th of May the embarkation of the troops, horses, and whole *matériel* of the expeditionary army had been completed; the general-in-chief and the staff went on board on the 19th, and it was expected that the fleet would sail on the morning of the 20th; but owing to contrary winds it did not weigh anchor till the afternoon of the 25th, when a favourable breeze enabled it to clear the narrow entrance of the roadstead of Toulon, and to put out to sea. The fleet was then divided into three columns; that of the right being led by the *Trident* ship of the line, Rear-Admiral Rosamel; that of the centre, by the *Provence*, of eighty guns,

bearing the flag of Admiral Duperré; and that of the left, by Captain Hugon, in the *Créole* corvette; while Palma bay, in the island of Majorca, was indicated as the general rendezvous, in the event of separation or dispersion by foul weather. On the morning of the 30th signal was made that the coast of Barbary was in sight. But as the wind was fresh, the swell heavy, and several vessels of the convoy were separated from the fleet and no longer in sight, and as a disembarkation, in such circumstances, must have been attended with difficulty and danger, the admiral made the signal for the fleet to put about and steer for the rendezvous in Palma bay, where it arrived on the 2d of June. In this position it remained till the 9th, when all the transports that had parted company having joined, it again set sail in the same order as on its departure from Toulon, and on the evening of the 12th descried the coast of Africa. On the 13th the fleet passed Algiers, and, favoured by a fresh breeze from east-north-east, directed its course in perfect order on Cape Caxin, whence, proceeding westward, it advanced rapidly towards the peninsula of Sidi-Ferruch. The two brigs, *Dragon* and *Cigogne*, led the column of attack, sounding as they advanced; and were followed by the *Provance*, the *Breslau*, the *Surveillante*, the *Iphigénie*, the *Didon*, the *Pallas*, the *Guerrière*, the *Herminie*, and the *Syrène*, destined to attack the tower of Chica and the batteries of the coast. The cannoniers were at their guns, eager for the combat; and it was momentarily expected that the tower would open its fire on the two brigs at the head of the column, which, favoured by the winds, were rapidly approaching it. But silence and solitude reigned in Torre Chica, and the surrounding country. The Algerines had entirely evacuated the post, and also a *rasant* battery of solid masonry, with twelve embrasures, constructed the year before, on the western part of the peninsula of Sidi-Ferruch, to defend the anchorage in that quarter.

This peninsula is situated five leagues to the westward of Algiers, and half a league to the eastward of the embouchure of the Massfran, which discharges itself into the western bay. It projects about a mile and a half from south to north, and its mean breadth is upwards of a mile. It is low and sandy at the gorge, but towards the northern part rises to the height of nearly a hundred feet, and terminates in two abrupt capes or headlands, while the tower of Chica occupies the culminating point of the elevation. It follows, that, if a work capable of a good defence had been erected on the insulated and commanding height of Sidi-Ferruch, the operation of landing would have been rendered extremely difficult. But the ignorance of the Algerines in the construction of field-works, and their fear of being turned and

having their retreat cut off near the embouchure of the Massafra, caused them to abandon the defence of the peninsula and the two bays of Sidi-Ferruch; and they paid dearly for the error into which their inexperience betrayed them. In fact, they seem to have been seized with that inexplicable infatuation which is proverbially said to precede, as it unquestionably leads to, destruction. They had ignorantly abandoned the defence of the sea-coast; but still they might have retired a league behind Staweli, and there occupied a commanding position favourable to the development of their forces, where, behind retrenchments, they might have awaited *de pied ferme* the attack of the enemy; more especially as the latter could only assail them on a front narrower than their own, and by marching across broken ground covered with underwood. Their chiefs, however, chose to place *à cheval* on the road to Algiers, behind two redoubts about twelve hundred yards from the coast, and near a yasma or fountain, all the troops they had been able to assemble on this part of the coast, amounting to about 25,000 men; a disposition as bad as the wit of man could imagine, since it was the only one which could neither prevent the disembarkation, nor cover the capital, after the hostile force had set foot on *terra firma*. This was speedily proved by the event;—no subsequent effort could retrieve the fatal error which was here committed.

At day-break on the 14th, the troops began to land on the peninsula of Sidi-Ferruch. It had previously been resolved, in the event of the enemy appearing in force on the beach to oppose the descent, to approach the coast in a long line formed of lighters and large sloops, which should advance simultaneously and in order, under the protection of the steam-boats and brigs destined to sweep the shore with their fire. But the enemy having taken a position distant more than a quarter of a league from the coast, this complicated mode of disembarkation became unnecessary; and the troops were landed successively by brigades, beginning with the first brigade of the first division, which was accompanied by a battery of field artillery, another of mountain-guns, a portion of the rocket corps, and a company of miners. The fire of the redoubts opened as soon as the boats were observed to put off from the ships; but it appears to have done little execution, and rather accelerated than retarded the operation of landing. The instant they set foot on the beach the infantry formed in close column, at the foot of the hill, with their artillery in front; and the company of miners proceeded to take possession of the tower and buildings of Sidi-Ferruch, which had been abandoned by the enemy. When the second brigade had landed and formed in column, the first brigade deployed into line and advanced towards

the enemy; and notwithstanding the continual fire of the redoubts, the same movements were repeated by the succeeding brigades, who alternately formed column and deployed with an order and precision highly creditable to the military character and discipline of the invading force, considering that it was almost entirely composed of young soldiers. As the first division could not advance to the attack of the enemy's position until the second had landed and formed, it was for some time exposed to the fire of the redoubts without being able to make any return; but during the latter part of this disagreeable halt, the troops were partially sheltered behind the undulations of the ground at the gorge of the peninsula. When the second division had disembarked and formed, the brigades of the first received the welcome order to move forward to the attack of the redoubts and of the camp near the fountain, and instantly advanced with characteristic rapidity and impetuosity. The redoubts were assailed, turned, and carried in a moment, at the point of the bayonet; the camp shared the same fate, and by the same means; and the enemy, unable to withstand the impetuosity of the onset, were every where broken, and forced to retire precipitately, in the greatest disorder, to the heights before the plateau of Staweli. Eleven pieces of cannon, sixteen and twenty-four-pounders, and two twelve-inch mortars, fell into the hands of the French, whose loss was inconsiderable, amounting only to thirty-five killed and wounded. The disembarkation of the third division was not completed until the evening of the 14th, when it occupied, as a second line, the peninsula of Sidi-Ferruch. The first and second then took post in advance, the one on the right and the other on the left, with their respective flanks resting on the shores of the two bays. While these operations were in progress, the engineer corps traced out and began to execute, under the direction of General Valazé, a line of entrenchments across the gorge of the peninsula, which was destined to serve as the general dépôt of the army during the siege.

During the whole of the 15th, a brisk fire of musketry was kept up at the advanced posts between the French light troops and a considerable number of Bedouin Arabs and Kobayles, about the half of whom were mounted. The French sharpshooters, brave but inexperienced, fought exposed, and in ignorance of the enemy with whom they had to contend. The Arabs and Kobayles, on the other hand, armed with long muskets of a superior calibre, took advantage of bushes, rocks, and every inequality of the ground that could afford cover, continually changed their position, and, being excellent marksmen, seldom missed their aim. Our author pronounces them the best sharpshooters in the world; and it appears from his statement that, in all the skirmishes at the ad-

vanced posts, the loss of the French was, in every instance, more considerable than that of the Algerines. On the 16th, it came on to blow a perfect hurricane from the west-north-west, and for a moment the fate of the expedition seemed about to be assimilated to that under Charles V. More than half of the convoy of transports had not yet arrived; while of the ships in the bay several drove from their anchors and were in imminent danger of foundering on the coast. The storm lasted three hours, and but for the promptitude and skill of Admiral Duperré its effects would have been most disastrous. At the end of the time, however, the wind fell as suddenly as it had risen, the danger disappeared, and a dead calm ensued. The Admiral then made signal for the greater part of the ships of war to quit the bay, beat to windward, and gain an offing; while such of the merchant ships as had discharged their cargoes were ordered to sail for France without delay, and the rest to follow in succession as fast as their cargoes could be landed.

In the meanwhile the force of the enemy was every day augmented by reinforcements from the interior, and two large redoubts were already constructed and armed on the plateau of Staweli. Bourmont had neglected to avail himself of the impression produced by his first success; and, though bred in the school of Napoleon, he transgressed the first maxim in the military system of that renowned warrior. The increase of their numbers, and the immobility of the French divisions, restored confidence to the enemy, who, on the 17th, and particularly on the 18th, began to show themselves with great audacity, maintaining an incessant fire against the outposts, and killing or wounding several hundred men each day. This bootless waste of life was, in every view, disgraceful to Bourmont. If he judged it inexpedient to advance against the enemy until the latter had concentrated all their means, and regained courage to assume the offensive, he ought at least to have covered the guards of the advanced posts by epaulements or trenches: nor is the matter mended by his miserable apology, that these sanguinary skirmishes had the effect of inuring the young soldiers to war, and inspiring them with greater confidence; as if death without revenge and without glory, like that of bullocks in a slaughter-house, were calculated to improve the military qualities of the soldiers of a nation essentially warlike, and among whom bravery is inherent and universal. But fortunately this state of suspense was not destined to be of long continuance. On the evening of the 18th two scheiks from the vicinity of Alcolea, on the Masafran, came to Count Bourmont, and informed him that all the reinforcements expected by the Algerine government had at length arrived on the plateau of Staweli;

and that it was the intention of the enemy, early on the morrow, to attack the French army at all points with a mass of about sixty thousand men. This was important intelligence, and it was not neglected, although Count Bourmont was evidently not prepared for the audacity which it indicated.

From Sidi-Ferruch to Staweli the ground, which rises insensibly and presents few irregularities of surface, is everywhere covered with a thick entanglement of evergreen bushes, and the only communication from the sea to the plateau is by a narrow and sinuous path. Staweli is not a village, but only an *adouar*, or temporary place of encampment, where the Arab shepherds are accustomed, during the fine season, to establish themselves with their flocks. A small rivulet traverses the plateau, and unites with a larger stream, which, at the distance of two leagues, sweeps round the western declivity of Mount Bugiaria. Vegetation is here more active than on the plain, and the margins of the rivulet are diversified with a few forest trees. The plateau stretches out almost horizontally towards the north east; and on the right and left of the road from the *adouar* of Staweli, may be seen, first, a group of small buildings near the tomb of a Mahomedan Santon, then a large caravanserai, and lastly, a considerable number of country houses and gardens. A valley, called Backshé-Derré, deep and well-cultivated, extends between the eastern extremity of the plateau and the first elevations of Bugiaria; and these again, commanded by the peak which gives its name to the whole group, form an insulated mass, bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by the vast plain of Metija, extending from the Masafran to the Buberac, and from the sea to the Little Atlas. From Staweli to the valley of Backshé-Derré, the thick entangled briars are only crossed by narrow and tortuous paths; but to the west of Bugiaria there is a road practicable for carriages, and a little onward, the remains of a Roman causeway. Such was the position chosen by the Algerines for making a stand in defence of their capital; and it is obvious on the first glance that it might have been turned by the valley.

The Algerines began the battle of the 19th by throwing out a cloud of tirailleurs, which being successively reinforced extended their formation, and made demonstrations as if they intended to turn at once both wings of the French line. Behind them marched two strong columns of infantry and cavalry intermingled; the one led by Ibrahim Aga, chief of the Janissaries and minister of war, and the other by the Bey of Constantine. Ibrahim commanded in chief the whole army, and the Bey of Tittery acted as his lieutenant. The column of Ibrahim consisted of 3000 Janissaries, 5000 Koult-Oglous, 10,000 Moors of the city, the troops of



the Bey of Tittery, and 6000 Kobayles. The column conducted by the Bey of Constantine was composed of a detachment of 1000 Janissaries, the contingents of Constantine and Oran, and 6000 Kobayles. The former marched against the division of General Berthezène, the latter against that of General Loverdo. They deployed at a short distance from the positions occupied by the French, and rushed boldly on the two divisions opposed to them; whilst their cavalry, having broke through the line of *chevaux-de-frise* at a number of points, executed several charges, uttering at the same time the most diabolical yells. The French soldiers steadily awaited these, and reserving their fire till the enemy were quite close, did prodigious execution on the advancing masses. Nothing daunted, however, the Algerines renewed their charges with increased fury; but the musketry of the battalions, the howitzer shells, and the grape-shot, which ploughed avenues through the confused masses, repulsed all their attacks; and the ground in front of the French divisions was covered with the carcases of men and horses.

At this critical moment, Bourmont, who had quitted Sidi-Ferruch as soon as the noise of the firing was heard, arrived on the field of battle, having previously ordered two brigades of the division under the Duke d'Escars to march from the peninsula, and establish themselves as a second line in the rear of the divisions of Berthezène and Loverdo. Why this was not done sooner, more especially as Bourmont had the night before been apprised of the intended attack—and why the general-in-chief himself remained loitering in Sidi-Ferruch until the battle had actually commenced, thus leaving the two divisions attacked for a considerable time without any orders and engaged in a most unequal conflict—our author has not explained, nor indeed is it easy to conjecture. On his arrival, however, Bourmont acted with a degree of promptitude and decision worthy of his former reputation. Observing some hesitation among the Algerines, whose ardour had been considerably cooled by so many fruitless attacks, he instantly ordered the two divisions to quit their defensive positions, and march against the enemy with the whole of their artillery. This movement proved decisive. The rattling fire of the battalions at the head of the columns, the shells and grape discharged with prodigious rapidity by the field-artillery, which followed all the movements of the infantry, the rapid and compact march of the brigades, and the impenetrability of their order, struck the Algerines with dismay. For a few minutes they maintained a show of resistance; then, breaking and dispersing in all directions, they precipitately abandoned their positions, redoubts, camp, baggage, tents, provisions, and camels.

The rout was total, and the victory complete. The French pursued for more than a league from the field of battle, and then established themselves on the position of Staweli, in the tents which the Algerines, in their disorderly flight, had not even found time to overturn. The loss of the French was considerable, amounting to about 200 killed and 500 wounded. That of the Algerines must have been great, from the ravages committed by the artillery in their deep masses, particularly during the retreat; but, according to their custom, they carried off the greater part of their dead and wounded; and the want of cavalry prevented the French from making many prisoners.

With the battle the energy of Bourmont appears to have ceased. He had gained the victory, but he knew not how to turn it to account. He had served with some distinction under Napoleon, but he had not learned to imitate his master in the use of victory. Ordinary commanders may gain battles; great captains alone render them productive of important results. At this time the demoralization of the Algerines was complete. The Janissaries and Koul-Oglous had entered the city shouting treason, menacing the Dey, and giving out, by way of extenuating their own defeat, that the French had above 100,000 men in the field. The most frightful anarchy prevailed, and terror was at its height. Of this Bourmont was apprised the following day by Arab deserters, who came in great numbers into the French camp; and it was even suggested to him to profit on the instant by these disorders, and to push forward to Algiers, the immediate surrender of which might be the consequence of the panic. In war some risk must always be incurred; but the chances here were clearly in favour of a forward movement on the capital, which, if it had succeeded, as we think it must have done, would have put an end to the war at once, and spared the further effusion of blood, whilst its failure could not have been productive of any serious inconvenience. Napoleon would have followed this course; he would have made the battle do the whole work without a siege; he would have known how to profit by the first impulse of terror and despair on minds so constituted as to pass by an instant transition from one extreme to another; and the result would, in all human probability, have justified his daring. But Bourmont was not Napoleon. He saw the objections, but could not weigh them against the arguments in favour of an immediate advance, and estimate their real value by a rigorous comparison. He reasoned as men of timid and confined understandings always do, when they shrink from bold councils, and want an apology for so doing. The intelligence respecting the disorders in Algiers might be exaggerated; the sudden appearance of

the French before the gates of the city might compose, instead of fomenting intestine commotions; the intrenchments of Sidi-Ferruch were not more than half finished; the redoubts intended to protect the lines of operations were not yet constructed; part of the convoy from Palma bay had not arrived; provisions for twelve days only had been landed. So reasoned Count Bourmont, and such were the considerations which determined him not to advance. To us, however, they appear perfectly futile. Algiers was distant only five leagues, and might have been reached by one vigorous march. The whole of the enemy's troops had crowded in dismay into the town, which was in terrible confusion and disorder; and this the rapid approach of the French divisions would unquestionably have aggravated. The communications of the army were in no sort of danger. What then was there to prevent the forward movement? If the advance had led to an immediate surrender, the matter would have been ended at once. If the Algerines had gathered courage from despair and held out, the French army could have been in no way compromised, or in a worse position than that in which it was placed by the excessive *prudence* of Bourmont.

What really followed? Astonished at not being pursued, the Algerines speedily recovered from their terror, and beginning to think their affairs were not so bad as they had imagined, they plucked up courage, returned, and attempted a serious attack on the morning of the 24th, developing a force of about 30,000 men. They were repulsed with some difficulty, and retiring leisurely, took up a position on some of the elevations forming part of the mountainous system of the Bugiaria. The French troops stopped in the valley of Backshé-Derré, and there took up a position which they occupied until the 29th June. This was another capital error, and cost the lives of a great number of men. In the bottom of the valley they were commanded on all sides; none of their movements escaped the Algerines; whilst two batteries of position erected on the hills, and an encircling cloud of the most expert *tirailleurs*, maintained a continual fire, which, in five days, killed or wounded 900 men of one division, being a greater loss than that sustained in the battle of Staweli. Had military science presided over the arrangements of the French, their troops would have been placed a little to the rear, on the heights opposite to those occupied by the enemy, leaving the valley as debateable ground between the two armies. This would have saved the lives of many valuable soldiers, and, moreover, superseded the necessity of a new attack, as the enemy's position might easily have been turned by the plateau of Staweli, and their line of retreat menaced, perhaps cut off. As it was,

however, it became necessary to dislodge them from the heights commanding the valley, to push them vigorously towards Algiers; to drive them into the city, and to complete its investment; an operation, which, if the observations we have already made be well-founded, was solely occasioned by the blundering procrastination of the general-in-chief. Three brigades were destined to assault the front of the Algerine positions, while the four others, executing a movement on the left, were to turn the enemy, and take them in flank and in reverse. This mode of attack was well conceived and successfully executed. Before day-break on the morning of the 29th, the left of the Algerines had already been turned. Taken in flank, attacked in front, and menaced on the rear, they gave way at all points, abandoning the whole of their heavy artillery. The French troops immediately pursued; and as their field artillery, notwithstanding the narrowness and badness of the roads, kept pace with the first line of infantry, the shot and shells which were incessantly discharged at the retreating masses, contributed no doubt to accelerate their retrograde movement. The Algerines committed a great fault in neglecting to occupy, with a strong defensive work, the summit of Mount Bugiaria, which, at a short distance, commands Algiers and the fort of the Emperor, and forms, in fact, the key of all the surrounding positions. Had they done so, the result might have been different; at all events, the French could not have undertaken the siege without first making themselves master of this position, which, if strongly fortified, could only have been carried at an immense sacrifice of life, and might even have successfully resisted all the efforts of the assailants. It was now occupied by two brigades of the division Berthezène, which established themselves on the summit and heights adjoining, so as to connect with the brigades Hurel, Berthier, and Montlivaud, which were posted to the right and left of the Roman causeway, in rear of the ground chosen for the commencement of the works and the opening of the trenches. The head-quarters were established in a country house about a mile from the fort of the Emperor, whilst the park of artillery, the magazines, and the matériel of the engineer department, were stationed in rear of the head-quarters.

Such were the first operations in the investment of Algiers; but they were far from being complete. The whole army bivouacked in the open air from the Roman causeway to the sea; while the three brigades of the division d'Escars were seriously compromised in their advanced position. The danger indeed was imminent during the whole night of the 29th; for the division Loverdo, overcome by fatigue, was still considerably in the rear; and there being no other means of support at hand, if the

Algerines had made a general sortie during the night, they might have turned the advanced brigades by their right, overpowered them with vastly superior numbers, and inflicted a total defeat on this portion of the invading force. The situation of the French army was, indeed, most critical; even the fate of the expedition itself quivered at this moment in the balance; and all these hazards, be it observed, were incurred in consequence of Bourmont's incapacity to profit by victory, and the suspension of active operations that followed the battle of Staweli. But the ignorance and discouragement of the Algerines happily rendered innocuous the blundering temerity of their adversaries.

We come now to the investment and siege. As soon as the division Loverdo had joined, and taken up a position on the right of the advanced brigades, measures were adopted to complete the investment of the place, and it was at first proposed to carry the lines quite round the land front, resting the two extremities on the sea, in order to cut off all communication between the town and the country. But although the occupation of Mount Bugiaria, and soon after of the battery at Point Pescada, were eminently calculated to facilitate the execution of such a scheme on the left, there were no such advantages on the right, where it would have been necessary to carry fort Barbazoun, and to occupy the plain from the sea to the foot of the heights; whilst a very considerable force must also have been kept ready in the plain, into which the strong garrison in the city and suburbs might at any time have debouched with promptitude and facility by the Barbazoun gate. On a more mature examination of the defences and localities, therefore, the prolongation of the line of investment to the sea on the right was abandoned; the troops were concentrated in force on the heights; all the points by which the enemy was likely to attack were strongly occupied; and besides the men strictly necessary for the labours of the siege and the defence of the works in case of a sortie, a mass was left disposable for repulsing all exterior attacks and maintaining the communications with Sidi-Ferruch, the central and only dépôt of provisions and munitions of war, which was guarded by 1500 marines, landed from the fleet, and a regiment of infantry, making in all 3000 men. A brigade, stationed at Staweli, furnished garrisons to all the redoubts on the line of communication, as well as escorts to the convoys from Staweli to the head-quarters near Algiers. The labours of the engineers had been unremitting. Besides the extensive works of Sidi-Ferruch, they had, from the 15th to the 29th June, constructed a road practicable for heavy artillery from the general dépôt to Algiers, a distance of five

leagues, and had also erected and armed twelve redoubts, at convenient points, for protecting the line of communication.

Before the interior defences of Algiers could be attacked with any prospect of success, it became necessary, as a preliminary step, to carry the fort of the Emperor, which commanded the Cassauba, the town, and all the exterior forts. This castle, the principal exterior defence of Algiers on the side of the country, was itself commanded by the upper plateau of Mount Bugiaria, on which no military work had been constructed, and whence the interior might be seen into. It had been erected in the sixteenth century, on the site where the Emperor Charles V. had pitched his tent during the disastrous attack of 1541, and originally bore the name of Hassan; but having been repaired, altered and enlarged in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it now possessed an *enceinte* of an irregular square form, with three sides flanked by bastioned towers towards the town, and one side flanked by a single tower at the salient angle towards the country. Its walls were forty feet high on the side of the town, and twenty-five on that of the country. It had neither exterior works nor ditches, but in the centre was a very elevated tower, surrounded by casemated magazines. The bastions, the curtains and the terrace of the central tower, were mounted with guns of a large calibre, pointed through embrasures cut in the solid masonry of the parapets; and mortars in profusion were placed on the rampart, on the terrace of the tower or *reduit*, and in other situations. The most expert cannoniers, and about 1500 Janissaries, selected from the militia, formed the garrison of this fort, which they had sworn to defend to the last extremity. We may add, that while the fort of the Emperor discovered every thing on the side of the town, which it had evidently been intended to control, it could discern nothing on the side of the country, and was commanded at the distance of about 250 yards.

The besiegers broke ground before this fortress on the night of the 29th June, and so rapidly were the works urged forward, that on the night of the 30th the adjoining height was crowned by the trenches in all their developement. On that of the 1st the communications were enlarged, and the construction of breaching batteries commenced. On the 2d the artillery was brought into the trenches, and all the batteries armed, six 16-pounders being placed at the extreme left to enfilade the front of attack, and twelve 24-pounders in the breaching batteries; while four eight-inch mortars, and four howitzers of the same calibre, were destined to overwhelm the garrison of the fort by destroying the wretched casemates under which they were sheltered. On the 3d the works were completed, the batteries provisioned, and large dépôts of

munitions and projectiles established at the foot of the height on the reverse. On the 4th, at day-break, the besiegers were ready to open their fire. In the meanwhile the besieged had not been idle. They seldom, indeed, fired during the night, and it was then that the works advanced most rapidly. But during the day they made frequent sorties, which were uniformly repulsed, and kept up a continued and well-directed fire, which occasioned a daily loss to the besiegers of from 80 to 100 men, the greater part of their bombs falling in the trenches, and sometimes causing sad havoc. Their attention, however, was latterly called off, and a considerable diversion produced, by a cannonade which, at the request of Count Bourmont, the admiral opened, with all his available means, against the batteries of the port, and those of the maritime forts situated at the two extremities of the town. Since the visit of Lord Exmouth in 1816, the works on the sea front, particularly on the mole and at the entrance of the harbour, had been so much strengthened, that a serious attack from the seaward was no longer practicable, at least by French ships of war; and, in fact, the admiral seems on this occasion to have kept at a very respectful distance, "*peu de boulets atteignant les batteries ennemies à cause de la distance et du mouvement des vaisseaux.*" Nevertheless, the cannonade answered its object, by creating a temporary diversion.

At day-break on the 4th, all the French batteries, on a signal given, opened their fire with a tremendous salvo, which shook the ground to a considerable distance; and the attack commenced in earnest. The guns, mortars and howitzers were worked with incredible energy; 16 and 24-pound shot fell thick and fast on the merlons and terre-pleins of the batteries of the fort, causing the most dreadful havoc; portions of the walls tumbled down, merlons disappeared, pieces were dismounted or overturned, and the cannoniers blown away as soon as they appeared on the rampart; while the bombs and howitzer-shells falling in the interior, carried death in every direction by their descent, their *ricochets*, and their explosion. But terrible as the effect of the French batteries must have been on the numbers crowded within so small a space, as well as on the defences, the fire of the fort was kept up for a considerable time. The cannoniers who fell were instantly replaced by others equally intrepid and equally devoted, and the pieces were in no instance abandoned until they were rendered wholly unserviceable. At half-past nine, however, the fort ceased to make any return to the uninterrupted fire of the French batteries. By this time all the guns had been dismounted, the carriages broken, the cannoniers killed or dispersed, the casemates destroyed, and the terre-pleins and fosse of the reduit covered with

heaps of dead; and the feeble remains of the garrison had taken refuge in the town with the resolution of perishing there together. When these melancholy details were made known to the Dey, his pride and obstinacy, hitherto so unyielding, entirely forsook him, and he gave orders that the fort should be evacuated, and, as soon as the garrison and the wounded had retired, blown up, by setting fire to the powder magazines. The French still continued to cannonade the walls in order to make a practicable breach, and the vivacity of their fire had suffered no abatement, when, all of a sudden, they were astounded by a terrific explosion, which shook the ground like an earthquake, followed by the apparition of an immense column, thick and dark, which, rising in the air to the height of more than 500 feet, and rapidly expanding at the base, embraced the whole horizon. In an instant, cannon, projectiles, stones, timbers and dead bodies covered the environs of the fort, the ruins of which only became visible after the slow precipitation of the materials pulverised by the explosion. The upper part of the tower had disappeared, the walls of two sides of the *enceinte* were almost entirely thrown down, and those of the other sides were burst open in all parts. The spectacle was truly imposing; but far from being appalled by it, the French soldiers, employed in guarding the trenches, rushed forward to the smoking ruins in order to take possession; and General Hurel, who happened to command in the trenches, followed and regulated the movement. With the fort of the Emperor the Algerines had also abandoned the space included between it and the Cassauba.

Calm now succeeded to the terrible cannonade of the morning; but not a moment was lost in commencing preparations for the construction of new batteries against the Cassauba and the town, on the site of an old ruined fort called the Star, and equi-distant from the Cassauba and the fort of the Emperor. About two hours past mid-day, however, the bearer of a flag of truce was announced. This was Sidi Mustapha, private secretary to the Dey, who came to offer, on the part of his master, the abandonment of all his old claims against France, the reparation which had been demanded of him before the rupture, and the payment of the whole expense of the campaign, provided the French would consent to leave the country. These conditions were proposed with much hesitation by Mustapha, who trembled during the interview, while his features exhibited the liveliest impression of terror. They were sternly rejected. "Tell the Dey," said Bourmont, in reply, "that, master of the fort of the Emperor and of all the commanding positions, I hold in my hand the fate of the city and of the Cassauba. A hundred pieces of artillery, which I have brought from France, and eighty cannons and mortars, which I



have found in the Algerine batteries, of which I am already in possession, will be sufficient to destroy, in a few hours, the Cassauba and the walls of Algiers. I consent to spare the lives of the Dey, the Turkish soldiers, and the inhabitants of the town, provided they surrender at discretion, and instantly put the French troops in possession of the gates of the city, of the Cassauba, and of all the exterior forts." Sidi Mustapha returned with these rigorous conditions, but he had scarcely been gone when two new envoys appeared. These were a Turk named Sidi Mahmoud, and a Moor called Boudierba, who, having resided for a long time at Marseilles, spoke French perfectly. The propositions of which they were the bearers differed in no degree from those which had been tendered by Sidi Mustapha, and received a similar answer. But Boudierba, less timid and more insinuating than his predecessor, represented to Bourmont, that the words "to surrender at discretion" would be misunderstood by the Turks; that they would consider them as importing a voluntary sacrifice of their persons, their families and their property; that, with this conviction, they would prefer rather to perish than submit; and that the ruin of Algiers, and the loss of the great wealth it contained, would be inevitable. Bourmont was swayed by these representations, and after some further discussion a preliminary convention was agreed upon and signed by the three envoys to the following effect:—1. That the French army should take possession of the town of Algiers, of the Cassauba, and of all the forts connected with them, as well as of public property of all kinds, on the morning of the 5th of July, at nine o'clock. 2. That the religion and the usages of the inhabitants should be respected, and that no person belonging to the French army should enter the mosques. 3. That the Dey and all the Turks should quit Algiers as soon as possible, but be at liberty to choose their place of retreat; and that the conservation of their personal property should be guaranteed. Such were the terms dictated by the conqueror. They were at once accepted by the Dey, and having been also approved by the general divan, though with more difficulty, ratifications were exchanged in the course of the evening, and the necessary arrangements made for putting the French in possession of their conquest the following day.

At the appointed hour, on the 5th July, 1830, the French troops were drawn up in order of battle under the walls of the town and the Cassauba; and at mid-day precisely the gates of Barbazoun, and Babaloued, and Fort Barbazoun were delivered up to them. The personal effects of the Dey not having been entirely removed from the Cassauba at the hour fixed by the convention, some delay occurred, and suspicions were excited; upon which a

detachment of artillery and engineers, and a battalion of the 6th regiment of the line, were sent to take immediate possession of this citadel-palace; and it was given up accordingly, though in considerable hurry and confusion.

The French were now absolute masters of Algiers. After three centuries of piracy, and many abortive attempts on the part of Christian powers to break up this formidable association of brigands, its doom was at length sealed, and Europe delivered from the most disgraceful yoke that had ever afflicted civilized nations. On this occasion, so proud for France, and so honourable for her arms, the troops proved that their discipline was equal to their valour, and by their admirable conduct in the moment of victory reflected additional lustre on their triumph. They have, indeed, been accused of indiscriminate robbery and plunder; but the official reports of the commissions of inquiry, and the unexceptionable evidence of all the foreign consuls, have triumphantly refuted this charge, and proved it to be a mere calumny. There was, no doubt, reason to dread the gravest excesses, since no civil or military authority of the country appeared to conduct the troops to the different houses and posts which they were to occupy, and the barbarities exercised by the Algerines on such of their comrades as had been made prisoners, might naturally enough have provoked retaliation on the part of the soldiery. But nothing of the kind occurred in any quarter, nor was the discipline of the troops for an instant shaken or relaxed. This much is due to truth, and to the gallant army by whom the conquest of Algiers was achieved.

The public property found by the French in Algiers was considerable, being estimated at 55,684,527 francs, or £2,227,381 sterling, viz.

In gold and silver specie . . . .	48,684,527 francs.
In wool and other commodities . .	3,000,000
In brass cannon, 700 in number . .	4,000,000

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Total . 55,684,527

This estimate, however, does not include 800 iron guns, nor an immense quantity of military projectiles and powder found in the city, nor the value of the real property belonging to the state, comprising the half of the houses in Algiers, and which of themselves have been valued at 50,000,000 of francs; wherefore, taking the whole expense of the expedition, both by sea and land, at 48,500,000 francs, according to the estimate of the minister at war, France must have realized by her conquest a clear gain of at least *three millions* sterling in actual property, independently

altogether of the value of the important establishment she had acquired in a naval and commercial point of view.

These details have already extended to such a length that we cannot attempt to particularize the measures subsequently adopted by the French for consolidating their power and developing the resources of this valuable colony. These have in general been conceived in a liberal spirit, and, upon the whole, seem calculated to elevate the condition of the native population, and to attach them to their conquerors. The advice given them by the unfortunate Dey, a short time before his departure, is highly characteristic, and contains hints by which they have undoubtedly profited.

"Get rid as soon as possible," said he, "of the Turkish Janissaries. Accustomed to command as masters, they will never consent to live in order and subjection. The Moors are timid, you will govern them without difficulty; but never give entire credit to what they say. The Jews established in this regency are still more pusillanimous and corrupt than those of Constantinople. Employ them, because they are very intelligent in fiscal matters, and in commerce, but never lose sight of them; keep the sword always suspended over their heads. As to the nomadic Arabs, they are not to be feared. Good treatment will attach and render them docile and devoted; persecution will make you lose them at once. They will retire with their flocks, and carry their industry into the highest mountains, even into Bled-el-jereede, or they will pass into the states of Tunis. With regard to the ferocious Kobayles, they have never loved strangers, and they detest one another. Avoid a general war with that numerous and warlike population; you will never derive any advantage from it. But adopt, with reference to them, the plan constantly followed by the Deys of Algiers; sow dissensions among them, and profit by their quarrels.

"With respect to the governors of my three provinces, whose conduct I have had much reason to be dissatisfied with in the late campaign, change them. It would be great imprudence on your part to continue them, for, as Turks and Mahommedans, they cannot but hate you. I recommend to you, in particular, to be on your guard against Abduraman-Aga, Bey of Tittery; he is a thorough knave. He will come to offer himself; he will swear to be faithful to you; but he will betray you the first opportunity. I had resolved some time ago to cut off his head; your arrival has spared him that ceremony. The Bey of Constantine is less perfidious and less dangerous. Being an able financier, he sweats the people of his province without mercy, and pays his tribute with great punctuality; but he is without courage and without character. Men of this stamp are not suited to trying circumstances, as my sorrowful experience has just proved. The Bey of Oran is an honest man. His conduct is virtuous; his word is sacred; but being a rigid Mahommedan, he will never consent to serve you. He is beloved in

his province. Your interest requires that you should remove him from the country.”\*

Such were the counsels given to the French by Hussein Pasha. They do honour to his judgment; and their usefulness as well as their truth was afterwards fully recognized. In all that concerns the indigenous population, indeed, they ought to be deeply meditated by those who are called to superior command in the Algerine provinces. By neglecting the Dey's advice respecting the Kobayles, who are the descendants of the ancient Numidians, and animated by the same restless and warlike spirit, and by contriving, at the same time, to offend the chiefs of certain other powerful tribes, who, in ordinary times, are at feud with the Kobayles, Bourmont compromised the safety of the colony; exposed some detachments to severe checks, calculated to destroy the *prestige* in favour of the French arms; and ultimately found himself almost hemmed in within the immediate defences of Algiers. But the Revolution of the Three Days having placed Charles X. in a situation not more enviable than that to which he had reduced his friend the Dey, Bourmont fell with his master, and was succeeded by Count Clausel, a man equally celebrated for his military genius, and respected for the consistency and integrity of his political life. It was he who saved the French army from destruction after the battle of Salamanca, conducting the retreat with such consummate ability and skill as to defeat all the combinations of his great adversary, and to elicit the admiration of every officer in the British army. It was he, who, after the battle of Vittoria and the total rout of the French army, found himself so deeply compromised that his corps had penetrated

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\* Striking as these observations unquestionably are, the author of them is nevertheless still three parts a barbarian. In familiar conversation with some French officers, and amongst others with the author of the work before us, who went to visit him before his departure, he remarked, “that he felt he had committed a great error in drawing upon himself the resentment of a power like France; but that, being naturally irascible and obstinate, he had flattered himself that he might without fear give scope to these dangerous passions, particularly when he observed the base intrigues and abject servility of the consular agents of the European powers, and, above all, of the French consul, Duval. “I take blame to myself,” added he, speaking of this person, “for not having made him expiate by the halter his falsehood, his baseness, and his criminal manoeuvres, which have caused my ruin. If I had chopped off his head or strangled him, I should not have been worse than I now am, since I have lost my throne, and life is of little moment to me; I would have had the satisfaction of being avenged.” This is the language of a genuine Turk. At the same time, though severe in his judgment, Hussein was never considered as cruel, at least in Algiers. Living by rapacity, like his predecessors, he had been more moderate than they in the employment of the tyrannical means which the Deys of Algiers had been accustomed to resort to in order to satisfy their cupidity. But although less hated than Ali, to whom he had succeeded, he would not have escaped the tragical fate of most of the Deys of Algiers, if he had not doomed himself to remain a sort of prisoner in his inaccessible citadel, the Cassaba.

almost into the midst of the British divisions; yet, by a series of bold and skilful manœuvres, succeeded in eluding the efforts made to surround him, and carried his corps into France without the loss of a gun. Nor were these his only merits, or his only claims to the respect and attachment of the French army. He had never betrayed his colours like Bourmont, nor ceased to proclaim his gratitude, affection, and admiration of that wonderful man under whom he had often marched to victory, and whose achievements will ever form the most brilliant section in the military story of France. Brave, consistent, honourable, respected even by those who detested his principles and former connections, and beloved by the troops as their ancient companion in arms, Count Clausel no sooner assumed the command in Algiers than affairs took a new turn. The moral force of the army was raised, and its activity and energy greatly increased. By his prompt and vigorous measures some refractory chiefs were put down; by his honest, frank, and straightforward conduct the greater number were conciliated and attached to their new masters. The force and uprightness of his character insured respect and confidence; by the wise and liberal measures which he adopted all interests were equally protected and encouraged; and before he had been many months in command he was in complete and tranquil possession of the three fine provinces of Algiers.

In consequence, we believe, of some differences with the present ministry, this able and upright officer has recently been replaced in the command by a man of still greater, but of less honourable, celebrity, we mean Savary, Duke of Rovigo. Along with him a civil intendant has been sent out; and instructions have been given to organize a definitive scheme of colonization in the late Regency.

III. We should now have proceeded to lay before our readers some particulars of the physical, moral, and political situation of this portion of Africa, with a view to the right understanding of the question of colonization, about which so much has already been written and so great uneasiness expressed, particularly in this country. But as we have already exceeded our allotted space, we must defer entering into details, and content ourselves with a few general observations, more especially as an occasion will probably soon present itself for discussing the subject at length.

That France has made a valuable acquisition, and obtained in consequence an important naval station in the Mediterranean, is certain; the success of her arms has secured her these advantages. But still we cannot see what right any other nation has to complain of her good fortune in this respect. The war was not of her seeking; it was forced upon her for the vindication of her

honour and dignity as a nation, which had been grossly outraged in the person of her representative, and by aggressions on her subjects and establishments in Africa; nor did she make an appeal to arms until every other means of settling the dispute had been tried in vain, until her national character had even suffered by the frequency and urgency of her attempts at amicable accommodation, and until her forbearance had excited the contempt of the barbarous power, which ultimately became the victim of its own blindfold temerity. The cause of war upon her part was, therefore, a just one. This cannot possibly be controverted; from the statements we have already given, it is as clear as noon day that she had no alternative left but war or degradation in the eyes of all Europe. But if France had a just cause of war, and was literally compelled to resort to arms, all that followed from such a contest, waged according to the law of nations and the ordinary rules of civilized warfare, must also be in accordance with justice, and her conquest as legitimate as the motives and principles which called her into the field. This seems undeniable.

Besides, it is matter of history that such an expedition as that which France ultimately undertook, had been once and again contemplated by the great powers of Europe, particularly at the Congresses of Vienna and Aix-la-Chapelle; that the principle of such an attack had been solemnly recognised, although from motives of temporary expediency, or other causes, its execution had been deferred; and that France had always been looked to as a power, which, from her geographical and political situation, was most immediately interested in putting an end to the piratical depredations of the Barbary states, and abating the intolerable evil of Christian slavery. In reasoning thus, however, we are proceeding upon the supposition that the state of Algiers was strictly within the pale of civil and social relations, and that the same principles which would regulate our judgment respecting any other state or nation, are applicable to it. But we apprehend that we might safely go much farther than this, and maintain that, as an association of brigands continually at war with the people of all Christian states, and inveterately addicted to practices which by the law of nations stamp the perpetrators as *hostes humani generis*, to be exterminated without mercy wherever they are to be met with, any Christian state had a clear right to employ its power and means at any time for subverting such a confederacy of outlaws, and, in the event of success, to exercise the known and recognised privileges of conquest.

But it has been said that France has been unduly aggrandized by her acquisition, that she has obtained an important naval station in an advanced position in the Mediterranean, and that the

consequences may prove detrimental to our commerce and maritime superiority in that sea. We cannot, however, recognise the validity of such allegations, except as indications of national jealousy. Is not our possession of Malta, which we hold by exactly the same title as the French do that of Algiers, namely, the right of the strongest, open to precisely the same objection on the part of France? Did not Napoleon, in 1803, urge that objection? And did we not go to war again with France in order to refute it? If the colonial aggrandizement of one nation were to be held as furnishing another with any just ground of complaint or interposition, in what situation would Great Britain be placed by the recognition of such a doctrine? Having added empire to empire and kingdom to kingdom, until a hundred and fifty millions of men have submitted to her sway in different quarters of the globe, is it for this country to maintain that colonial aggrandisement affords any just title to one nation for complaining of or interfering with the affairs of another? What advantage can Britain possibly take by admitting a principle so novel and extraordinary into the code of international law? And if it were so admitted, within what limits is it to be circumscribed, or how is it in any case to be applied?

Waiving this, however, and coming at once to the question of colonization, we say that all civilized nations have a direct interest in the spread of civilization; and that this interest is greatest in the case of those nations which are most exclusively commercial. We cannot stop at present to illustrate our position, nor is it perhaps necessary that we should, for to us we must confess it seems almost self-evident. But Africa can never civilize itself; it must first be colonized, and a focus or centre established whence civilization may radiate, as it were, to the different inhabited or habitable parts of that great continent. Little does it signify by whom this is done, provided it be done, in a situation favourable to the diffusion of the knowledge and arts of civilized life. Now, Algiers, under the occupation of the French, seems to answer all these conditions; and possessing in itself resources capable of prodigious developement, it is also in contact with nearly all the principal tribes which predominate over the African continent, and consequently may well become the parent of that civilization which, we hope, is destined to penetrate even to its deepest recesses. Much has been anticipated from the recent discovery of the termination of the Niger, which, it is confidently affirmed, will open an inlet for European industry and civilization even to the heart of Africa. But from all that we have yet read or heard, we are inclined to suspect that these anticipations will be disappointed. The rivers of Africa are not like those of America, mighty channels by which the remotest regions of the continent

may be reached at all seasons of the year. On the contrary, during one period of the year they are nearly dry, and their courses appear to be so much interrupted by physical obstacles that, even when in flood, the navigation must ever be difficult, precarious, and confined. It is by land, and not by water communication, therefore, that industry and civilization must, we suspect, find their way into central Africa; and it is under this conviction that we look with peculiar favour on the definitive establishment of a French colony in the regency of Algiers.

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ART. VII.—*Nouvelle Théorie de l'Action Capillaire; par S. D. Poisson.* Paris, 1831. 4to.

THE work which we have at present the pleasure of announcing to our readers, is the production of one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the age, and treats of a subject which, though hitherto involved in much obscurity, deserves to be considered as one of the most important in the whole range of physical science. The mutual action of the elementary particles of matter, of which capillarity is a noted instance, gives rise to phenomena as interesting, and in certain cases as susceptible of being attached to theory by rigorous mathematical reasoning, as the phenomena of universal gravitation.

The ascent of liquids in capillary tubes engaged much of the attention of experimental philosophers about the beginning of the last century; yet, if we except two important facts which resulted from the experiments of the ingenious Mr. Hauksbee, their investigations afforded no data sufficiently precise to form the basis of a theory. Hauksbee found that the ascent of the liquid does not depend in any way on the thickness of the tube, and that when two plates, forming any small angle with each other, are plunged vertically into a fluid, the fluid which rises between them takes the form of an equilateral hyperbola, from which it followed that in tubes of the same matter the ascent of the liquid follows the inverse ratio of their interior diameters. In order to explain these facts, all succeeding philosophers seem to have agreed in assuming the existence of a cohesive force among the particles of the liquid, and an adhesive force between the particles of the liquid and those of the tube. But these attractive forces can only be defined by their relative intensities at an equal distance, and the law according to which they diminish as the distance is increased. Now there are no data from which either their relative intensities or the law of their variation can be determined; we are, therefore, reduced to choose among a number of hypothetical laws all equally



possible; and the explanation, of course, depends on the particular hypothesis we adopt. Hence the theories of Jurin, Clairaut, Segner, Young, Laplace, and, lastly, of Poisson.

Of the theory of Jurin, who ascribed the ascent of the liquid to the attraction of the ring of the tube immediately above it, it is unnecessary to say any thing, as it has been repeatedly refuted, and has had no influence whatever in modifying those which have taken its place. Clairaut was the first who attempted to reduce the phenomena of capillarity to the laws of the equilibrium of fluids, and exactly analyzed all the forces that concur to elevate the liquid in a glass tube. He showed that the portion of the liquid which is elevated in the tube above the exterior level, is kept in equilibrium by the action of two forces, one of which is due to the attraction of the meniscus terminating the column, and the other to the direct attraction of the tube on the molecules of the liquid. Clairaut, however, regarded this last force as the principal one, and even supposed the attraction of the tube to extend as far as its axis; but this supposition is altogether contrary to the nature of molecular forces, which extend only to insensible distances. The action of the tube has in fact no influence whatever on the elevation or depression of the contained liquid, excepting in so far as it determines the angle under which the upper surface of the fluid intersects the sides of the tube. Neglecting, therefore, this force as insensible, there remains only the action of the meniscus to support the weight of the elevated column. But though Clairaut made an erroneous supposition respecting the nature of molecular action, and failed in the attempt to demonstrate from theory that the ascent of the liquid is inversely proportional to the diameter of the tube, he showed that a number of hypotheses, regarding the law of attraction, may be laid down, from any one of which that law of ascent may be deduced; and he demonstrated a very remarkable result, namely, that if the attraction of the matter of the tube on the fluid differs only by its intensity, or co-efficient, from the attraction of the fluid on itself, the fluid will rise above the surrounding level when the first of these intensities exceeds half the second.

The action of the superficial molecules of the liquid on the suspended column, was pointed out about the year 1751 by Segner, who regarded the surface of the meniscus as an elastic surface acting by its tension, and supposed the attractive force of the molecules to become insensible at sensible distances. In reasoning, however, from these premises, he committed several mistakes, and arrived at consequences plainly at variance with the phenomena. Dr. Young, in a paper on the *Cohesion of Fluids*, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1805,

viewed the subject in nearly the same light as Segner, but pursued it to a greater length, and with much better success. This philosopher referred the phenomena of cohesion to the joint operation of attractive and repulsive forces, which in the interior of fluids exactly balance each other, and assumed the repulsive force to increase in a higher ratio than the attractive, when the mutual distances of the molecules are diminished. From these considerations he was led to discover a very important fact in the theory of capillary action, namely, the invariability of the angle which the surface of the fluid makes with the sides of the tube; and he also perceived the necessity of having regard to the double curvature of the meniscus, the action of which had been supposed by Segner to depend solely on the curvature of a vertical section.

Laplace published his theory of capillary attraction in 1806 and 1807, in two Supplements to the *Mécanique Céleste*. Assuming the force of molecular action to extend only to imperceptible distances, he demonstrated that the form of the surface of the liquid is a principal cause of the capillary phenomena, and not a secondary effect; and determined the part of the phenomena which is due to the cohesive attraction of the molecules of the fluid to each other, as well as that which results from their adhesion to the molecules of the tube. The separate consideration of the cohesive and adhesive forces leads to two equations which comprehend the whole theory of capillarity; a general equation common to all those points of the capillary surface of which the distance from the sides of the tube is greater than the radius of the sphere of molecular action; and a particular equation belonging to those points which are situated only at insensible distances from the surface of the tube, or are within the sphere of its action. This last equation will obviously express the angle which the surface of the meniscus makes with the sides of the tube; an angle which, as it depends only on the nature of the tube and that of the liquid, is constant and given in every case, the liquid and tube being supposed homogeneous. Laplace further supposes, in the case of elevation, that an infinitely thin film of the liquid first attaches itself to the sides of the tube, and thus forms an interior tube, which acts by its attraction alone to raise the column, and maintain it at a determinate height. The height of the column consequently depends on the cohesion and density of the liquid.

The theory of Laplace was keenly attacked by Dr. Young, of whose previous researches and analogous results Laplace had made no mention whatever. Of all the objections, however, which he brought forward, there are only two which can be considered as of much importance. One of them is, that Laplace

neglected the modifying influence of heat in the computation of the molecular forces, and the other regards the case of the superposition of two or more fluids in the same capillary tube. No doubt can exist as to the necessity of having regard to the calorific repulsion, but no additional formulæ are required in order to compute its influence; nor is it even necessary to regard it as a separate force. In estimating the mutual action of two molecules, we have only to consider the excess of the attraction of the ponderable matter above the repulsion of the heat, and consequently to regard the function expressing that excess as a quantity which may change its sign, or pass from positive to negative, within the limits of its sensible values. But there is a physical circumstance of not less importance to the theory, which was entirely overlooked by Laplace, and of which no notice was taken by any one till it was pointed out by Poisson, in an article on the equilibrium of fluids, published in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences*, tom. ix. This is the rapid diminution of density which takes place near the free surface of the liquid, and near the sides of the tube. In order to obtain a more distinct idea of the effect in question, let us conceive an infinitely thin stratum or pellicle of the liquid (which we shall call *A*) to be isolated, and then consider the compressing forces which it sustains. In the interior of the liquid the two faces of *A* are equally compressed by the action of the contiguous molecules, which action is proportional to the excess of the repulsive above the attractive forces. Now the only molecules of the liquid which can act on *A*, are those which form, on each side of it, a stratum of which the thickness is equal to the radius of the sphere of molecular action. Hence, every other stratum of the liquid at a sensible distance from the surface, sustains exactly the same compression as *A*; and, therefore, the density is equal throughout, abstracting from the small effect produced by the action of gravity. But when the distance of *A* from the surface of the liquid is less than the radius of molecular action, it is evident that the number of molecules acting on its exterior face is diminished, and, consequently, the pressure on that face no longer balances the pressure on the other. The pressure on the exterior face of *A* diminishes very rapidly as the distance from the surface is diminished; at the surface it vanishes altogether. Hence the density of the liquid, near the surface, diminishes very rapidly according to an unknown law, and at the surface is altogether different from what it is at a depth exceeding by the smallest possible quantity the radius of the sphere of molecular action. Now this circumstance, though hitherto entirely neglected, is most essential to the theory of capillarity; indeed it is demon-

strated by Poisson, in the work before us, that if the diminution of density near the superficial parts of the liquid did not take place, the surface would remain plane and horizontal, and there could neither be elevation nor depression in the capillary tube. It therefore follows that the molecular forces which produce the capillary phenomena, are modified not only by the curvature of the surface, but also by the particular state of liquids at their surfaces.

With this addition to the physical data of the question, Poisson has re-investigated the whole theory of capillary attraction, and treated it with a perspicuity and elegance worthy of his great reputation as a mathematician. Taking the most general case of the problem, he considers not merely the surface of a single liquid, but the surface formed by the contact of two liquids of different specific gravities, placed, the one above the other, in the same tube, and deduces the two equations which determine the form of the separating surface and the angle under which it intersects the sides of the tube. These equations are in form the same as those of Laplace; but the definite integrals which express the two constant quantities they include are very different, and their numerical values would be so likewise, if these, instead of being determined experimentally, could be calculated *a priori* from the analytical expressions. This, however, cannot be done without a knowledge of the law according to which the molecules of the liquid attract each other, as well as of that which regulates the action of the tube on the liquid. In applying his general solution to the explanation of the principal phenomena of capillarity, he has taken occasion to correct some inaccuracies, and clear up many obscurities which still continued to disfigure the theory of Laplace. For instance, Laplace had found that when a thin plate is partly plunged into a liquid vertically, the pressure sustained by its two parallel faces is not equal, if one of them has been previously wetted by the liquid, or is of a different matter from the other. In consequence of this unequal pressure, an isolated body floating on the surface of a liquid would assume a perpetual horizontal motion, a circumstance which was urged by Dr. Young as an absurd consequence of the theory. In Poisson's theory this objection is obviated, for the horizontal forces acting on the sides of the body are shown to be equal, whether the sides be of the same or a different nature, and consequently the body can assume no motion of translation along the surface of the fluid. Again, the demonstration which Laplace had given of the invariability of the angle which the surface of the liquid makes with the sides of the tube, was not altogether satisfactory; and he had even supposed that it

changes its value when the liquid reaches the summit of the tube. Poisson has demonstrated that the invariability of this angle will always be preserved unless the curvature of the interior of the tube is infinitely great; or, in other words, unless its radius is infinitely small, and of the same order of magnitude as the radius of the sphere of molecular action. Hence the angle cannot vary when the liquid reaches the summit of the tube; for, however small the radius of the tube may be, it is always incomparably greater than the radius of the sphere of molecular action. This property of the angle has also been demonstrated by Gauss, in a recent work on the theory of the equilibrium of fluids.

In a few notes placed at the end of the volume, M. Poisson has entered into some very interesting developements relative to the structure of bodies, and other particulars connected with the theory of molecular action. In fact, the great importance of this theory in physical science is becoming daily more apparent, and it must soon form the principal basis of rational mechanics, which has too long continued an abstract science, founded not on a real but an imaginary state of bodies. The gradual progress of discovery renders it more and more probable that there are only two laws according to which all the forces of nature decrease, the first being proportional to the inverse square of the distance, and the second to a function of the distance of which we know nothing, except that it vanishes altogether when the distance has a sensible magnitude. The gravitation of the great bodies of the universe, the electric and magnetic forces, whether attractive or repulsive, are instances of the former; while the vibrations of elastic bodies, the communication of motion whether by shock or by pressure, as well as capillary attraction, the refraction of light, and chemical actions, depend on the latter, which is the law of the molecular forces. Now it is from this last class of forces that the laws of equilibrium and motion ought to be deduced, and not from hypotheses entirely gratuitous respecting the absolute hardness, rigidity and incompressibility of bodies—qualities which have no existence in nature. The only obstacle to the attainment of this desirable result seems to be the difficulties of the calculus. It is indeed impossible to deduce the laws of motion from the action of molecular forces in any other manner than by the application of a very refined and difficult analysis; yet the subject presents some facilities, and there are considerations which go far to obviate the mathematical difficulties. For example, in deducing the equations of equilibrium of solid and liquid bodies, it is not necessary to compute the total force acting on an isolated molecule. These equations depend on the resultant of actions which take

place between two portions of the same body, of insensible magnitude, but comprising each an extremely great number of molecules. The resultant of the aggregate forces of the different molecules comprehended within the sphere of action of an individual molecule is therefore a determinate function of their mean distance, and independent of any irregularity in their distribution. The same resultant is also independent of the magnitude of the radius of the sphere of action, which cannot be determined in any precise manner, and with respect to which we only know that it is insensible. It is on these hypotheses that the computation of molecular forces is essentially founded.

M. Poisson's last note refers to the curious phenomenon to which its discoverer, Dutochet, has given the name of *endosmose*, and which has already been the subject of two Articles in the first and eleventh numbers of this Review. The phenomenon consists in this, that if two liquids of different natures, as water and alcohol, be separated by a thin membrane, or in general, by any porous substance, organic or inorganic, one of them will pass through the separating membrane and mingle with the other, till the level of the last gradually acquires a considerable elevation. Dutochet ascribed the cause of this phenomenon to the establishment of an electric current between the two fluids—an explanation which it would be extremely difficult either to prove or disprove by any direct means. But the phenomenon is never accompanied by the feeblest signs of electric or galvanic action; and the principal condition essential to its production is the heterogeneity of the two liquids, or their possessing different properties in regard to capillarity. M. Poisson had formerly ascribed the phenomenon in question to the capillary attraction of the pores of the separating membrane. In the present note he endeavours to show that none of the peculiarities observed by Dutochet are incompatible with this theory, and that, therefore, it is unnecessary to have recourse to the agency of any other forces for their explanation. The phenomenon is, however, still involved in considerable obscurity.

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- ART. VIII.—1.** *Statistica della Svizzera*, di Stefano Francesini. 8vo. Lugano. 1827.
- 2.** *Della riforma della Costituzione Ticinese*. Zurigo. 1829.
- 3.** *Ostervazioni del Dott. Michele Roggia sopra la riforma della Costituzione del Cantone Ticino*. Lugano. 1830.
- 4.** *Memoire historique sur la Constitution du 4 Aout, 1814, présenté par le Conseil d'Etat au Grand Conseil du Canton de Vaud*. 1830.
- 5.** *Memoires de Henri Monod, ancien Conseiller d'Etat et Membre du grand Conseil du Canton de Vaud*. Paris. 1805.
- 6.** *Le dixhuit Decembre, 1830, et ses causes*, par Louis Pellis, Docteur en droit. Lausanne. 1831.
- 7.** *Les Balois à leurs confederés*. Bâle, Fevrier. 1831.
- 8.** *Der systematische Tod oder die letzten Lebensjahre der Regierung von 1814, ein Blatt zur Geschichte des Cantons Luzern*. Altdorf, 1831.
- 9.** *Neue Züricher Zeitung*. 1831. Zurich. Orell, Füssli et Co.
- 10.** *Le Nouvelliste Vaudois*. Lausanne. 1830-1.
- 11.** *Dandolo, Lettere sulla Svizzera, Orientale ed Occidentale*. Milano. 1829-30. 3 vol. 18mo.
- 12.** *Examen des causes qui ont amené la dernière révolution à Neuchâtel (Suisse); suivi de réflexions sur la conduite du prince-électeur Prussien de Pfuel et de ses adhérens*. Par C. E. Fauche, ex-officier au service Britannique. Paris, Décembre, 1831, 8vo.

THE ancient confederation of Switzerland, such as it existed for ages until the French invasion of 1798, exhibited a motley assemblage of almost all the forms of government under which a commonwealth can be administered. Of the thirteen old cantons,\* some were pure democracies, with general comitia of the whole male population; others were municipal republics, in which the burghers of the chief towns alone returned members to the legislature; in some, such as Bern, Friburg, &c. a certain number of patrician families held the supreme power in their hands, and constituted aristocracies, like that of Venice. Besides these, there were the allies of the cantons, independent little states,—either republics, as Geneva, St. Gall, the Valais and the Grisons,—or ecclesiastical principalities, such as the bishopric of

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\* The three first cantons were Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, who asserted their independence in 1307, and who are called the Waldstätten, or forest districts. Luzern joined them in 1332, Zurich in 1351, Glarus and Zug in 1352, and Bern in 1353. After more than a century Freyburg and Solothurn (*gallice*, Soleure) were added in 1481, Basle and Schaffhausen in 1501, and Appenzell in 1513. Thus the league of the thirteen cantons was formed.

Basle, the dominions of the Abbot of St. Gall, the abbacy of Engelberg, &c. and lastly, the state of Neuchatel, whose prince was the King of Prussia. These were bound by alliance either with part or the whole of the cantons, and some of them sent deputies to the federal diet. And finally, there were countries, subject either to the cantons or to their allies, districts which had been conquered or purchased from their former feudal lords, such as Thurgau, Aargau, Toggenburg, the county of Baden; or from the Dukes of Milan and of Savoy, such as the Valteline, the Italian *bailliages*, and the Pays de Vaud. The inhabitants of these countries had no political rights; they were vassals under the absolute sway of their republican masters, who sent *baillis*, or governors, to rule over them, and generally to enrich themselves. The most democratic cantons were the most arbitrary in their treatment of their subjects. "Like all people-kings," says the impartial Muller, "they showed themselves selfish, harsh, and haughty." The whole population of Switzerland, in the last century, may be reckoned as follows:—13 cantons, one million; allies, half a million; subjects, about three hundred thousand.

After the wars which the Swiss gloriously sustained for their independence against Austria, Burgundy and France, came the wars of religion among themselves, and the wars of the peasants against the towns, of subjects against their masters, until the peace of Aarau in 1712 put an end to these lamentable dissensions among the Confederates. Eighty-six years of peace foreign and domestic followed, and it is to this period that the descriptions we have been accustomed to read, and the early and often exaggerated notions many of us have entertained of Swiss happiness, Swiss simplicity, and Swiss hospitality refer; they were taken from the accounts of travellers of the last century, who represented Switzerland as a sort of Elysium. And in truth, when compared with surrounding nations, the Swiss may be said to have enjoyed an enviable degree of happiness and freedom. They had so well established their character for intrepidity and patriotism, that no foreign power showed the least inclination to interfere with their independence, and they were treated with deference by the most powerful monarchs. Their internal administration assumed different forms, as we have observed, in each of the various states; yet the general appearance of society bore the impress of contentment, peace, and thriving industry. Catholics and Protestants lived together in happy cordiality. The liberty of Switzerland was that of the middle ages, in which it had originated; it was the liberty of municipalities and corporations, rather than of individuals. Excepting the democratic cantons, where every man is a legislator, the country people were ruled by the towns, and as they



had no voice in the public affairs, no share of the public offices, and but scanty means of instruction, they remained ignorant and depressed. It is true that the governments of the towns were generally conducted on equitable principles. Zschokke himself renders them this justice :

“ They acted like scrupulous guardians. The magistrates, even the highest among them, received but small salaries ; fortunes were made only in foreign service or in the *baillages* of subject districts. The public administration was conducted with order and economy ; taxes were few and light. Although the laws were defective and trials secret, the love of justice prevailed in the country ; power wisely respected the rights of the humblest freeman. In the principal towns, especially the Protestant ones, wealth fostered science and the fine arts. Zurich and Geneva distinguished themselves in this particular. Bern opened fine roads, raised public buildings, fostered agriculture in its fine territory, and yet contrived to hoard considerable sums in its treasury.\* . . . But the old patriotism of the Swiss slumbered, it was replaced by selfishness, the various states remained estranged from each other, the military art, as a means of national defence, was neglected. . . . Switzerland presented to strangers the aspect of an earthly paradise inhabited by happy and peaceful men, but strangers saw only the fine verdure of the plains, and not the inhospitable rocks behind ; the majestic grandeur of the Alps, and not the ravages of the avalanches. They admired the pomp of our diets, without suspecting the discord that reigned therein ; they beheld the trophies of William Tell, without perceiving the degradation in the cabin of the peasant ; they saw instruction spread in the towns, without observing the coarseness and barbarism of the country. Glorious names and lofty pretensions served only to conceal narrow views and mean actions.”—*History of the Swiss Nation*, c. 53.

The Swiss rested in fancied security, when the hurricane of the French revolution overtook them unawares and unprepared. The French proclaimed not only *liberty*, but also *equality*, a word which ever sounds attractive to the multitude, and they found numerous disciples in Switzerland. And subsequently the only effective opposition the French met with was from the peasants and shepherds of the little cantons, men all equal and free in the fullest possible acceptance of the word, who could not comprehend the meaning or the use of any other liberty but that which was to them the heir-loom of ages. But on the other hand the flame of revolution found among the *subjects* of the Swiss, materials ready for combustion. It first broke out in the states of the Bishop of Basle, between the bishop and his people ; Austrian troops came to support the former and French troops to assist the latter, and the result was that the bishop was obliged to run

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\* When the French entered Bern in 1798, they found near seventy millions of francs in the treasury.

away, and a mock republic was set up, under the classical name of *Rauracia*, which, after a few months existence, was merged into the great French republic "one and indivisible" in 1798. Shortly after, at the other extremity of Switzerland, the Valteline, a district on the Italian side of the Alps, and subject to the Grisons, revolted against its masters, applied for protection to General Bonaparte, who then commanded the French armies in Lombardy, and was finally annexed to the new Cisalpine republic. The Pays de Vaud rose next, and gave the final blow to the old Swiss confederation. Vaud revolted against Bern, the French entered the country to protect the insurgents, an affray took place between the French and Bernese outposts, which afforded a pretext to pour the French armies into the heart of Switzerland; they summarily demanded the resignation of the cantonal governments. Soleure was taken and plundered, and, after a gallant though useless resistance, by a chosen band of Bernese under the walls of their town, Bern was taken, and the rest of Switzerland submitted to the conquerors. The little democratic cantons alone made a desperate stand against two successive attacks; there thousands of brave men and women met at the hands of the invaders with the only equality the latter could bestow on them, the equality of the grave. All the Swiss, rulers and ruled, townsmen and countrymen, masters and subjects, were made equally wretched. The country was given up to the tender mercies of the agents of the Directory. Years of unparalleled calamities, of foreign and civil wars, of invasions by French, Austrians, and Russians, years of blood, misery and shame, passed over the devastated regions of Switzerland. A semblance of central government was set up in servile imitation of the French Directory; it was driven away by the Austrians and the insurgents; revolts succeeded revolts, until at last Bonaparte, having become first consul of France, and having made peace with the rest of Europe, turned his attention towards Switzerland. Of the misfortunes of that country his hands were guiltless, and he was understood to have reprobated the unprincipled aggression perpetrated by his predecessors. Indeed the Swiss war had been from the first unpopular in France, and was stigmatized by the appellation of *la guerre impie*. The Swiss, weary of their dissensions, referred them to Bonaparte's arbitration; and deputies from the various Swiss states and municipalities repaired to Paris. He listened to all, made himself acquainted with their respective claims,\* and at last, in February,

\* The smaller districts of Switzerland aspired to become separate cantons. This disposition to subdivision, the very reverse of the French system of centralization, is characteristic of Switzerland. At the period we are speaking of, the Emmenthal, a fertile valley of the Bernese territory, sent a substantial farmer, named Kuns, as its deputy

1803, he gave out his plan for the future constitution of Switzerland. The union of Switzerland into one single republic, which had been enforced by the Directory, was discarded, as incompatible with the habits and character of the various populations. Switzerland was to constitute, as heretofore, a confederacy, the number of cantons being raised to nineteen; the six new ones to be formed out of the former allies and subjects of the Swiss, namely, the Grisons, St. Gall, including the territories of the abbot, Aargau, Thurgau, Vaud, and Ticino. This last canton comprised the Italian bailliages of Lugano, Lovarno, Bellinzona, &c. south of the Alps. The Valteline, however, remained annexed to the Italian republic. Geneva and the bishopric of Basle, having been incorporated with France, were not restored, and the Valais, another ally of the former federation, was set up as a separate republic under the immediate protection of France, and this for the sake of the military road which was then being opened over the Simplon to Italy. "Thus," observes Zschokke, "Bonaparte gave us a lesson to settle in future our differences among ourselves, without having recourse to a mediator." In other respects, the provisions of Bonaparte's mediation were liberal.

The cantons were to have no more subjects, towns and families no more exclusive privileges; all the Swiss were declared equal in political rights, and in the free exercise of their industry in any part of the confederation in which they chose to settle. The general interests of the whole country were entrusted to a diet of deputies from all the cantons, presided by the chief magistrate of the town where it was assembled for the time being. The diet was to meet once every year, and to sit by turns in each of the towns of Bern, Fribourg, Soleure, Basle, Zurich, and Luzern. Every canton was to have its own constitution, on the principle of equality of rights, and on the system of direct representation, with

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to the meeting at Paris. After Bonaparte had consulted with the principal leaders, he appointed a day for a general muster of all the deputies at the Tuileries. Kunz was among the rest in his native costume, and as his turn came, Bonaparte asked him whether he agreed for his constituents to the proposed mediation. Kunz, who spoke a little French, answered in the affirmative, with the condition that the Emmenthal should form a separate canton! "But," inquired the first consul, "tell me where do you go and purchase the objects you want, such as for instance the fine cloth for your wives' and daughters' bodices?"—"We go to Bèrn," replied Kunz, in the broad accent of his country. "And where do you sell the surplus of the produce of your fields, your cheese, cattle, &c.?"—"At Bèrn," replied Kunz—"Well then," observed Bonaparte, "Bern ought to be your *chef-lieu*. . . . And what does your country chiefly produce?" continued he, after a moment's pause. Kunz, thinking of the fat bees, which constituted the principal riches of the Emmenthal, replied: "*Il produit des bêtes!*" Bonaparte at this could not preserve his gravity, but gave way to a hearty laugh, with which all present sympathized. Kunz returned to his native valley, where he afterwards went by the name of *Parisian Kunz*, and he used often to boast that "he had made *Bonaparte* laugh!"

certain qualifications of property. The peculiar institutions of the old democratic cantons, however, were not interfered with. Bonaparte observed to certain advocates of *uniformity*, that it would be unwise to meddle with the traditional customs of that simple race of men; that the small forest cantons had been the cradle of Swiss liberty; that they constituted even now the principal title of Switzerland to the sympathy of Europe. "Destroy those free primitive commonwealths," added he, "the monument of five centuries, and you destroy your historical associations; you become a mere common people, with no claim for escaping the whirlpool of European politics." Thus did Bonaparte fulfil his mediation, perhaps the most liberal enactment of his life. The act was sworn to by all the cantons, and remained in force for ten years, till the fall of the mediator himself. During this period, Switzerland, surrounded by immense armies, and amidst the din of battle and the crash of falling empires, remained in profound tranquillity. No foreign soldier stepped over its peaceful boundaries. This was of itself no inconsiderable boon, which the Swiss owed to Napoleon's mediation. The commerce of Switzerland, it is true, was shackled, like that of the other continental states, by Napoleon's antisocial system; yet Swiss industry, no longer cramped by the monopoly of trades and corporations, contrived to prosper, manufactures spread even on the slopes of the Alps, and the great canal of the Linth, a truly national work, which unites the lakes of Zurich and of Wallenstadt, was constructed by private subscription. The Swiss were exempt from the inhuman code of the conscription, although bound by the act to keep always an effective corps of sixteen thousand men in the French service, as they had done in the time of the French kings; the destructive wars of Napoleon, however, rendered the recruiting for this body more onerous than in the former period. The clear sighted and thoughtful among Swiss patriots too could not help reflecting with anxious feelings, that the independence of Switzerland depended upon the *fiat* of one man, who had shown himself to be remorselessly ambitious, and at each gigantic step he took towards the attainment of universal dominion, they trembled for the fate of their own country. But these men were few, the many were satisfied with the present. The new cantons, which had been raised from a state of vassalage to that of independence, naturally felt more strongly than the rest the benefits of the new order of things, hence that sympathy which has existed ever since between the people of these states and the French people, whom they consider as the authors of their emancipation. In the old cantons the feeling was somewhat different, especially in the towns, and among those

classes which had by the change lost influence, patronage, or emolument.

When towards the close of 1813, Napoleon was driven back to France and the allied armies advanced within sight of the Swiss frontiers, agitation was again at work in Switzerland. It was evident that she could not remain an unconcerned party in the great struggle. Accordingly, as early as the 20th of December of that year, it was signified to the diet, by a note from MM. Lebzelter and Capo d'Istria, the ministers of Austria and Russia, that the act of mediation, having been the work of foreign influence, of an influence inimical to the rest of Europe, was incompatible with the principles of the great European confederation, and that the allied powers, without pretending to interfere in the internal affairs of Switzerland, could not allow that country to remain under the tutelage of the French emperor. And it was about the same time that the Austrian troops crossed the Rhine, and marched through the western parts of Switzerland on their way to the south of France. Much has been said about this violation of the Swiss *neutrality*, as it was called. But it ought to be remembered that the war had then assumed a character which had no precedent in modern history, at least since the time of the Reformation. It was a war of all nations struggling for their independence, for their existence, against a military despotism of the worst kind. The Germans, the Russians, the Dutch, the Spaniards, nay, even the Italians, would submit no longer to be dragooned, and plundered, and insulted in their own homes by the cosmopolite myrmidons of a foreign chief. It was not, as some have artfully attempted to represent it, a war of the old aristocracies against the liberties of mankind, for the *people* of all the above mentioned countries were at that time hearty in the struggle, and they even urged their sovereigns and as it were carried them along with them in the contest. The feeling was general, except among those who were in the service of Napoleon. If the people have been since disappointed in their expectations, if the sovereigns have not fulfilled their promises, that is a subsequent question between the parties concerned, which cannot alter the nature of the national movement of 1813-14. Switzerland was perhaps the country that had the least reason to complain of Napoleon; it was under his guardianship, and if it chose to side with him, it had a right so to do, but by so doing it would put itself in hostility towards all the rest of Europe. Neutrality was out of the question in such a conflict, a conflict of nations against one man, not of sovereigns and their hired armies alone. Had the Swiss opposed the passage of the allied troops, they must have declared themselves for Napoleon and taken their

chance. Switzerland was not required to assist in the attack against him; but at the same time she was not allowed to remain as a work of defence on his frontiers, as an obstacle in the way of the emancipation of Europe. But there were men in Switzerland, as elsewhere, who, amidst the soul-stirring scene, thought of nothing but their own private interests and selfish views. These men fancied the favourable moment had arrived. The towns and cantons which had once possessed privileges and authority over the country resumed them, and the people were overawed by the supposition that such was the will of the Allies. Bern, Friburg, Soleure, and Luzern effected a change in their administration in favour of aristocracy. They then began to threaten their former subjects, and especially those of Vaud and Aargau, to the loss of which fine countries the Bernese had never been reconciled. But here they were disappointed. Nine of the old cantons, with Zurich at their head, perceiving the danger, assembled in the latter town, and on the 29th of December, 1813, declared the act of mediation to have become extinct, at the same time acknowledging the integrity and independence of the nineteen cantons, and inviting them all, old and new, to send deputies, in order to constitute a new federal pact. The invitation was acceded to, except by Bern, Friburg, and Soleure, who demanded that the old federation of the thirteen cantons should be restored. But the others, regardless of this opposition, proceeded to the formation of the federal pact, on the basis of the nineteen cantons. Meantime the new cantons, and especially Vaud, had sent deputies to the allied sovereigns. Vaud had an influential advocate in the person of M. de Laharpe, who had been tutor to the Emperor Alexander; and it has been since acknowledged by the deputies that the firm support of that sovereign saved the cantons of Vaud and Aargau from falling again under the rule of Bern.\* Ministers from Austria, Russia, and Prussia, were accredited to the diet in March, 1814, and signified that the sovereigns were disposed to guarantee the new federal constitution on the basis of the nineteen cantons as then existing. The dissident cantons now relaxed in their opposition, and Bern at last sent also deputies to the diet, but it was chiefly to revive inadmissible claims. Long and tedious discussions followed, protests were followed by counterprotests. These cavils, and the delays they occasioned in the general settlement of Swiss affairs, elicited at last a strong note from the ministers of Austria, Russia, and England, dated 13th of August, 1814, in which they expressed their deep regret that the various points of the federal pact were not yet fixed, owing to the unfortunate complication of

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\* See Mr. H. Monod's letter in the *Nouvelliste Vaudois*, 5th of March, 1831.

territorial pretensions assumed by some cantons, which had thrown discord into their councils. The ministers hoped that, laying aside minor interests which were not common to all, the dissident cantons would return to proper sentiments of their duty towards their confederates and regain the time lost in their discussions by fresh zeal and activity.

"It is on these conditions," the note concluded, "that the undersigned take the engagement to exert their strenuous efforts in order to obtain equitable compensation to reclamations of a secondary order, and to solicit, with regard to the claims of Bern, which stand in the foremost rank, such powers and instructions as may conciliate the interests of all. Should these proposals not have the desired result of restoring present unanimity, their excellencies will find themselves unable to continue their relations with the diet."\*

The new federal pact was at last adopted by the diet in the month of September, with the addition of three new cantons, Geneva, the Valais, and Neuchatel, formerly allies of Switzerland; and a confederation was thus formed, consisting of twenty-two cantons. But the ratification by the different cantons was delayed by local dissensions until August, 1815. Meantime the Congress of Vienna had assembled, and in March, 1815, it proceeded to settle the Swiss territorial questions. The states of the former bishop of Basle were restored to Switzerland, and annexed to the canton of Bern, as a compensation for its losses, but with the condition that Bern should admit deputies from that country into its councils. The minor claims of other cantons were met by pecuniary compensations, and a pension was allowed to the abbot of St. Gall, which the latter, however, we understand, refused to accept. Geneva afterwards received a small annexation of territory between the lake and the Jura, in order to establish its contiguity to the rest of Switzerland, and also a small district of Savoy, with the town of Caroge. Upon the whole, the Congress of Vienna may be said to have behaved fairly to Switzerland.

At last, on the 7th of August, 1815, the new federal pact was sworn to by the deputies of all the cantons, and in the same year the ministers of the five great powers, including France, acknowledged and guaranteed the integrity of the Swiss territory within its present limits, and its neutrality and inviolability in all future wars.

The federal pact, which continues in force to this day, (for the late local changes and revolutions have not affected the general constitution of the union), contains the following principles. The twenty-two cantons mutually guarantee their independence

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\* *Memoire historique, présenté par le conseils d'état du canton de Vaud, p. 6.*

and territory, and are bound to assist each other for this purpose. Upon the demand of any one canton, the federal diet is to send assistance to defend the country and preserve peace. Disputes between the cantons to be referred to the diet, and decisions of the latter to be submitted to. The free passage of provisions and goods from one canton to another is guaranteed. No new tolls or duties on exportation or importation can be laid without the consent of the majority of the cantons. *As there are no longer subjects in Switzerland, so the enjoyment of political rights can never in future be the exclusive privilege of any class of citizens in any one canton.* The high federal diet represents the whole Swiss nation; it consists of the deputies of two-and-twenty cantons, having each a single vote. The deputies are appointed by the cantons for each session, and receive instructions from their respective governments. The diet assembles by turns in the towns of Bern, Zurich, and Luzern, two successive years in each. The ordinary session begins on the first Monday of July, and lasts one month at least. It is presided by the chief magistrate of the canton where it assembles, which canton is called the *vorort* or directing canton. Between the end of one session and the beginning of the next, the direction of the federal affairs is entrusted to the executive of the directing canton, who must afterwards render an account of its gestion to the following diet. In cases of urgency, and on the demand of five cantons, or even of the directing canton singly, an extraordinary diet is convoked. In similar circumstances also the diet can, before its recess, invest the *vorort* with extraordinary powers, or associate to it representatives of the federation, to act as a *federal directory*. The diet declares war, concludes peace and alliances or treaties of commerce with foreign powers; it appoints envoys and consuls; it directs the organization of the federal troops, appoints the general, colonels, and staff; it calls upon each canton to furnish its contingent whenever required, and directs the employment of the federal forces, &c.

Several of the dispositions of this pact date from the earliest times of Swiss independence. The others are of modern date, and are improvements upon the former.

"The present pact," says Francini, "cannot be said to have been imposed upon us by others. It contains principles entirely national; whatever is in it, whether good or imperfect, all has been the work of the Swiss. We ought to cherish it as our common bond: some provisions of it may be hereafter improved among ourselves, always avoiding the intervention of foreigners."\*—*Statistica della Svizzera*, p. 246.

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\* One provision which existed under the Act of Mediation has been omitted in this, and that is, the liberty the former gave to every Swiss to fix his domicile in any one part of the confederation he chose. Some, especially the smaller states, refuse to allow this liberty to people from other cantons.



Whilst the federal pact was under discussion, most of the cantons were also making alterations in their respective constitutions. We have already seen that Bern, Soleure, and others, had restored, at least for the moment, the old aristocratic administration. This had given rise to serious disturbances on the part of the country people. On the other side, the constitutions of the new cantons formed under the Act of Mediation were considered too democratic. In several notes addressed to the diet by MM. Lebzeltern and Capo d'Istria, it was recommended to the various cantons to revise their constitutions, especially in what concerned the system of election, and the duration of the executive and judicial commissions. It was consequently proposed by a committee of the diet, that, with the exception of the pure democratic cantons, which were to retain their peculiar forms, the rest should endeavour to approximate their respective constitutions to a middle point, the old ones by admitting deputies from the country, and the new ones by changing the mode of election, by raising the qualification required, &c. In June, 1814, Count Capo d'Istria made a tour through Switzerland, visited several cantons, and urged them to accelerate the formation of their new constitutions, as, in order to render the federal pact valid, it was required that the cantons who were to ratify it should have fixed their own public right in a positive manner by constitutional charters. By the end of 1814, after much debate, the new cantons had completed and put in force their new constitutions, and the old ones had also modified theirs so as to meet the more urgent demands of the times. These several constitutions were deposited in the archives of the federal diet.

By dividing the whole of the cantons into three classes, we shall better be enabled to afford our readers some idea of the various machinery of their government. The first class consists of the old democratic cantons, in which little or no alteration has been made, from their first declaration of independence to the present day. These are six in number, viz.: Schwytz, Uri, Glarus, Zug, Unterwalden, and Appenzell. The last two, although considered as single cantons in the diet, are each composed of two republics, having distinct governments: Unterwalden is divided into upper and lower, Obwalden and Nidwalden; and Appenzell, into Rhodes interior, which is inhabited by Catholics, and Rhodes exterior, which is Protestant. The *landsgemeinde*, or general assembly of all the citizens, constitutes the supreme power. It assembles once a year, and oftener in cases of urgency. These assemblies consist of between four and eight thousand men, according to the population of each canton. They make or abrogate laws, appoint their magistrates, fix the expenditure and provide supplies, and examine the accounts. They appoint deputies to

the federal diet, and give them instructions. The executive consists of the *landrath*, composed of the landamman, the statthalter or lieutenant, and a fixed number of councillors, one for each commune or district. In some, as in Schwytz and Nidwalden, there are two or more councils, dividing among themselves the various branches of administration. Generally speaking, the same, or part of the same, bodies exercise also the judicial functions. Often the same person who has given his verdict in the primary court will sit afterwards in the court of appeal, and have to revise his own sentence. It appears that the nominations to offices are, in ordinary times, under the influence of a few wealthy families in each canton; and that the magistrates, excepting the landamman and the statthalter, whose duration of office is fixed, may be considered as remaining in place for life, unless they render themselves obnoxious to the people; for the power of the *landsgemeinde*, although slumbering at intervals, is then aroused and proves irresistible.

The two cantons of the Grisons and Valais may be also considered as democracies. These states are composed of small municipalities, having each its own councils and magistrates, and who send deputies to a great council, which exercises the higher legislative powers. The laws, however, which emanate from the great council, must be submitted to the approbation of the communal assemblies of the people. It may be said that these states constitute confederations in miniature, similar to that of Switzerland, of which they form a part. In the Valais the forms are less democratic than in the Grisons.

There can be no doubt that the people of these mountain districts are generally satisfied with, and indeed strongly attached to, their institutions; they have proved it repeatedly, at the cost of their lives, during the last forty years. Small communities, where each is known to each, and every man's character and conduct are daily open to common scrutiny; where no great inequality of condition prevails; where almost every man is a peasant or a shepherd; where habits, manners, dress, and mode of living remain the same, generation after generation; where the vallies lie encircled for six or eight months of the year by an impassable zone of ice and snow, and where people live and die, unconscious of what is going on beyond the limits of their visual horizon; where the rough dialect of one valley is hardly understood in the next; where there are no newspapers or hardly any books printed, and few people know any thing of general politics;\* to such a country the simple

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\* The natural good sense of these people tells them that their habits and pursuits render them unequal to higher political duties than those of the *landsgemeinde*. Müller

forms of democracy seem best adapted. With the exception of part of Glarus and of Appenzell, the democratic cantons are catholic, and strictly observant of their religion. Nor are they gloomy morose beings, these same men of Schwytz and Glarus, Unterwalden and Uri. Their holidays are real festivals; they flock from their humble dwellings, men and women, in the picturesque attire of the country, to the parish church, and after having attended service, they repair to the adjoining meadows to enjoy some of their national diversions and games. Gymnastic exercises, wrestling, leaping, shooting with rifle or bow, are in high favour among them. The men pride themselves on their feats of strength, which are often surprising. They are also passionately fond of dancing. Their mode of courtship has been described by several travellers. Their marriages are attended with much solemnity and display.

The second class of cantons consists of those in which aristocratic institutions have long prevailed. These are Bern, Friburg, Soleure, Zurich, Luzern, Basle, and Schaffhausen. All these cities were in the middle ages free imperial towns, and places of refuge against feudal oppression. As they, after the example of the little cantons, detached themselves from the empire, and joined the Swiss confederation, their municipal administration became the basis of their constitution; in some, the corporations of trades, in others, the patrician families, who were also owners of the territory adjoining, constituted the council or senate, which had the legislative authority. By degrees the towns received considerable additions of territory, either by the neighbouring proprietors placing themselves under their protection, or by their own conquests over the barons, and sometimes by purchases from the latter. The cultivators of the soil, thus transferred from the arbitrary laws of feudal vassalage to the milder rule of the towns, where justice was administered according to public right,\* found themselves benefited by the change, and sought no more. When their descendants, several centuries after, talked of the rights of their ancestors, it was aptly remarked by a writer of the

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relates, that once the people of Schwytz used to send indiscriminately some of their farmers or graziers as deputies to the federal diet. One of these deputies, on his return home, appeared before the *landsgemeinde* to give an account of his mission, and he thus addressed the men of Schwytz: "Countrymen, if you wish to have an effective deputy to the diet, one that can speak for your interests and make himself attended to, you must not send men like me, who are only acquainted with the concerns of our fields and cattle; but send such men as our Redings—men who have studied, who have seen the world, who can understand what those gentlemen from the towns talk about, and can answer them to the purpose, and make themselves minded." This advice was followed.

\* In 1486, the Teutonic Order being possessed of the commandery of Buchsee, within the territories of Bern, was obliged by the latter to emancipate its serfs, on the ground that slavery was contrary to the spirit of Christianity.

time, that "could they possibly be restored to that happy condition which they claimed, they would find themselves serfs under some feudal lord." Those communes which had enjoyed immunities under the feudal regime, retained them; but no political rights were among these.

In course of time, however, the country districts rose in industry, wealth, and population, villages were changed into flourishing little towns, and then the exclusive privileges of the cities began to appear irksome and oppressive. The commercial cities, Zurich and Basle, not satisfied with exercising the supreme authority, shackled or taxed to their profit the industry of the country. Countrymen could not manufacture certain goods; they could not sell or buy others except from the city merchant. They could not purchase freehold property in the towns. They were not admissible to any situation in the church or state, excepting the municipal offices of their communes.

This state of things lasted till 1798, and was formally abolished by the act of mediation of 1803. In 1814, the towns strove to resume their privileges, but, owing to the disturbances that arose, and perhaps still more to the suggestions of the foreign ministers, they admitted the country to about one-third of the seats in their legislative councils. They also acknowledged a general liberty of commerce and industry. This was conformable to the stipulations of the new federal pact. But by keeping the great majority of seats to themselves, they still continued to legislate for the country and in spite of it, and they likewise retained the disposal of offices and emolument in their own hands.

The third class, or the cantons generally known by the name of the new cantons, were originally constituted under the act of mediation, as popular representative governments. The canton was divided into circles, the electors of each circle named three deputies, having certain qualifications of property, to the great council or legislative assembly. The distinction between the three powers was strictly enforced. The duration of functions in each was fixed. These constitutions, as we have seen, fell, in 1814, with the act of mediation that had given them birth. The system that was substituted for them exhibited a curious machinery, contrived, it was said, in order to check a too democratic tendency. The mode of election was triple; one third of the members of the legislature was elected directly by the circle assemblies as before. These assemblies were then called upon to furnish a list of four candidates for each circle, possessed of a higher qualification than the direct members, out of which list the great council itself chose one for each circle, thus supplying another third. Lastly, an electoral commission, composed of the *council of state*

or executive, the high court of appeal, and a certain number of members of the great council, chose the remaining third of the members, chiefly from among the higher landed proprietors, and a few without any qualification of property. The great council then appointed the members of the executive or council of state, and of the supreme judiciary court, out of its own body, without the individuals so appointed ceasing to form part of the legislature. The right of *initiative*, or of proposing laws, belonged exclusively to the executive. A project of law by the council of state could only be either accepted or rejected by the great council, but not amended. The consequence of this system was, that the governments of the new cantons, while professing to be popular and boasting of their *liberty*, in opposition to the old aristocracies, became in fact the property of certain *coteries*, who secured power for themselves and their friends for ever. The aristocratic cantons at least were openly such, and had been so for ages; they had of late made considerable concessions to their former subordinates; whilst the new cantons, created of yesterday by the popular will, were now become the appanage of the very men who had stirred up the people to throw off the yoke of their former masters, and who had neither patrician descent nor hereditary rights to boast of.\*

Such was the political condition of the various states of Switzerland in the early part of 1830. The general appearance of the country was however tranquil and even prosperous. There were no acts of crying oppression complained of, but there was a want of improvement and a general languor in the administration. The civil and criminal laws remained as they had ever been, very defective in most cantons. The sittings of the councils and diet were kept secret. The press was almost every where under strict censorship. Petitions had been presented in several cantons for the revision of the constitutions of 1814, but were contemptuously rejected. The canton of Ticino first broke the spell, and it is curious to see the first example of successful reform in republican Switzerland coming from the Italian side of the Alps. It is to be observed, however, that the abuses in the government of Ticino appear to have been of a graver character than any where else. From the statements published at the time, it would appear that offices were openly sold; bribery openly practised, and men kept in prison for years without being brought to trial.†

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\* *Réflexions impartiales, ou Résumé des faits du 17 et 18 Decembre, et de leurs antécédens.*—Geneve, 1831.

† Discorso pronunciato nel Gran Consiglio del Cantone Ticinese, 7 Giugno, 1830.—Lugano.

Perseghini, Colpo d'occhio al paragrafo settimo del decreto governativo, etc., 18 Giugno, 1830.—Ibid.

On the 1st of May, 1830, the commune of Lugano assembled according to the existing regulations, in order to elect its municipal officers. After the election, the Syndic, Mr. Luvini, in returning thanks to the meeting, spoke warmly of the wants and wishes of his countrymen for a reform in the constitution. The assembly answered by acclamations, and the speech was printed and largely distributed. The other communal assemblies followed the example of Lugano, and expressed themselves in a similar strain. The executive council, which had been till then influenced and overawed by a party, refused to resort to measures of repression. The legislative council assembled as usual on the 7th of June, and the president, Lotti, opened the session by a speech in favour of reform. The executive council then, by virtue of its right of initiative, proposed a project of constitution on liberal principles. After full discussion, the project was adopted by the legislative council, and submitted to the general assemblies of the circles, who readily sanctioned it, and the new constitutional law was proclaimed. It establishes the system of direct election by the citizens, the elections to be renewed every four years. The members of the legislature cannot fill any situation under the executive. The members of the latter, as well as those of the high court of judicature, cannot be at the same time members of the great council. The sittings of the great council are public. The councillors of state are elected for four years, at the expiration of which they may be re-elected for four years more only. The liberty of the press, the inviolability of persons, and the right of petition, are parts of the fundamental law; no tax can be laid without a majority of two-thirds of the great council. All lotteries and public games of chance are forbidden. The present constitution cannot be modified before a lapse of twelve years, and then any modification of it must be submitted to the approval of the primary assemblies of the people.

This essential change, the principles of which have been since adopted in most of the other cantons of Switzerland, took place in the Ticino without any popular commotion or interruption of public order, and at a time when the events of Paris could not possibly be foretold or foreseen. The news of the last week of July therefore only contributed to quicken the explosion in the other cantons; it broke out successively in all the new cantons in the months of November and December. In those of Aargau and Vaud, owing to the tergiversation and imprudent obstinacy of the existing governments, it was accompanied by serious disturbances; the country people repaired en masse to Aarau and Lausanne, in order to oblige their respective councils to convoke the assemblies of circles to appoint deputies to frame a new con-

stitution; as soon as this was done, however, the tumult ceased and the people returned home quietly. In the cantons of Thurgau and St. Gall, the crisis was of a milder character, these governments having yielded in time, and ordered the revision of the constitution. The popular partisans themselves made an honourable acknowledgment of the upright and temperate conduct of the old magistracy, the question not being with them one of persons but of principles.

In the old aristocratic cantons the opposition was stronger and more systematic, as might be expected. Although the struggle was again partially between the towns and the country as before, the towns were now also divided among themselves, many of the citizens desiring a system of direct election and a more general distribution of offices. The communes on the banks of the lake of Zurich, always prone to agitation, even in olden times, such as Stafa,\* Wädenschwyl, Herrliberg, &c., were all foremost in the present movement. A meeting took place at Uster, which was attended by eight thousand men, who signed a petition, couched in firm yet respectful terms, and addressed to the burgomaster in office, or chief of the executive, demanding a revision of the constitution of 1814, and a system of representation founded on a more equal distribution of rights between town and country. After a long debate the great council appointed a committee to frame a new plan of election, by which the nominations should be direct, the three powers divided, the duration of offices limited, and the country should return *two-thirds of the deputies, and the city of Zurich one-third*. It was argued that although the city of Zurich did not constitute above one-thirteenth of the population of the whole canton, yet owing to its superior capital and industry, to the important interests concerned in these, to its greater share of taxation, to its being the centre of the administration and of the public institutions, and lastly, to its superiority in point of intelligence and instruction, it ought, for its own security, and even for the general advantage of the country, to have a greater share in the representation than would have devolved to it on the principle of mere numerical proportion. To this the country deputies agreed, and the same principle has since presided the new constitutions of the former aristocratic or town cantons, Luzern, Basle, Schaffhausen, &c. It was not thought advisable to leave the towns at the mercy of the country people, whose jealousy and recollection of former grievances had been aroused afresh by

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\* During the last forty years these communes have risen several times against the privileges of the town of Zurich, especially in 1797 and 1804, when, being put down by force, they were treated with great severity, and executions and confiscations took place.—See *Zschokke's History*.

the late events, until at last property itself might be exposed to danger from their violence. Basle declared, that rather than allow itself to be governed by the country, according to the system of numerical representation, it would detach itself from it and return to its former condition of a free town. The case is different in the new cantons, in which, from their recent formation and the prevalence of agricultural industry, the principal towns, such as Lausanne, Aarau, Frauenfeld, Lugano,\* have none of the comparative importance and paramount interests of the ancient free cities of Zurich, Bern, Basle, &c.

Friburg was, by a singular contrast with its name, *Frey-burg*, the most aristocratic canton in Switzerland, till the late events. In contempt of the federal pact of 1814, three-fourths of the representatives were chosen from amongst eighty patrician families of the town, called the *old bourgeoisie* of Friburg, by an electoral committee appointed by the great council itself. The remaining fourth was also chosen by the great council from lists of candidates named by the country. The qualification required was higher than in any other canton, being twenty thousand Swiss livres, equal to thirty thousand francs, in landed property. Friburg is an agricultural country. The executive or little council framed lists of three candidates for every vacancy that occurred in its own body, and the great council chose one among these. It was in short a complete self-electing oligarchy. The consequence was, that the government was considered as the most arbitrary and illiberal in Switzerland. Friburg was styled the little Spain. Being a Catholic canton, the bishop had great influence in state affairs. Besides numerous convents, Trappists among others, the foreign Jesuits from France made a settlement at Friburg, after which the government suppressed the schools of mutual instruction, which a liberal ecclesiastic, Father Girard, had laboured to establish for the education of the lower classes, with the full consent of the municipality. The roads of Friburg are proverbially bad, and industry and instruction are at a very low ebb. The movement for reform extended to this canton in November, 1830. A petition was presented from the country to the *avoyer* in office, demanding equality of political rights, direct elections, and the amovibility of persons in office. The great council refused to notice the petition. The government made demonstrations of resistance, and collected troops, but several thousand armed peasants having come to the town, the municipal council, seeing the danger, addressed the executive in firm language, requesting it to calm the people by concession. In the

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\* The chief towns of Vaud, Aargau, Thurgau and Ticino.



month of December the great council gave way, and the electoral assemblies were convoked to name deputies to a constituent assembly for the purpose of framing a constitution on a popular representative basis.

Bern, the largest and most important state of all Switzerland, has ever been one of the best administered. The government was enlightened, prudent, and economical, its magistrates were generally respectable and respected, and the people are distinguished for their good sober sense, their industry, love of order, and respect for the laws. But the constitution of 1814 had maintained too many of the former aristocratic privileges for the present disposition of mind of the country. Two hundred representatives, named by the city of Bern alone, with a population of not twenty thousand, was considered preposterous, while the whole of the country, including several considerable towns, and reckoning 350,000 inhabitants, elected only 99. The burghers of the city, also, had no elective franchise, the nominations being made by an electoral commission, composed of the executive and of sixteen members of the great council, from a list of candidates belonging to a limited number of families. As some of the latter became extinct, new families were added to the list from the *bourgeoisie*.

In December, 1830, meetings took place in the country, condemnatory of this state of things, at Burgdorf, the second town in the canton, at Thun, and especially in the districts formerly belonging to the Bishop of Basle. The burghers of Bern also held a meeting, and as by the laws of Bern collective petitions were not allowed, they commissioned some liberal members of the great council to state their requests, which were for direct elections, publicity of debates, and the separation of the town and country administration. Meantime the militia, in several parts of the country, refused to act and disperse the meetings. At last the executive, coming to terms, proposed, as a preliminary measure, a project of law for appointing a committee to receive the petitions of the communes and report thereon. This project of law was laid next day before the great legislative council, and voted unanimously. The sitting was remarkable for the dignity and good sense it exhibited. Several of the most distinguished men of Bern strongly supported the measure, among others Mr. Fellenberg, of Hofwyl, who considered it as a most honourable initiative on the part of government.\* He only regretted that

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\* After having thus paid his duty to his country, Mr. Fellenberg tendered his resignation of his seat in the great council, accompanying it by the following remarkable expressions:—"I believe I shall best fulfil my duties towards my country by devoting myself exclusively to the establishments I have formed at Hofwyl, Maykirch, &c., for propagating a system of national education, grounded on morality and sound religion, and

they should have waited so long, until parties were almost in presence of one another. The sincerity of the government was further shown by the choice it made of the members of the committee, called *The Eleven*. While this was taking place in the halls of the councils, the authorities had not neglected precautions against any insurrectionary movements. Troops were stationed in the various squares, several pieces of horse artillery, harnessed, were in the court of the arsenal, strong pickets of cavalry paraded the streets, whilst others were stationed outside the town in the avenues leading to it. The public tranquillity was not for a moment disturbed. In January, 1831, the committee made its report, embodying the substance of the numerous petitions under the following heads:—A revision of the constitution of 1814; abolition of all privileges of persons and families; extension of the right of election in favour of the country; true and direct nomination of members in town and country; abolition of the censorship, and a law against the abuses of the press; a municipal organization of the communes, with right of choosing their own magistrates; a general synod of the national Protestant Church, to watch over its interests; revision of the act of annexation of the bailliages, formerly belonging to the Bishop of Basle; publicity of debates, right of petition, division of powers, renewal of offices, &c., as in the other cantons.

On the 18th of January the great council formally, and of its own accord, renounced its right of discussing the project for a new constitution, and a constituent council *ad hoc* was convoked on the 19th. Among the members of the latter we saw the name of Mr. Kasthofer, the intelligent and benevolent writer on the rural economy of his country. The new constitution was not completed till the following summer. The old authorities meantime remained *pro tempore*, and every thing proceeded at Bern with the greatest regularity, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. In the annexed bailliages, bordering on France, there were local insurrections, which however were put down after the settlement of the constitutional question.

Soleure, Luzern, and Schaffhausen followed the example of Zurich and Bern, and so did Basle, where, however, alarming disturbances broke out. It was in this canton that the worst spirit, a spirit really revolutionary and anarchical, showed itself.

which at the same time favours the developement of science and industry. The circumstances of the times show every day more and more the necessity of such an education. A people, moral, religious, truly Christian, a people well acquainted with its position and its real wants, can alone resist dangerous instigations at all times. Magistrates, who, by a superior education, are raised above fear and the solicitations of parties, are alone capable of steering the vessel of the state safely through political storms."

This may be accounted for from various causes. Basle, an opulent and commercial city, had, before 1798, kept the country in a state of dependence, greater than that enforced by Zurich. But the country of Basle is not to be compared to that of Zurich for extent, population, fertility, local situation, or industry. In short, the city of Basle was almost every thing in the canton, the country next to nothing. The evil is of old standing, and although of late years the country had been much better treated, yet the peasants have remained rude and ignorant. When in consequence of the second insurrection that took place last summer, troops from other cantons were sent by the diet, and quartered in the several villages and districts of the country, the officers and men could not help exclaiming with astonishment, how different the peasants appeared to them from those of the other cantons, how low in the scale of intelligence, how plain and coarse the women.\* Such a peasantry, in the neighbourhood of the wealthiest town in Switzerland, could without much difficulty be aroused to feelings of envy, jealousy and violence against the "overgrown purse-proud citizens," who were represented as withholding from them their rights. The position of that canton, also, at one extremity of Switzerland, between France and Germany, made it a convenient place of refuge for adventurers and emigrants of various colours and denominations, and of discharged soldiers of the Swiss regiments in the service of Charles X., some of whom joined the ranks of the insurrection in their own country, after having been expelled from France by another insurrection. Emissaries from abroad were not wanting, for money was distributed pretty freely by the insurgents to enlist recruits. And lastly, the tumultuary spirit of the country people of Zurich, Soleure, Argau and Luzern, who had lately risen against their own rulers, now led them to take loudly the part of "their brethren the peasants of Basle." Meetings were called at Wädenschwyl, Sursee, &c., in the canton of Zurich and Luzern, and it was proposed, against all principle of law, and against the very essentials of the federal pact, to march *en masse* into the territory of another independent state, to bring the *tartuffes and millionnaires of Basle* to their senses. Such were the expressions of the Swiss propagandists, and the journals of that party fanned the flame. There was some danger of a general social war among the Swiss. Now Basle had just done as much, if not more, to conciliate its own country people, as Zurich, Luzern, and the other towns. A constitution was adopted at the beginning of 1831, by which the city of Basle, which forms at least one-fourth of the population of the whole canton, which bears *three-fourths* of

\* *Nouvelliste Vaudois* for the months of September and October, 1851.

the whole taxation, and whose property and capital are enormous, when compared to that of the rest of the country, names seventy-five deputies to the legislative council, while the country appoints seventy-nine. The other provisions were liberal, direct elections, temporary durations of office, &c. The deputies sent by the country, who composed one half of the committee that framed the new constitution, approved of the measure. But some agitators in the country were not so easily satisfied; they convoked a *landsgemeinde*, a thing unknown in the cantons of Basle, at Liechstatt, which has been of old a turbulent district, for the spirit of agitation seems to perpetuate itself in localities as much as in families. The insurgents were armed; they sent a summons to the town, demanding that the country should have five-sevenths of the representatives, and an answer in twenty-four hours. The people of Basle, on their part, took arms in their own defence, in defence of their properties and of their families, threatened by the irruption of thousands of undisciplined and riotous peasants.\* The latter advanced against the town, but the artillery from the ramparts and the sorties of the armed citizens soon obliged them to retire after some loss, pursued by the civic guard of Basle, who entered Liechstatt, the head-quarters of the insurrection, without opposition. The insurgents were dispersed, some of the leaders ran away, others were taken prisoners, and the country being restored to tranquillity, the new constitution was sanctioned by the seven-eighths of the communes composing the canton. This was in February, 1831.

The democratic cantons took hardly any part in the events of 1830-1. Their institutions remained the same. These sturdy old republicans seem to have looked with a suspicious eye at what was going on in the other cantons. Only in the Protestant half of Appenzell, called exterior Rhodes, the *landsgemeinde* of 1830 decided that the *landbuch*, or statutes of the country, should be revised, and a new project was framed with a view to the separation of the legislative, executive and judicial powers, which are no where more mixed and confounded than in those little democracies. The project, of which we shall here give some of the heads, was printed previously to being laid before the next *landsgemeinde* for acceptance. The *landsgemeinde* consists of all the citizens who have received religious instruction and have attained their eighteenth year. It is held every year, on the first Sunday of April, alternately at Trogen and at Hund-

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\* "Les Balois à leurs confédérés," p. 4. We heard from persons who had spoken with the insurgents that many of them fully expected to plunder Basle. One man remarked that he only wanted to get money enough to buy two cows.

weil. It exercises the supreme legislative power, examines the accounts, fixes the expenditure, and provides for the revenue. The great council, which is here the executive, consists of the landamman, and one councillor for each commune; it appoints deputies to the diet, and enforces the execution of the laws. The supreme court of judicature consists of thirteen members, who cannot at the same time exercise any other function, whether in or under the government. In capital cases its sentences must be submitted to the great council, which confirms or rejects them. The trials are public. The *kirchören*, or parish meetings, assembled twice a year, name their municipal officers, the justices of peace, and administer the property of their respective communes. They have also the right of choosing and of dismissing their clergyman or curate. Every commune has a *court of morals*, or a censorial tribunal, composed of the clergyman and two syndics. Every commune provides for its own poor; this is generally the case all over Switzerland. Most public officers are paid by the day. A deputy to the federal diet receives two florins forty-two kreutzers per diem.\* The landamman, or chief magistrate, receives an annual salary of one hundred florins, about 9*l*. sterling; the statthalter, fifteen florins!

Whilst all these changes were taking place, and the people were busy in some cantons in framing new constitutions or discussing those that had been framed previously to their being accepted, and in others about the elections in accordance with the new system, the time for the meeting of the federal diet of 1831 approached. The session promised to be unusually interesting. The federal pact of 1814, the bond of union between the various members of the Swiss confederacy, still remained the same, it was the main anchor of security in the critical position of their affairs, both foreign and domestic. The diet met at Luzern on the 4th of July. The president, Avoyer Amrhyn, of the *Vorort*, or directing canton, opened the session by a temperate and rather satisfactory speech concerning the situation of the common country. The neutrality of Switzerland had been again confirmed by all the great powers. The courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, in doing this, had expressed something like a feeling of surprise not unmixed with displeasure, at the armaments which took place last year for the defence of Swiss independence against any possible attack. The federal directory had given those courts explanations on the subject in language firm and respectful at the same time. The King of Prussia had expressed a peculiar

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\* Eleven florins of Appenzell are equal to £1 sterling. The florin is divided into 60 kreutzers. The landamann and statthalter are generally men of property.

interest in the welfare of the Swiss, with whom he was connected as Prince of Neuchâtel. Measures had been taken for the execution of the treaty with France concerning the payment of the officers and men of the Swiss regiments lately in that service. Some differences having occurred between the canton of Ticino and the governments of Lombardy and Piedmont, on the subject of the Italian and other refugees, the federal directory had taken the matter into consideration, for the purpose of *fixing the right of refuge within proper bounds*.

With regard to the interior, the president hoped that all the new constitutions would be deposited in the federal archives, and placed under the federal guarantee, during the course of the actual session, as it would be unsafe for the country were the diet to separate without accomplishing this. At Bern the new constitution was being submitted to the general assemblies for approval. The new law of election in the Valais was also under discussion, but tranquillity seemed to be re-established in that state.\* The canton of Schwytz alone exhibited a lamentable scene of dissension. The old district of Schwytz, including the town, had assumed certain prerogatives over the other districts, and after a long and angry discussion the outer districts assembled their own *landsgemeinde*, and an actual separation had taken place.

After touching upon several details of military administration, the president concluded by congratulating himself on being surrounded by magistrates who enjoyed the confidence of their constituents, and most of whom had lately given proofs of that wise union of conciliation with firmness, which alone could avert from their common country the evils that threatened it.

The various deputies then *saluted* each other according to the old federal custom. They afterwards all expressed in turn the general sentiments of their constituents; and as these short declarations are strongly indicative of the *temper* of each canton, and are otherwise curious by the manner of their style, we shall give in a few words an abstract of them, in the order in which they were delivered. Luzern having already spoken by the organ of its chief magistrate, the president of the diet,

2. The Deputy of Zurich said he hoped that wisdom and generosity

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\* Several communes of the Lower Valais, in the neighbourhood of Martigny, arose, demanding alterations in their constitution. The fact is, that the deputies to the legislature are elected equally by the *disains*, or districts, some of which are more populous than others. But the real majority, or German part of the population, are satisfied with this order of things; while the Lower Valaisans, who are a different race and speak a French dialect, object to it. The consequence was that the militia from the upper country marched to Martigny and put down the trees of liberty and tri-coloured flags, which were denounced as "symbols of brigandage, and not of liberty."

would soon cause the late events to be forgotten. He wished to see the bond between the confederates drawn closer, without, however, infringing on their respective independence within their own territories. "Zurich shrinks from no sacrifice for the liberty and independence of the common country."

3. The Deputy of Bern entertained fears lest discord and passions should interrupt the former peaceful happiness of the land. "Ancient Bern, faithful to its oath, will do all that, under the present circumstances, may contribute to the maintenance of peace and union."

4. The Deputy of Uri questioned whether the assurances of fidelity and union which resounded in that hall could tranquillize the country at a moment when, by means of a majority partly factitious, so many new governments were springing up on all sides. "Out of two-and-twenty families inhabiting one and the same mansion, some have taken to dress and live after a new fashion, while the rest continue faithful to the manners of their forefathers. This does not promise a happy concord between them, and it seems difficult that they should agree without calling in for the interference of a foreign mediator. The Deputy of Uri cannot look favourably on a revolution which has overthrown all institutions and religion. The liberty of the press, secret societies, and a system of slander against all loyal men—such are the means employed; and yet we talk of the union of Switzerland!"

5. Schwytz could not fully express the painful sentiments caused by the many calumnies that had been uttered and reported against the ancient country of Schwytz.

6. Unterwalden. "The descendants of Winkelried will ever be ready to make any sacrifice demanded by the common country. They have lived happy and free these five centuries, and they ardently wish that all Switzerland may enjoy the same blessings."

7. Glarus. "Once this day was a day of joy; now we see neither confidence nor peace. In many a foreign country the popular movements have occasioned serious distress. That which till now appeared certain is become problematic; things which were held most sacred have disappeared. May Divine Providence render this a lesson useful to our country, and teach us to distinguish between those principles which are durable and those which are only illusory."

8. Zug. "The Swiss people, notwithstanding some errors, have shown themselves courageous and good. They must succeed, whether by a gradual developement of their institutions, or by a terrible struggle. Let not the confederates forget that Swiss liberty had its birth on a field of battle. The Swiss are little skilled in diplomatic mysteries. May a common interest animate all the Swiss, and a closer bond unite them together!"

9. Friburg. "The existing federal pact is sufficient. All that is prescribed in it Friburg will fulfil; more can not be demanded. The danger may be nearer than we think; let us nerve our courage; let us hope that the disheartening words, 'it is all over with the Confederation, the diet is now assembled for the last time!' shall be heard no more among us; Friburg for its part rejects the open; in the hour of danger we will show that we are all brethren."

10. Soleure. "The people of Soleure have shown themselves worthy of liberty, and they are ready to make the greatest sacrifices to maintain it. Wishes for a greater centralization of the federal power have been manifested, but the people will not renounce their lately acquired sovereignty, therefore the greatest caution is required concerning this point."

11. Basle congratulated the deputies on their meeting together once more for the common interest of their country.

12. Schaffhausen. "It is a consolation that on the great and important question of our federal independence towards the stranger but one opinion prevails. Brothers may be divided concerning the use and internal division of their common dwelling, but they will unite no doubt to defend and protect the building which has sheltered their infancy."

13. Appenzell. "A firm resolve to sacrifice everything to our common country lies deep in the heart of every man of Appenzell. The times are critical, but no one of the confederates is dismayed by them. Time moves on—we must take care to move along with it."

14. St. Gall. "The people feel the want of a closer union with their governments; they will no longer have masters. A new career is opened to Switzerland; that which is not yet reformed moves rapidly towards reform. May this spirit which manifests itself in the people, maintain our external independence whilst it ameliorates our internal institutions!"

15. The Grisons. "This canton congratulates the various cantons newly constituted upon their closer approximation to the constitution of the Grisons. Discord is still raging in some states; the unbounded license of the press is a deplorable evil, but the deputy trusts in the wisdom and firmness of the federal assembly. The Grisons are ready to co-operate with the latter, persuaded that nothing will be required beyond the obligations stipulated in the federal pact."

16. Aargau. "After some deplorable events the people of Aargau have accepted a new constitution, and they are ready to concur in any measure that will draw closer the federal bonds."

17. Thurgau. "This canton has also accepted a new constitution, which was desired, not in consequence of any acts of oppression of the former government, which was good and loyal, but because the old institutions checked the intellectual development of the citizens. Agitation and disturbances were of short duration among us; the most perfect tranquillity now prevails. As for defending the independence of Switzerland, we will do all that is in our power to do."

18. Ticino. "Our new institutions have endeared our country to our people. They are resolved to do all for the defence of their liberty."

19. Vaud expressed its wishes for internal peace, in order that Switzerland may be strong against any attempts from the stranger.

20. Valais alluded to the disturbances that have agitated the canton; tranquillity is now restored. It rejected every idea of centralization; the hint itself was suspicious, and just now ill-timed. "We will not act like Belgium—we will not purchase our regeneration at the price of our annihilation; we must ameliorate our institutions with circumspection; we must oppose *idealism* and ultra-liberalism. The former, regardless of what exists, traces its fanciful plans with charcoal, the lines



of which are soon effaced. The latter mistrusts all power, and sees in authority nothing but abuses.

21. Neuchatel advised moderation.

22. Geneva saw many ameliorations wanted in the military organization of the country, and thought it lucky that the hour of danger had not taken it by surprise.

Shortly after the meeting of the diet fresh disturbances broke out in the canton of Basle. The old insurgents of Liechstatt again mustered in considerable force. They complained that the amnesty had not been kept by the government of Basle; that several persons were still detained in confinement; and that the constitution which had been laid before the communal assemblies was only accepted through undue influence, and a feeling of fear after the defeat of the country people. They then demanded a new convocation of the primary assemblies. The citizens of Basle on their side were again under arms, and marched upon Liechstatt, but they fell into an ambuscade of the peasants, and lost several killed and wounded. After this the insurgents ruled over the greater part of the country; they formed a provisional government; they forced the peaceful inhabitants of several communes to join them; levied contributions, and plundered and ill-treated many of those whom they considered as their opponents. They were joined by turbulent men from other cantons. At last the diet, seeing anarchy raging, sent commissioners, who, however, could not bring the insurgents to reason until several battalions of federal troops were ordered to march into the canton. They summoned the insurgents to disperse, but were obliged at length to resort to forcible measures; several of the leaders were arrested, and their convention broken up.

The writer of this happened to be in Switzerland at the time. There was much anxiety in people's minds concerning these unlucky disturbances and their possible results. The peasants of other cantons seemed disposed to take part with those of Basle. Some of the newly-constituted governments too, especially Zurich, showed a marked partiality on the same side. Luckily, the diet interposed in time to prevent much mischief. We saw at Zurich proofs of the prevailing spirit. A battalion of the militia, chiefly from the country, was assembled at the barracks ready to march according to the orders of the diet: and a more disorderly body of men we have seldom seen. The street before the barracks, one of the widest in Zurich, was choked up with the soldiers, many of them half drunk, and their relatives and friends, and presented all day long a scene of the greatest noise and confusion. The men annoyed by their rude jeering any decent females that happened to pass that way. When the major issued orders to repress and

punish intoxication, they answered that they were free men. They declared they would never fight against their brethren the peasants of Basle. In short, their whole conduct gave much uneasiness to the quiet citizens of Zurich. Very different was the behaviour of the militia of Luzern and Bern, which we saw a few days after. At Luzern, the men, just called from their peaceful homes, were orderly, good humoured, respectful to their officers, and civil to strangers. The militia of Bern appeared as fine and well disciplined a force as any regular troops we have seen. Indeed, it is impossible to travel through the canton of Bern, to see the healthy cheerful looks of its peasantry, the high state of cultivation of its fields, the comfortable appearance of its numerous and substantial farm houses, the excellent condition of its roads and bridges, the regularity of its post establishment and public coaches, the splendid public buildings of the capital, which is by far the handsomest town in Switzerland, the cleanliness of the streets, the abundance of the markets, the regularity of the police, without being impressed with a high sense of esteem for the government, under which the country has so long prospered. The historian, Müller, who was not blind to the abuses of that government, says—

“ It would not be an easy matter to find, in the history of the world, a commonwealth which for so long a period has been so wisely administered as that of Bern. In other aristocracies, the subjects were kept in darkness, poverty and barbarism; factions were encouraged amongst them, while justice winked at crimes; and this was the case in the dependencies of Venice. But the people of Bern stood, with regard to their patricians, rather in the relation of clients towards their patrons, than of subjects towards their sovereigns.”

At Bern, the state provided against the effects of storms, inundations, and epidemic disorders. No popular calamity remained unheeded; no individual distress implored assistance in vain. Every commune has funds for the relief of its own poor; establishments have been founded for the sick and the helpless. Agriculture is in a thriving state, the farmers being almost all proprietors, and many possessed of considerable wealth. The country people are richer than the citizens, to whom they consider themselves superior; fortunes of 50,000 Swiss livres, (3000*l.* sterling, and upwards,) are common among them.

It was a too confident security, the result of long peace and prosperity, and a subsequent indecision of councils, that mainly contributed to the overthrow of the Bernese government in 1798. But many of the Bernese patricians behaved well in the hour of trial. On the six black marble slabs in one of the aisles of the Cathedral of Bern, stand recorded the names of those who died in the last struggle for the defence of their city, in that mournful

year, *traurig jahr*, as it is there called. There the names of d'Erlach, Grafenried, Gurnoens, Steiguer, May, and other conspicuous families, recall to mind the fallen glories of the Bernese aristocracy. Had the senate, instead of negotiating with a faithless invader, or relying upon lukewarm allies, put all its trust in the energies of the country, in the people, who were then sincerely attached to their government, there is no doubt they would have repelled the attack, and a general rising of Switzerland at their back would have taught their aggressors the necessity of respecting their independence.

In 1814, circumstances had altered; the patricians of Bern, as an order, were obliterated, the minds and sentiments of the people were changed. In attempting to resume their former ascendancy the old families of Bern mistook the temper of the times, and although they made considerable concessions, and continued to govern with their former equity, moderation, and economy, they could no longer command the same deference from the people. At last a new gust of wind from abroad completed their fall. But this second fall was not without dignity on one side, or moderation on the other. The people of Bern did not add insult to the humiliation of their magistrates. On the contrary, several of the latter were freely re-elected to the new councils; some, however, refused, from the morbid feeling perhaps of disgust, and considering themselves ungenerously used, after devoting the best part of their lives to the service of their country. But these angry feelings will pass away, and conciliation will effect its work among such sober, steady, warm-hearted people as the Bernese.

The disturbances of Basle were scarcely quelled when a fresh insurrection broke out in the canton of Neuchatel. In the month of September last, a considerable body of men, principally from the Val de Travers, marched to the town and took possession of the castle, without any resistance from the feeble garrison. They then threatened to batter the town, unless the citizens of Neuchatel provided them with all necessaries; and at the same time they openly demanded a change of government, throwing off the authority of their prince, the King of Prussia. That sovereign had already sent, early in the year, Mr. de Pfuhl, as his commissioner, to inquire into the wants and wishes of his good subjects of Neuchatel. Mr. Pfuhl had been round the country, had listened to all, had promised and indeed effected several alterations in the administration; but not a word had been whispered to him about a separation from the House of Brandenburg. He had since returned to Berlin to make his report to the King, and it was during his absence that the insurrection broke out. This placed the federal diet in a very delicate position, for the principality of

Neuchatel had been freely bestowed by the states of the country on the Prussian dynasty more than a century since, and has been since guaranteed by treaties, down to that of Vienna. The King had never interfered with the privileges, customs, and statutes of the country. His authority was almost nominal. If any thing was wrong in the state of Neuchatel, the fault laid with the natives themselves. There were several remains of feudal and municipal privileges attached to certain families and towns, which had survived the middle ages. But the insurgents, regardless of treaties and of existing engagements with their Swiss confederates, whom they thus placed in a most awkward position towards Prussia and her allies, wanted to change the constitution *in toto*. On the other hand, there was a strong party at Neuchatel and in the manufacturing districts of Locle and Chaux-de-Fonds, who had no wish for a separation from Prussia, as the territories of that monarchy afford an ample outlet for the produce of their industry, which are introduced as Prussian manufactures, a consideration not to be overlooked in the present embarrassed state of the commercial world. The Prussian party, as it was called, mustered strong at Valengin, and was swelled by country people from the Val de Ruz, &c. The federal diet was here again obliged to interpose to prevent hostilities; it sent commissioners, followed by troops from the neighbouring cantons of Bern, Vaud, and Friburg. The insurgents were summoned to give up the castle, which they did, after they saw the preparations made by the federal commander to attack them. Since that time, the King of Prussia has sent back Mr. de Pfuhl to see what can be done to tranquillize the country, declaring, at the same time, that he could not for a moment listen to any demand for giving up his title to the principality, especially as the greater and more influential part of the inhabitants entertained no desire for such a change.\*

Such was the state of Switzerland towards the close of 1831. We have not spoken of those cantons, such as Geneva, where the constitution has undergone no violent change. In the last mentioned city the government itself, with wise foresight, proposed alterations conformable to the spirit that was abroad. The duration of office has been limited, the elections have been rendered more popular, &c.

The present population of Switzerland is nearly two millions. It can muster, at a few weeks notice, an army of about seventy

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\* The latest accounts bring the termination of the insurrection, and the trial of the ringleaders in the last days of December by a court-martial, which has condemned them to various punishments. It is more than probable, however, that the result of these proceedings will be the entire separation of Neuchatel from the Swiss confederation.

thousand men, from the contingents and reserves of the various cantons, all trained to arms and acquainted with their duties. The men are encamped and exercised in the field in their respective cantons, at fixed periods of the year.

May Switzerland maintain both its independence and its internal tranquillity! She has been, with all her troubles, a favoured country, and deserves to continue so "with all her faults."

ART. IX.—1. *An Act for granting Duties of Customs.* (6 Geo. IV. cap. 111.)

2. *Tarif général des Douanes de la France, pour 1831.* Paris; par autorisation du Gouvernement.

THE arguments that have of late been urged against the continuance of the taxes called, in general, the Taxes on Knowledge, have been both numerous and forcible; but there is one branch of those taxes, which appears to have excited less attention than it deserves,—namely, the Duties on the Importation of Foreign Books. The subject is one which seems to fall properly within our department, and we shall therefore take leave to inform our readers exactly how the case at present stands, that they may judge, whether, or not, the taxes on Foreign Literature require modification.

Books were, we believe, first charged with an import duty in the reign of Charles the Second, but were hardly considered a regular object of revenue till the passing of the Act of the 27 Geo. 3, c. 13, which took effect on the 10th of May, 1787, and imposed a duty on bound books of 19s. 3d. per cwt., and on unbound books, of 8s. 10d. per cwt. At this rate it continued till the year 1809, when the necessities of the war obliged the government in so many instances to lay on taxes with a heavy and capricious hand; and by the Act 49 Geo. 3, c. 98, the duty on bound books was raised to 4l. 2s., and on unbound, to 3l. 1s. 6d. the cwt. The 59th Geo. 3, c. 58, made another change—not, as might have been supposed, a reduction, in consideration of the country being then in the fifth year of peace, but a further increase, which rated bound books at 6l. 10s., and unbound at 5l. the cwt. However, by the Consolidation of Customs Act of the 6 Geo. 4, c. 111, commencing on the 5th July, 1825, the duties were slightly modified, and they now stand payable thus under that Act, viz:—

On books, being of editions printed prior to 1801, bound or unbound, the cwt. . . . .	£1
On books, being of editions printed since the year 1801, bound or unbound, the cwt. . . . .	£5

The former class of duties is understood to have been fixed by way of encouragement to the importation in mass of libraries of foreign books, which the auctioneers and dealers represented would thus find a market in England, and enrich the scholar as well as the bibliomaniac, if some consideration were afforded to the trade for the long period for which they were so frequently obliged to keep them on hand unproductively. The official returns do not afford the means of distinguishing the respective qualities of new and old books introduced; but the revenue is chiefly derived from the editions of later date than 1801, which pay what is equivalent to about 10½*d* the pound.

Now, in the first place, the policy of encouraging the importation of old books, at the expense of new ones, seems rather whimsical. It is almost as strange as the cry of the exchange of new lamps for old ones, in the story of Aladdin. For, it is well known that such old books as have any value at all, either to the literary or the curious, are infinitely more costly than any modern publications of similar weight *avoirdupois*, whilst, on the other hand, there is scarcely any author of merit on the continent previous to the present century, whose works are not now printed and circulated in editions later than 1801. Those who know which editions of Lessing, or of Schiller, are the most common in Germany, or which of Molière, or Voltaire, are most frequently met with in France, will have before them instances of this notorious fact. If the principle of the distinction be the supposed inferiority in value of old books, it seems fallacious; for people in general, when they buy foreign books, are sensible enough to buy those of worth, and we greatly doubt whether the refuse of the book-stalls on the quay of the Louvre would ever find its way to London, even duty free. If the object be the encouragement of older literature, at the expense of more modern productions, that object is not attained; for the high duty is that which most commonly attaches upon books of merit written previous to the present century, for the reasons above stated. The profit of the fisc, however, was probably the only motive that suggested the alteration; as, the great mass of old books being imported for the express purpose of being brought to the hammer, the government has no doubt found it a most advantageous exchange to receive the amount of the auction duty on the actual value in lieu of the trifling produce of an import duty, which was so high as to operate as a prohibition.

There is something which savours of barbarism in the system of taxing literature by the pound. But, passing by this, and granting for argument's sake, that books, considered merely as the raw material of knowledge, ought to contribute to the revenue on

importation, it is still extremely questionable whether a duty by weight is the fairest and most proper mode of charge. Books of similar weight differ so prodigiously in price, that an *ad valorem* duty would suggest itself as preferable, if it were not for the many difficulties and evasions to which that description of duty has constantly been found to be subject. A plan might certainly be contrived of levying the duty by weight, conditionally, in reference to the scale of value, but this would perhaps be found too complicated, and too tedious in the process of ascertainment. Books, like many other articles, seem to be in that dilemma with respect to the customs, that, if charged otherwise than by weight, the revenue would be likely to be defrauded, and on the other hand, whilst the duty by weight continues, it falls upon importers unequally, and therefore inconsistently with sound and just principles of taxation.

But, after all, the great objection to the duty is, that it is bad in policy, and that, if it were otherwise, it is much too heavy. A tax of ten-pence three farthings per pound, is equivalent upon many books to a hundred per cent. and in no case to less than ten per cent. This, added to the costs of carriage, freight, insurance, brokerage, &c. is a heavy discouragement to importation in the way of trade, for sale in this country; and we confess we are surprised that the foreign booksellers can afford to supply books from abroad at the rate they do,—being, for French books, for instance, at the charge to the customer of a shilling for every *franc* of the publication price. The import trade has not been a thriving one, as we shall presently show, and when this is considered, as well as the vexation and trouble given to passengers by the levy of the duty upon their small purchases for private use, there can be little doubt, we suppose, of its unpopularity amongst the class of persons immediately affected by it. Throughout Germany, and in the Netherlands, the books of travellers pass duty free, it being considered quite as reasonable that a man should carry a supply of books with him on his journey, as clothes, or shaving apparatus, or any other part of his equipment. The French, who do not read our books, or visit our country, to any thing like the extent we do theirs, have also long since set us an example of liberality, which those who are fond of reproaching the French tariff in general would do well to note as worthy of praise. Since 1817, the duty on new foreign books imported into France is only eleven *franca* the 100 kilograms,—old books belonging to travellers being exempt from duty altogether. Now, as a kilogram is equal to about 2½ *lbs.* 2½ *oz.* avoirdupois, the French duty comes as nearly as possible to five shillings a hundred weight, so that ours is just twenty times

heavier than theirs. Truly, this matter should be set to rights, before we again boast to M. St. Cricq of the philosophical superiority of our commercial policy!

It appears from official accounts, that the quantity of foreign books imported into the United Kingdom for the last ten years, with the amount of duty received thereon, has been as follows:—

Years.	Cwts.	qrs.	lbs.	£	s.	d.
1821 . .	2294	1	21 . . .	12,987	8	9
1822 . .	2323	1	8 . . .	13,027	11	4
1823 . .	2881	1	17 . . .	15,342	8	8
1824 . .	3356	0	4 . . .	17,237	17	3
1825 . .	4651	1	26 . . .	17,095	18	6
1826 . .	3154	1	3 . . .	10,785	3	8
1827 . .	3345	0	3 . . .	11,133	2	5
1828 . .	3270	0	13 . . .	11,026	18	1
1829 . .	3019	0	14 . . .	11,400	8	2
1830 . .	3441	3	18 . . .	11,865	4	4

The quantity of books imported for several years past appears thus, *prima facie*, to have been stationary; but if we observe the amount of duty, we see that it has considerably fallen off since the last alteration. Now the fact of a greater fall of duty than is proportionate to the fall of the quantity imported, shows clearly that it is the importation of new books printed since 1801 which is less than it used to be. The conclusion follows, that the *high* duty has tended as directly to check the importation of *new* books, as the *low* duty to increase the importation of *old* ones. It is unfortunate that the public accounts have not distinguished the produce of the two rates of duty; but it is nevertheless manifest that the *old lamps* have obtained a considerable ascendancy, in our market, over the *new ones*.\*

It appears then that the book duty has tended to check the importation of the modern productions of foreign literature into this kingdom—that it is enormously high in comparison with the French duty—and that it is imposed upon travellers and persons not in the trade, with a want of liberality which characterizes the tariff of scarcely any European sovereign, except, perhaps, Don Miguel and the Pope. Under such circumstances, it seems to be time for the government to consider, whether the advancement of science and literature among us be not an object, for the sake of which the abolition of this duty would be highly desirable. We say the *abolition*, because, when the diffusion of knowledge is

\* If the amount of the *auction* duty on old books imported and sold since 1825 could be ascertained and added to the above, we have no doubt that it would be found, as we have already said, to have amply made up to the revenue the deficiency which these returns exhibit in the produce of the *import* duty since that period.



concerned, we are entitled to place the question on a higher ground than that of finance, though in a financial point of view it might be probable that a reduction from elevenpence to a penny or twopence per pound would eventually add to the revenue, by increased importation. But the whole amount collected is now and always would be so inconsiderable, that the expense of collection, and the inconvenience to the public, would clearly bring it within that class of duties whose total repeal has been advocated with so much force and reason by philosophical financiers, and especially by Sir Henry Parnell and Mr. Poulett Thomson. We repeat, therefore—away with this tax altogether, and let the British public have the full advantage of the literature of foreign nations. Of late years our tariff has, in many instances, been relaxed for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, as in the case of pictures, which now pay only a shilling the square foot—of prints, which are rated at only a penny each—of sculptured stone, rated at two shillings and sixpence per cwt.—of manuscripts, charged only twopence per pound—and of specimens illustrative of natural history, which are admitted duty free. The principle of all these alterations applies *a fortiori* to books—without which science cannot exist—which in the useful arts are more important than the very tools of the artist, and which are in fact the substratum upon which human intellect must of necessity be reared and cultivated. Laws, therefore, which impede the cultivation of the human mind, are disreputable to a government able to appreciate the blessings arising from the growth of knowledge in a nation; and we do hope that long time will not elapse before attention is directed to this subject in the place where it can be mentioned with most effect. At all events we shall have done our duty, by not suffering it to pass unnoticed in this journal.

How far it may be politic to continue the existing prohibitions of foreign editions of books originally printed in Great Britain, the copyrights of which have either expired or are still subsisting, is a question not necessarily connected with our present subject, however deserving it may be of consideration. Printers and paper-makers are almost the only persons interested in the first, on which we may remark, that the editions of our standard authors printed abroad are seldom executed in a way to make them dangerous rivals to those produced at home, in any other point of view than their comparative cheapness.\* Were the government to take off the paper duty, not only might the prohibition in question be safely effaced from the Statute Book, but a stimulus would be given to an important branch of industry,

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\* We, of course, do not undervalue some few beautiful specimens of typography published by Messrs. Galignani.

which is now languishing; and we should soon see the English editions driving the foreign ones out of their own markets. The case, however, is very different with works of which the copy-right is still subsisting. These, as we all know, are protected by law against *domestic piracy*, and, so long as such protection continues, it is quite consistent that they should be equally guarded against *foreign invasion*. The effect of either doing away, or modifying, the prohibition against importing foreign editions of such books for sale, would be to render the statute for their protection a dead letter; and we should not forget that some shield of protection has been thrown over the interests of its authors by every country we know of, which boasts of any pretensions to a national literature.

But, as we have just said, these are matters quite unconnected with the repeal of the foreign-book duty, which, we are convinced, would very soon be effected, if the friends of the diffusion of knowledge would only press the subject firmly and energetically upon the consideration of the government.

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## CRITICAL SKETCHES.

ART. X.—*Opŭite v' Stikhakh i Proza Konstantina Batiushkova.* (Essays in Poetry and Prose, by Constantine Batiushkov.) In 2 vols. 8vo., St. Petersburg.

CONSTANTINE BATIUSHKOV, one of the most elegant and amiable writers Russia can boast, was born at Vologda in the year 1787, but was educated at St. Petersburg, where he enjoyed the advantage of having his studies directed by his uncle, M. N. Muraviev, an elegant and accomplished scholar, a philosopher, and a tasteful, although not eminently-talented poet. To the lessons of this able and affectionate instructor we may justly attribute much of that chastened taste and refined polish, both of diction and sentiment, which pervade all our author's compositions, and render them such delightful models of a classical Russian style. Like most of his countrymen, no sooner had Batiushkov terminated his studies, than he entered the army, and made his first campaign in 1806, when he received a severe wound in the foot from a shot. After having been promoted on his return home, he once more left the leisure of the capital, for active—and, as it proved, severe—military service in Finland, which was terminated only by the treaty of peace with Sweden. Appointed librarian of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, he now seemed to be settled in a post congenial to him; but this interval of repose was of short duration, for the year 1812 roused every Russian patriot, and Batiushkov joined his companions in arms, as a captain of the staff, nor did he quit them until he had witnessed the entry of the allies into Paris. Fresh honours awaited him on his return to his native country, where he was rewarded by an appointment in the college for foreign affairs, in 1818, in which year he was sent on a diplomatic mission to Naples. There he is reported to have been seized with a deep and settled melancholy, which, if not attended with decided aberration of intellect, at least incapacitated him for the duties of an active life, and prematurely interrupted a literary career, from the continuance of which his countrymen might justly anticipate many fresh accessions of fame to him, and for themselves the advantage of its reflected lustre.

These two volumes comprise nearly all that has appeared from his pen. It is true they are a collection of mere miscellaneous pieces, and, if estimated according to their bulk alone, will seem but scanty contributions to the comparatively scanty literature of his country. To say the truth, voluminousness is not the vice either of the poets or prose-writers of Russia. Whatever be their other failings or demerits, they may generally lay claim to the virtue of brevity. Setting aside, however, this seeming sterility, which forms a striking contrast to the hundred-volumed authorship of other countries, and estimating their contents by their intrinsic value, and the evidences they give of a feeling and highly cultivated mind, these volumes will be found well deserving of attention.

Among the prose pieces, which occupy the first of them, we should point out as those that have more particularly interested ourselves, "An Evening with Prince Kantemir;" "Some observations on the writings of Muraviev;" and "A Visit to the Academy of Arts." In the "Evening," the author has given us an imaginary conversation between the Prince (who was then ambassador at Paris) and the President Montesquieu, and has put into the mouth of the former an able defence of his countrymen against the prejudices entertained by his celebrated visitor. The eloquence is not merely that of language, but that of the heart—of an enlightened and generous patriotism. Of Muraviev, his relationship to whom we have already mentioned, he speaks perhaps in warmer terms than would be dictated by stern criticism, but such as by no means compromise his taste, while they reflect honour on his moral character; although not distinguished by fervour of imagination or energy of thought, the poetical compositions of Muraviev attest at least what may be accomplished by the charms of purity of style, combined with purity of thought. It is true they are redolent of the lamp, and seem rather to be elaborated by patient study, than the outpourings of genuine enthusiasm. There is, nevertheless, a captivating moral grace shed over them, perhaps even more to be admired than all those æsthetical beauties which may be discovered in productions whose superior poetical qualities cannot be denied, but whose influence is of a somewhat questionable nature. The "Visit to the Academy of Arts" would be valuable, were it merely for the information it affords relative to some of the most noted artists of Russia,—Yegorov, Kiprensky, Varnik, &c.; independently of which, his remarks on painting convince us that Batiushkov was fully capable of appreciating, and entering with real feeling into the beauties and excellencies of that art. Among the other papers, are an "Essay on Ariosto and Tasso," and another on Petrarch; but these, able as they are in themselves, cannot be supposed to possess that interest for us, which similar pieces of criticism on poets of his own nation would have had. The only sketch of the kind we here meet with, consists of a few pages devoted to the character of Lomonosov, which cause us to regret that he did not enter into the subject more fully, and likewise that he should not have bestowed similar notices on some of the other bards of Russia.

Let us now open his other volume, and consider Batiushkov himself in his character of poet. To superior purity of language, he adds a mellifluous harmony of versification, accompanied with an elegance of expression rarely to be met with in his predecessors. Like his prose pieces, none of his poetical compositions are of any great length, nor, with one or two exceptions, are they at all remarkable for originality or interest of subject. By far too great a proportion of them, in fact, consists of translations or imitations; and although we cannot but admire the taste and skill with which he has transferred the elegiac strains of Tibullus and Propertius into his native idiom, we should have been far better pleased, had he given freer scope to his muse, instead of making her, to the extent he has done, merely the interpreter of sentiments which must inevitably lose a portion of their interest, if not always of their spirit,

by being divested of their original costume. Ancient ideas and expressions can never be perfectly transfused into a modern language: they cannot be made so completely to amalgamate with it, as not to remind us disagreeably of the sensible difference between the thoughts themselves and the vehicle employed to convey them. It is sufficient that Batiushkov has shown us, by his productions of this class, that the Russian language is inferior to no other modern idiom in that plaintive sweetness which is the charm of elegiac poetry, and that it is capable of expressing with felicity the tenderer emotions of the soul. When he ceases to be an imitator, and follows the impulse of his own fancy, or his own feeling, we confess that we like him all the better, and can praise him more cordially. It is not frequently, indeed, that he has thus indulged, but the few productions of this stamp he has given us are nearly all master-pieces in their respective styles. His Ode—or whatever other designation may be given it—"To my Penates" is known to many English readers, it being one of the specimens in the first volume of Bowring's "*Russian Anthology*;" and we may add that the translation is at once accurate and spirited. Instead, however, of merely enumerating, or, at the best, laying before our readers a catalogue raisonné of his other pieces, we shall speak at once of his "*Dying Tasso*," or rather, let it speak for itself; doing no more than performing the office of interpreter, to the best of our ability, and we hope not entirely to the dissatisfaction of our readers. Having, however, already trespassed beyond the limits that can be allowed in this department of our Review, we shall confine ourselves to a single remark, which is, that the analogy of subject between this piece and Byron's "*Lament of Tasso*" may impart to it an interest in the eyes of an English reader, which may in some degree atone for what it has lost by our pen.

#### THE DYING TASSO.

What means this pomp?—for whom doth seven-hill'd Rome,  
 The pontiff city, solemn rites prepare?  
 Wherefore do censers blaze with cloudy foam  
 Of fragrant myrrh?—for whom these honours rare?  
 And wherefore Flora's rainbow harvest strew'd  
 O'er every path that to the towering shrine,  
 The Capitol, conducts; while tapestries line,  
 And purple webs each street, in festive mood?  
 Those shouts that curl old Tiber's sluggish stream,  
 And wake him from his many-vision'd dream,—  
 What Cæsar, or what Consul do they greet;—  
 What victory herald thus from street to street?  
 For whom doth Peter's triple-mitred heir  
 That leafy crown in solemn state thus bear?  
 Nor conqueror, nor king receives that prize:  
 For Salem's bard it shines; for him arise  
 The loud acclaims that echo to the cell  
 Where with death struggling great Torquato lies,  
 Vanquish'd, yet victor o'er that foe so fell.  
 Already o'er his couch hangs hovering Fate,  
 Black-pinion'd monster, who his prey assails  
 With sure yet lingering aim.—Nor prayer prevails,  
 Nor tear of friendship, nor the boon too late

By niggard Fortune granted :—all are vain,—  
 Death awe not, nor his lifted hand restrain.  
 Yet is that martyr spirit seen with gladness  
 To hail this hour ; the grave itself seems sweet,—  
 A sheltering haven from a life of sadness—  
 From phrenzied woes with every pang replete.  
 The port he nears with shatter'd bark, yet glorious ;  
 Wreck'd, yet not conquer'd—though despoil'd, victorious :  
 One farewell, swan-like strain to life, to love,  
 To song,—one sigh, and then he soars above !

“ Vain is the wreath of honour Rome presents :  
 The spoiler comes ; and fortune now relents  
 Too late : his fatal dart will turn  
 That coronal—that gaud, to a sepulchral urn.  
 Still o'er my couch a gleam of glory throws  
 This triumph pageant.—Ere for ever close  
 These eyes, give them to view thy hills, O Rome !  
 Of mighty heroes once the dreaded home,  
 And in decay majestic ; for thy walls  
 All-eloquent, thy ruins touch the soul ;  
 And the eternal Tiber's waters roll  
 As rich in fame as when their youthful tide  
 Saw laurell'd consuls on his banks preside.  
 Farewell, ye deathless glories ; you no Fate appals ;  
 Farewell!—I may not tread that dome august,  
 Time-honour'd Capitol!—my path's the grave—the dust.  
 Yon shouts I may not hear;—the silent tomb  
 Receives me, and, instead of bay, my doom  
 Prepares far other chaplet—cypress leaf.

“ 'Tis well!—I have been heritor to grief  
 E'en from my cradle, and have prov'd the mock  
 Of envious Fortune, through a life of woe ;  
 While persecution track'd me like a foe  
 Determin'd:—but 'tis past—each blow, each shock.  
 Youth saw me banish'd—a sad exile wander:  
 Sorrento! thou beheldst me early torn  
 From her embrace than whose I found no fonder,  
 From hers who bore me ;—frequent saw me mourn  
 Italia heedless ; while my daintiest cheer  
 Was but a crust—and dry, save for a tear.  
 —Years pass'd—years chang'd me ; but fate alter'd not.  
 As of my boyhood, of my prime the lot ;—  
 My path with pitfalls undermin'd,—o'erhead  
 The thunder menaced, and its black wing spread  
 Sorrow's dark cloud. In vain from land to land  
 My course I shifted, sorrow followed still :  
 No change ! except that worse succeeded ill.  
 It seem'd as if fate's finger with a brand,  
 Like Cain, had mark'd me ; for beneath the shed  
 Of toiling hind, or in thy princely halls,  
 Alfonso,—in the vale, or on the hill,  
 Was refuge none. Unknown, or known to fame,  
 In every fortune was my lot the same ;  
 Still persecution's mark ; and lo ! what fiends,  
 What scorpion-fiends within Ferrara's walls

Await me ;—Love!—Despair my bosom rends,  
 Tortures my brain, and racks my heart, and bends  
 My spirit to the earth. Was this the meed  
 Destin'd for song ?—But it is past—I'm freed !  
 Rome honours me, and friendship soothes ; decreed  
 For this my brow a more than monarch's crown,  
 Bright guerdon, and an earnest of renown  
 For long futurity. Ambition's noble lust  
 Is gratified ; each task the muse assign'd  
 Accomplish'd ; and though may never bind  
 That wreath my brow, it crowns my name—my bust!

“ From youth the muse's votary, undismay'd  
 Or by oppression or neglect, I paid  
 My homage : love and song sustain'd my mind.  
 In princely bower, or in the dungeon gloom  
 Song was my vital cheer,—here fate had no controul ;  
 'Twas song illum'd my cell—will consecrate my tomb.  
 No ! although drench'd with gall hath been my bowl,  
 Life hath not been all bitterness, for feelings  
 To rapture wrought, prophetic, high revealings  
 Of more than mortal bliss, entranc'd my soul.  
 Inspired I beheld the holy shrine,  
 And each fam'd site of hallowed Palestine.  
 Visions of Jordan's stream, and Salem's towers,  
 The cross's mailed champions, and the bowers  
 Of the enchantress, fair Erminia's flight,  
 Rinaldo like Achilles in the fight,  
 And passion's conqueror through celestial might—  
 These cheer'd my darkness, and to-day they lent  
 Fresh lustre. Then, the mental bandage rent,  
 I saw, enraptur'd, summon'd by my power,  
 Arise the glorious shades ; and from that hour  
 They live—nor shall I perish, if a name  
 Be life!—Hail ! heroes of the cross ! my song  
 Raised you from time's abyss : I call'd—ye came—  
 And shall remain : to fame ye now belong :  
 Oblivion's mists no more your memories dim.  
 But ah ! for me too late bestows the wreath,  
 Imperial Rome, my brow to grace, beneath  
 Yon dome august. It may not be :—that hymn  
 Wafted from high, of more than earthly sound,  
 Calls me in other spheres to be encrown'd.

“ One day of triumph fate hath given—the last  
 Of this my toilsome pilgrimage :—'tis past—  
 Yon sinking sun descends, and darkness shrouds  
 These eyes, envelop'd in death's gathering clouds.  
 Of that bright orb no more they view the blaze :  
 Yet 'tis not midnight gloom : through circling rays  
 Lo ! Eleanora beckons, while she waits,  
 As for a lingering bridegroom doth a bride,  
 With chiding smile, at heaven's empyreal gates !”

Fled the freed spirit :—Italy depletes  
 Too late the bard at once her shame and pride ;  
 While wailing Rome her vain laments outpours,  
 'Reft of the glory to her Capitol denied.

ART. XI.—*Historical Scenes of the Columbian Revolution. Scene 1.*  
Unpublished.\*

THE CONSPIRACY OF 1828.

On the third of January, 1828, an extensive Royalist conspiracy was discovered in Venezuela, in which hundreds of persons, distinguished by their rank or the employments they held under the Columbian government, were implicated. Never, since 1824, was the Republic in such imminent danger. General Barradas, at the head of eleven thousand chosen troops, had arrived with a strong naval squadron from Coruña at Puertorico, where Admiral Laborde had been directed to join him with the fleet under his command, in order to effect in conjunction a descent on the coasts of Venezuela. It was on this co-operation that the Spanish conspirators founded their principal hopes. Generals Paez and Arismendi, by their courage, vigour, and prompt measures, saved the Republic from civil war. The conspiracy was defeated, and about three hundred persons, one half of whom, at least, were ecclesiastics, were shot on the fourth, fifth, and sixth of January. The great strength of the conspirators lay at Caraccas, where General Paez commanded. He is momentarily gone to La Guayra (distant only about six hours' ride from Caraccas), to endeavour to save the lives of two of his foster brothers, who are implicated in the conspiracy. He has had on this subject a violent altercation with Arismendi (Commander-in-chief of La Guayra), who is inflexible. The following scene takes place at La Guayra, and is of strict historical truth.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

GENERAL PAEZ.

GENERAL ARISMENDI.

A MÔNK.

OFFICERS.

(Eight o'clock in the evening. Long and low hall in the house of Arismendi, with windows secured by strong iron bars—and no other furniture except in middle a table covered with papers, and some arm-chairs around. ARISMENDI

\* This fragment has been sent us by a foreign contributor, who was for several years an officer in the service of the Columbian republic, and had opportunities of collecting many interesting documents and materials for the history of the distinguished men and the memorable transactions of that eventful struggle, which terminated in the separation of these provinces from Spain. These he proposes to embody in a work, of which the fragment which we have here printed may serve as a specimen. We regard it as extremely interesting in two points of view—first, as a most striking and characteristic sketch of itself; and second, as exhibiting a proof of facility in writing English to which few foreigners attain. The corrections we have made in the author's MS. are few and slight.

We cannot let slip the opportunity of noticing with the commendation it deserves, a little work recently published by an English officer in the same service, in three vols., entitled, *Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela, &c.*, and *Tales in Venezuela*; the object of which is in some degree similar to that of our own correspondent. The *Tales*, especially, which form the latter portion of the work, possess great merit for the graphic and striking manner in which they bring before us the peculiarities of the social and individual character of the various races of Spanish South America, and the extraordinary and romantic incidents attendant upon the mortal struggle for their freedom, which was finally successful.



sits smoking at the head of the table. Lower down are two officers writing. Two yellow wax candles are burning in a two-branch old iron candlestick, and shed a feeble and flickering light around. A non-commissioned officer, sword in hand, is walking up and down before the door.)

*An Officer (entering).* General, a monk wishes to speak with you.

*Arism.* What is his name?

*Officer.* He refuses to tell it, but pretends to have matters of the highest import to communicate.

*Arism.* Let him come in.

*(Officer exit. A Monk of tall stature, his cowl lowered over his face, enters and stops near the door.)*

*Arism.* What do you want, Padre—my time is short, what have you to say?

*Monk.* Important secrets to reveal!

*Arism.* Speak on.

*Monk.* I cannot before witnesses.

*Arism.* These are faithful officers of the republic—explain yourself without fear.

*Monk.* What I have to say is intended solely for the ear of General Arismendi.

*Arism.* *(After a moment's hesitation, which he has employed in surveying the monk, turns to the officers and beckons them to go out—they obey—then turning again to the Monk.)* Now, Padre.

*Monk.* And that one. *(Pointing with his hand to the sentinel at the door, who continues his round.)*

*Arism.* He belongs to the Irish legion, and does not understand a word of Spanish—speak without fear—but before every thing else, your name?

*Monk.* My name? ah! it is long, long since it has been pronounced in the walls of La Guayra *(suddenly approaching the table, and throwing back his cowl)*, Juanito, dost thou not know me?

*Arism.* Good God, can it be possible! Padre Ramon de Suza—my ancient Mentor? *(He rises hastily, and offers him his hand—the Monk retreats a few paces backwards.)*

*Monk.* Hear me first . . . *(sitting down slowly on one of the arm-chairs, and beckoning Arismendi to return to his place)* . . . yes—it is I indeed—once the respected Abbot of Santa Martha, now the proscribed Padre José.

*Arism.* You Padre José? José, the chief of the servile conspiracy? Unhappy man, and what do you seek here?

*Monk.* Hear me—Expelled from this country by the impious decree which despoiled the convents and sent adrift its holy inhabitants, I resolved to consecrate the remnant of my life to the deliverance of my country from the tyranny of the wicked, ambitious, and remorseless traitors, who have enslaved it under the pretext of liberty. *(Arismendi wishes to interrupt him—the Monk lays his hand on the arm of the General, and continues in a quicker tone.)* I sailed for Spain, and after numberless privations and dangers of every kind, I arrived at last at Madrid, and had the happiness of beholding and conversing with our sovereign Don Fernando the Seventh, whom God long preserve! to him I represented the sufferings of my poor country, and received full powers to employ in its deliverance every means within my reach. If I succeed, the glory be to God Almighty—if I fail, like the three youths in the furnace of Babylon, I will still sing *Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna!* *(rising abruptly)*. Juan Arismendi, in thy hands are the destinies of thy country. Bleeding and suppliant, she stretches her arms towards thee—wilt thou spurn her prayers? Shake off the ignoble livery of her demagogical rulers which thou now wearest, trample these cursed ensigns under thy feet, and deserve the title of our modern Cortez, of the second conqueror of America!

*Arism.* Enough, fanatical Monk; what dardest thou to propose to me? Dost

thou not know that Davila, Gutierrez, Revillagigedo, Salmon, with most of their accomplices, are arrested, condemned, and on the point of being led out to their final doom? Dost thou not know that the holy cause of liberty has triumphed all over Venezuela, over the powerless machinations of a few satellites of the Spanish tyrant?—tremble for thyself—

*Monk.* Tremble for myself?—ah! The same hand which delivered Daniel from the hungry lions will protect and defend me. Once more, Juanito, I repeat, in thy hands are the destinies of America; for thy own, for thy country's sake, think well of it. Upon thee it depends to render thy name glorious, immortal, in this world and in the next! The garrison of this fortress is entirely devoted to thee—I know it; Paez is only accompanied by a few *Llaneros*; let the gates of the fortress be shut, arrest him, hoist the sacred banner under which Spain so often triumphed over her enemies—let it but float one hour on the battlements of this town, and the whole of Venezuela will follow thy example. Venezuela is sick of her rulers, and waits but for the signal to shake off her chains; perhaps, at the very moment I am speaking, Admiral Laborde has landed the Spanish army, and Barradas is in full march towards Caraccas. (*ARISMENDI tries to interrupt him—the Monk, taking from under his robe a large parchment, continues in a still more animated tone.*) See, see here is the signature of our blessed king himself; here is the royal seal of Castile; by this I am empowered to name thee captain general of Venezuela, and, perhaps, hereafter, thou mayest even obtain the viceroyalty of Granada!

*Arim.* Enough, provoker!

*Monk.* Duke of Terranova and Grandee of Spain—

*Arim.* A vaunt, tempter! and bethink thee that thou wilt have dearly to pay for this insult.

*Monk.* Juan, I know thy ruling passion—it is Mammon; he is the Baal to whom thou kneelest daily—so let it be; the mines of *Cauca* for fifty years—for a hundred years—

*Arim.* Vile slanderer! I despise thee and thy offers.

*Monk.* Juanito—(*approaching and speaking in a lower tone*)—vengeance is sweet, it is heavenly! God permits it when its end is just, and he calls himself "the God of Vengeance;" Paez, the vile mulatto Paez, insulted thee this very morning—thee, a white man and a noble; I know it. Avenge thy wrongs!

*Arim.* (*Rising with violence.*) By the Mother of God! thou hast lied, Monk; the honour of Juan Arismendi is bright and unsullied as the blade of this sword; whoever had insulted me, white or mulatto, would not have been living an hour after, or this arm would be powerless and incapable of handling a sabre.

*Monk.* Hardened sinner, die then in thy impentence! God himself spoke to thee through me; thou refusest still to comply with His will; the penalty be on thy head. Farewell!

*Arim.* Hold, Monk! from hence it is not permitted thee to stir.

*Monk.* Freely I came here—freely I have the right to depart.

*Arim.* Stay! I arrest thee as an outlaw, who has broken his ban, a conspirator, and traitor to the republic.

*Monk.* Juan, Juan, can it be possible? Canst thou have the courage to condemn to infamy these white hairs?

*Arim.* I do my duty.

*Monk.* Oh! it is impossible that thou meanest what thy mouth utters. Juanito! I will sail for Europe, for Spain, for any place thou mayest fix, at this very instant, if thou orderest it.

*Arim.* You should have remained in Spain while you were there; now it is too late.

*Monk.* Oh, no! no! thou canst not have the courage to devote these white hairs to infamy—to the executioner. No! thou couldst not have the courage to doom to an ignominious death him who first directed thy faltering steps—him who first opened to thee the portals of science—him who so often carried thee as an infant in these arms—him, before whom, kneeling at the holy tribunal of confession, thou openedst thy young and innocent heart.

*Arism.* Padre, I am a general of the republic.

*Monk.* It is not that I fear death; God is my witness, that before now I braved it more than once—but the executioner—the rope—the fatal rope, ah! and then how much good could I not still do in this world! I hear a confused stamping of feet, a clattering of iron heels—it is Paez—it is he—accompanied of his satellites. Juanito, Juanito, save me! by the mother who bore thee in her womb, who loved thee so well, and whose eyes I closed on her death-bed, save me! oh, save me!—a moment yet, and it is too late!

*Arism.* Padre, on the altar of liberty I sacrificed every thing; a wife whom I adored,\* two boys who were the joy of my life, tranquillity, fortune, happiness—all, all have I sacrificed; the only thing which still binds me to life is the hope of consolidating the freedom of Columbia. I can do nothing for you.

*Monk.* *Deus in adiutorium meum intende!*

*Paez.* (*Enters, holding in his hand some despatches, several officers following him.*) General, good news—all is right—Admiral Foster writes that the whole coast of Venezuela is clear, and that he has seen the fleet of Laborde a hundred miles off, under full sail, steering for the Havannah.†

*Monk.* Almighty God! thy decrees are inscrutable.

*Paez.* (*Perceiving the Monk.*) But whom have we here? A *gusano* of Spain?‡ Who is he? What does he seek here?

*Arism.* (*In a hollow voice.*) Death!

*Monk.* Now, I am lost indeed. Oh, my God! *fiat voluntas tua.* (*advancing resolutely towards the light.*) Who am I? Once the exalted Ramon de Suza, now Friar José, come here in search of martyrdom.

*Paez.* How so? Canst thou be the José whose name stands at the head of this list? (*Showing him at the same time a list of the Secret Association of the Rosario.*)

*Monk.* Ah! we are betrayed and sold. Holy Virgin! who could have suspected a traitor amongst us!

*Paez.* (*To Arismendi.*) And so, here is the ancient friend of your father, the Abbot of Santa Martha.

*Arism.* As your excellency sees.

*Paez.* (*Drawing Arismendi towards one of the windows.*) Arismendi, give me your hand, take mine, and let us forget our recent altercation. I can well understand your feelings for this misguided monk; well—let us make an agree-

\* The romantic adventures of Madame Arismendi are known all over America, and form the theme of many a ballad. While bathing she was taken prisoner by the Spanish army under Morillo, then besieging La Marguerita, sent to Cadiz, confined in the prison destined to galley slaves, escaped from it in the disguise of a British sailor, and, after a thousand hair-breadth escapes, at last reached her family in safety; but died not long after, a victim to the anxieties and sufferings of every kind which she had endured.

† Strictly historical. The conduct of Laborde on this occasion is, and will probably long remain a riddle; truth obliges us to add, that the treasury of the Republic was at that epoch in too wretched a condition to allow the suspicion of his having been bribed; probably the solution must be looked for in the orders, counter-orders, and never-ending intrigues of the members of the Spanish cabinet at that time.

‡ *Gusano de España*—a worm of Spain—a nick-name given to monks in Venezuela.

ment—be the fate of your monk that of my two foster-brothers. What do you say?

*An Officer (entering.)* Excellency, the hour fixed for the execution is arrived—every thing is ready—what is your pleasure?

*Paez. (To Arism.)* What do you say, General?

*Arism.* Let the doom proceed.

*Paez.* And the monk?

*Arism.* Let him die.

*Paez.* So be it, and may his soul go to the deepest pit of hell. (*To the officer.*) You have heard, sir—take with you this holy padre, and let him pass the first; it is the least we can do for him.

*Monk.* Bloodthirsty tiger! Grant me at least half an hour. I ask confession.

*Paez.* A holy man, like thee, can have no sins to confess. Forward!

*Monk.* Impious and cruel tyrants, my blood be on your heads! (*Exit.*)

*Paez.* The blood of traitors is the dew of liberty.

(*Arismendi sits down at the table, and buries his face in his hands—Pause of some minutes—A Flourish of drums is heard, and then a volley of musket shots.*)

*Arism. (Striking his forehead with his hand.)* Ah! it is long since I thought that sound could ever again inflict on me a pang—but it matters not—(*Rising suddenly.*)—VIVA LA PATRIA!

*All the others.* VIVA LA PATRIA! MUERTE A LOS TIRANOS!

ART. XII.—*Die Seeräuber.* ("The Pirates.") Von Ernst von Houwald, Leipzig. Göschen, 1831. 8vo.

For some time we knew not exactly what to make of Houwald, but his last work satisfies us that beyond a certain point, and that no very exalted one, his muse will never rise. Not in the the purer empyrean, but into the lower atmosphere of the canvas clouds of the theatre; not amidst the fresh breath and incense of nature, but amidst the stifling smoke of stage lamps, or the sulphury gleams of the prompter's magazine of thunder and lightning, is she destined to move. She dazzles you at a distance with the splendor of her robe, and drawing near, you find it nothing but leather and prunella; she is sparkling all over with the pearls of sentiment, but, alas, they prove, upon a nearer inspection, to be paste. The playwright, in short, not the play writer, is becoming every day more visible in Houwald, and he who at first, amidst a profusion of bad taste and exaggerated sentimentality, still promised to raise himself above the heads of ordinary dramatists, is now, we must candidly say, just as unnatural, as melo-dramatic, and as absurd as any of his brethren.

His first performance, the scene of which, if we recollect rightly, was laid in a charnel house, was, as might be expected from the choice of such a locality, a singular enough one; such an effusion, in short, as might be expected from the pen of a goule, seated on a tombstone after a surfeit; full of "all loathsome, all abominable things," but withal vigorous and terrible, seizing on the imagination by force, and compelling it against its will to wander among the crumbling relics of mortality. These "meditations among the tombs" augured well of his power of conception, at least, though not of his taste; and in Germany, where every source of

emotion, however low, however lofty, however revolting, seems to be considered as legitimately within the province of the dramatist, they awakened hopes, which the subsequent career of this young nobleman, we are sorry to say, has by no means fulfilled. Various compositions in prose and verse followed, none of which, we believe, excited much attention till the publication of his *Heimkehr*, "*The Return*," a simple but somewhat monotonous drama, depicting the feelings of one supposed to be dead, who, returning from long captivity, finds the wife of his bosom married again, and himself forgotten. This was followed by his "*Light Tower*," a drama, in the short lyrical measure of Calderon, a tale of the sea, a genuine winter night's dream, the principal charm of which, amidst a crowd of absurdities, was the intensity with which the image of old Ocean, in its calms and storms, was presented to us throughout. "Nothing in it but did suffer a sea change;" the very beating of the billows on the solitary tower seemed to echo in the rise and fall of the verses; and the spectator or reader felt as if chained for a time to some sea-girt isle, from which nothing met his view on any side but the dreary expanse of ocean, in the shade or sunshine, or, far off on the horizon, some solitary sail, deepening the sense of loneliness by seeming to avoid the solitary speck of land on which he is placed. This, we say, was to English readers, the charm, perhaps the solitary charm, of the piece; for the incongruities and absurdities of the plot certainly exceeded all fair bounds of toleration. The spirit of Müllner's "*Schuld*" appears obviously in the construction of the plot; while the consistency with which the incidents are put together is in the latter case far inferior. A drama, in which the main interest is made to turn upon the extinguishing of the lamps in a lighthouse by pulling a rope; in which the task of watching the said lights is committed to a genuine, undeniable, notorious madman, who, in the midst of a tempest of wind and rain, mounts the top of the tower, harp in hand, to sing his woes, and then, as might be expected, snuffs out this "brief candle" on the first opportunity, the only lantern in the house having been previously carried off; (what would Smeaton or Stevenson, or the commissioners for the Northern lights, say to such a light-house, and such servants?) these, and a thousand other circumstances in the conduct of the plot, betrayed either an utter inability to construct a natural fable, or a monstrous aberration of taste, and an extreme contempt for all those sources of emotion, which experience and real life afford to the dramatist. Yet, as we already mentioned, in spite of all this, the fresh vigorous sea air, as it were, which breathed about the piece, gave it a peculiar character, and ensured it for a time no inconsiderable share of popularity. A powerful imagination too breathed out in many passages, as in that, for instance, where Dorothea, the daughter of the light-house keeper, replies to the observation of her father, that a convent was to be her destination. We use the very close and pointed translation of Mr. Gillies:—

Father, 'twas not mid flowery sheltering vales,  
But on the cold shores of the sea that thou  
Reardst up thy daughter. Early was I wont  
On Nature's wildest moods to look untroubled.

Thus on the storm and raging floods, when all  
 Besides were struck with terror, I could gaze  
 Calmly:—the ocean wild had been my playmate.  
 Nay, was I not in childhood taught to guide  
 The helm, and in a tottering bark, alone,  
 To lose myself far mid the weltering waves,  
 Till scarcely could thy signals bring me home?  
 Where too, at morning's fresh and fragrant hour,  
 The birds with their first matins called me forth  
 To join in homage, have I not beneath  
 The boundless dome of heaven, rejoicing, knelt.  
*Beneath me, murmuring deep, the waves renewed  
 Their solemn music; clouds came reverently  
 Ranging themselves along the vasty choir;  
 Till from the orient too the high priest rose  
 In festal garments, and from the horizon,  
 As from an altar, spread his dazzling arms,  
 Saluting thus the stilly world, Wake! Wake!  
 Ye habitants unnumbered of the earth,  
 Awake to love and joy! In me, behold  
 Heaven's messenger of blessing and perfection!*

"Fluch und Segen," "The Blessing and the Curse," may be passed over with a very short notice. It is a domestic story, in which the nodus of the action is—debt. The interest turns on the struggles in the mind of a father, who, on the eve of being thrown into prison for a sum which he is unable to pay, is tempted by an offer of the required amount from a rope-dancer, provided he will make over to him his son that he may employ him in his own degrading profession. The father vacillates between love for his child and anxiety to escape imprisonment; now yielding to the suggestions of fear and interest, now restored to better feelings by the pious eloquence of his wife. At last, just as the boy Moritz, the subject of this mental contest, who has accidentally discovered the dilemma in which his parents are placed, has voluntarily sold himself to the rope-dancer; it is fortunately discovered that the said rope-dancer is the brother of his mother, and so, of course, the whole is wound up in peace and quietness.

This is an unpretending trifle, and though the subject is not of very deep interest, it is, perhaps, the least objectionable of Houwald's plays. It is a sort of mitigated "Twenty-fourth of February;" a far distant echo, as it were, of Werner's thunder, still solemn, but without its terrors. It is also less diffuse, and less lyrical than its predecessors, and altogether, perhaps, we should select this as being the play most likely to raise the character of Houwald in the eyes of an English reader.

A still later production, "Das Bild," (The Portrait,) is a story of a more domestic and quiet cast, rich in beautiful description, and not unfrequently in a soft and solemn pathos, which had been lost or overlooked in the terrors or exaggeration of his earlier works. But the length of the play, (extending to nearly 300 pages,) in which most of the incidents are supposed to have taken place previous to the actual commencement of the action on the stage, and are only learned subsequently in the course of the piece;—(a stage trick which, in truth,

Houwald had already carried much too far in the *Light Tower*;—with the unreal, incomprehensible principles of thought and action by which the characters appear to be swayed; seemed to show that Houwald, though he might have approached somewhat nearer to the path of good taste as regarded the subjects of his plays, was rather receding from that of common sense and reality, and plunging deeper and deeper into a cloud-land of his own imagination.

These faults, it would seem, in his last work, "*The Pirates*," he has been anxious to avoid. Here, to be sure, we have action enough, disguises, escapes, battle, murder, and sudden death;—all the common-places of a melo-drama mingled with the sentimentalism of his earlier works; but no consistency or originality of character, and far less poetry than one generally finds in the hasty but vigorous improvisations of Raupach, (to whom, by the way, we owe a notice, which we shall take an early opportunity of paying). In short, we feel assured that Houwald has had a fair trial, and that nothing permanently effective is now to be expected from him. We are aware that a meagre analysis of the leading incidents of a play affords no complete test of its merit; but we think it will be difficult for any one to look at the main points in the one before us, without seeing that out of such materials nothing interesting could be elaborated.

A foundling, named Silvano, at the court of Venice, who has been educated by the Doge, falls in love, as was to be expected, with the daughter of his benefactor, and is rewarded, as might also be expected, with a sentence of banishment as a lesson to his presumption. Flaminia, the daughter of the Doge, is about to be betrothed by her father's desire to Badoero, the son of the former Doge, when an unexpected embassy appears, the chief envoy in which insists on an interview with the Doge alone. Accompanied by another of the party, he begs the hand of Flaminia for the son of the Prince of the Pirates, and his companion, stepping forward with the air of the Beef-eater in the "*Critic*," suddenly announces himself as being at once the son of the Prince of the Pirates and—Silvano. "Flaminia," he exclaims,

" shall be  
The future empress of our new-made state.  
Soon shall the forests on Cuzzola fall,  
And where the robber made his lair, a people,  
The friends of Venice, rear their peaceful homes;  
Thus do I come, and thus my debt I pay.  
Think, Father, of thy children's happiness,  
Think, Duke, upon thy realm's tranquillity;  
Cast not my love aside—and with it peace.

This unexpected disclosure, however, has no tendency to remove the Doge's objections, and accordingly, our author, inexhaustible in his surprises as Mr. Puff himself, breaks out upon us with another. The elder plenipotentiary now demands a secret interview, which being granted, he also throws aside the Beef-eater, and discovers himself to the Doge as an old acquaintance and brother in arms, Bartolomeo Caramano! Disappointed by the Doge succeeding in a youthful passion for a young lady of whom he also was enamoured, he had left his native

country in despair; in that to which he betakes him he has the good fortune to meet with his former mistress, now forsaken by the Doge, marries her, and Silvano is the fruit of the marriage. Persecuted on all sides, he had at last turned pirate in self-defence; (not from any turn to robbery, for, like Byron's Lambro, he is

". . . . the mildest mannered man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,")

but, ever since he has hoisted the red flag, he has been earnestly endeavouring to infuse into the minds of his associates, among whom he has risen to the dignity of leader, a strong desire to come to anchor as it were in a quiet harbour. He concludes by imploring the Doge to further this desirable consummation, by bestowing his daughter on the young Pirate-Prince Silvano, but finds him deaf to his entreaties. Disappointed in this appeal, he proceeds to employ the more powerful eloquence of force. The young Flaminia, and twelve of her companions, are carried off by the pirates to the island castle of Cuzzola, whither they are pursued by the Duke and the disappointed bridegroom. The castle is attacked and burnt, and the robbers, with the exception of Bartolomeo and Silvano, cut to pieces. These two are reserved for the scaffold, and are executed accordingly. Badoero had fallen in the previous contest, and Flaminia puts an end to her life by poison.

This, as our readers will perceive, disposes pretty effectually of the *dramatis personæ*, the catastrophe being nearly as sweeping as that of "The Amusements of Muley Bugentuf." But for the survivance of the old Doge, "darkness would fairly be the burier of the dead." Of incidents so preposterous, what can be said—but that they are just such as we should expect to meet at the Surrey Theatre or the Coburg? Of the characters, with the exception of the elder Pirate-Prince, we are at a loss to say which is the greatest failure; Flaminia, a compound of dreary sentimentality in the outset, with the wildest extravagance of passion in the issue; the Doge, a being constantly wavering between good and bad, pride and generosity; Badoero, an insignificant cypher, who appears only to fall under the sword of Silvano; or Silvano himself, as uninteresting as heroes proverbially are.

To say the truth, but for Houwald's precious reputation, and a vein of poetry which now and then sparkles out amidst these crudities of character and absurdities of incident, and shows itself in insulated reflections or images which are strikingly expressed, this play would be altogether unworthy of notice. When Bartolomeo fails in his appeal to the haughty Pietro Candiano, Gaspardo observes with truth,

"Such is man.

The guilty laden heart fears strife and hate,  
Far less than greatness from his enemy;  
Still with the first there is a hope of conquest,  
Before the last, we feel that we are vanquished.  
Hadst thou before the Doge been hither brought,  
A captive bondsman, destined to the block,  
His grace, his pardon, had at once been thine;  
The conqueror he would be, and not the conquered."



We should do injustice to Houwald, were we not to admit that passages of great lyrical sweetness, and occasionally striking philosophic reflection, occur throughout the play; but we should do still greater violence to the truth, were we not to add that they are altogether insufficient to balance the palpable and pervading absurdity of the piece as a whole.

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ART. XIII. — 1. *Cecilia di Baone, ossia la Marca Trevigiana al finire del medio evo. Narrazione Storica di P.Z.* (Cecilia of Baone, or the March of Treviso, at the close of the middle ages. An historical Narrative, by P. Z.) 4 vols. Venezia, 1829.

2. *Falco della Rupe, o la Guerra di Musso, Racconto Storico, di Giambattista Bazzoni, Autore del Castello di Trezzo.* (Falco of the Rock, or the War of Musso; an historical tale, by G. Bazzoni, author of the Castle of Trezzo.) 2 vols. Firenze, 1830.

THE word "Novel" is, we believe, of Italian origin; but the species of work it was invented to designate, bears little resemblance to that which under its borrowed title delights our idle hours. The Italian *Novello* is merely a short story, sometimes not more than an anecdote, or single incident, told in good, even elegant language, but altogether guiltless of ambitious aspirations after bold conception, nice delineation of individual character, or any sort of moral costume; and too frequently so regardless of the commonest laws of decency, that amongst the many collections of *Novelle* we have at different times met with, few indeed were the tales an Englishwoman could read. Time was, and that not beyond the memory of living men, when the supercilious pedant, the man of the world, whose reading went not beyond a newspaper, and the philosophic moralist, would have joined in the remark, that Italian literature was most rich in such a want; although the last mentioned novel-scorner might perhaps have hesitated in his judgment, when reminded that the hours which Italian ladies were spared the temptation of wasting, like their French, English, and German sisters, in light reading, were by them devoted neither to household cares, the education of ~~their~~ children, nor the cultivation of their minds, but to talking scandal, and with, their female friends, and to graciously accepting the flatteries of their male admirers,—their only mode of "killing the enemy." But the days in which fiction required to be matured by some hundreds or thousands of summers, ere it might deserve the notice of reasonable men, are past. The brilliant talents that have dedicated themselves to the culture of the lighter flowers of fancy have redeemed the love-tale from contempt, and we have no longer to apprehend the sneering imputation of unmanly frivolity, when we avow our satisfaction at the appearance of new Italian Novels or Historical Romances.

The Historical Romance, or the tricking out the children of the author's brain in the quaint garb and unaccustomed manners of antiquity, is the style that seems to have chiefly seized upon Italian fancy; nor do we wonder thereat. It is far more picturesque and poetic, than the delineation of the "manners living as they rise" with which both writer and

reader are familiar, to say nothing of the fascination of the *one* splendid reputation, that has produced, throughout Europe, such swarms of imitators. That the Italians are the least successful of these imitators is perhaps as little to be wondered at, inasmuch as they are the most unpractised in the mystery of novel writing. Certain it is, however, that, either for that or some other reason, few among them appear to have, as yet, conceived a just idea of that adaptation of an interesting love-tale to some portion of real history, that embodying, that development of celebrated historic characters in such perfect unison with the little actually known of them, as to impress the reader with a sense of their identity, when they are represented acting and speaking as important agents amidst imaginary incidents, which constitute the essence of the Historical Romance. The strict observance of costume, and the casual introduction of noted personages, seemingly considered by some writers as the main point, are, to our mind, only the colouring of the picture, that gives an appropriate and harmonious tone to the whole, but can never stand in lieu of drawing, grouping, or conception. From this criticism we do not except Rosini, who, in our opinion, merely passes a sort of historical *phantasmogoria* before the eyes of his readers, through the medium of his hero. Manzoni, be it remembered, calls his *Promessi Sposi* not an Historical Romance, but a story of the 17th century. It is not of these chief Italian authors, however, that we are now to speak. We have professed our pleasure in the increasing number of Italian novelists, and from the growing mass of their works we have selected the two before us, both of which possess merit, but illustrate in different ways their authors' defective notions of the compositions they aspire to produce.

The story of *Cecilia di Baone* is, in itself, susceptible of strong interest, as it involves a portion of the life of one of the very remarkable men of the 12th century, Eccelino di Romano,\* surnamed the Monk; the head of the Ghibelines, who compelled a large part of what has since borne the name of the Estates of Venice, to own his authority; and it affords ample scope for depicting the manners, opinions, and feelings of those rude days, inasmuch as the subject is the forcible abduction of the formidable Eccelino's wife by a noble of the adverse political faction. The opportunity of displaying his antiquarian lore the author has assuredly not neglected. He describes dresses, arms, festivals, customs, &c. &c. &c. with a minuteness that wearies the attention, not being relieved by any keen sympathy in the loves and sorrows of the personages who give occasion to the introduction of all these matters. In fact, he is deficient in the dramatic power of endowing his characters with such intense individuality as should enable them to command our sympathy as human beings; and his book is, in consequence, rather a very curious, and, we doubt not, faithful picture of the 12th century, than a fascinating tale. Still the story is really interesting, and we could find passages worth extracting; but we do not intend to bestow many pages

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\* One of our own patrician authors has lately made Eccelino the subject of a quarto Epic.

upon this subject, and infinitely prefer the other publication, to which we now turn.

*Falco della Rupe* is in every respect different, in its faults as in its merits. Bazzoni evidently possesses both dramatic and graphic powers, and his deficiency seems to lie in the inventive talent, the art of interweaving a romantic love-tale with his well told and well painted fragment of biography. Indeed we do not see what claim *Falco della Rupe* can lay to the title of an Historical Romance, although it certainly contains enough of fiction to exclude it from that of biography; and perhaps Bazzoni meant to renounce the pretension which we, in common with his compatriot critics and editors, have attributed to him, when he called it a *Racconto Storico*, literally an Historical Narrative; a denomination which, we confess, has somewhat puzzled us to understand.

This *Racconto Storico* relates the failure of Gian Giacomo di Medici, better known in history as the Marchese di Marignan, in an attempt to make himself a petty independent sovereign. His battles and political intrigues are relieved by the pure and ardent loves of Gabriele, his younger brother, and Rina, the daughter of Falco, (surnamed *della Rupe*, from having fixed his residence upon a nearly inaccessible rock,) a bold pirate of the Lake of Como, the scene of the whole tale. A great deal of Gian Giacomo's long-successful struggle against his legitimate sovereign, Francesco Sforza Duke of Milan, is painted with vigour, and the graphic spirit belonging to this style of composition. The manners and superstitions of the age are often very happily touched; and many of the love scenes are sweetly pathetic. But love-tale or romance there is none—no startling difficulties, no distressful anxieties, not even a curiosity-stirring interest, is wrought out of the far severed relative stations of the lovers,—the brother of a haughty and ambitious feudal chieftain, and the daughter of a low-born pirate. A frown on the part of Gian Giacomo, when his observation is directed to Gabriele's open show of passion for Falco's beautiful child, is the sole and single notice taken of "too high" being "attached to low;" and, for aught the reader can see, the noble's son and the pirate's daughter might have been just as happily married as though Rina had been Gabriele's equal, but for the unlucky accident of the lover's being knocked on the head in one of his brother's battles. And thus, in point of fact, this unconnected *amourette*, however pleasing, merely diverts the reader's attention from Gian Giacomo, who, as the story is managed, ought to have been prominently the Protagonista. This is manifestly a gross fault in the conception of the work; but the two little volumes possess so much merit of detail, and are so superior to the author's former production (as far as we recollect *Il Castello di Trezzo*), that we feel justified in anticipating further improvement on his part, and shall look forward impatiently to his next attempt. Meanwhile, we shall give a specimen of his talents and style, from an early and tolerably detached scene in *Falco della Rupe*.

Grampo, one of the pirate's crew, has been dangerously wounded in a bold rescue of Gabriele and his tutor, Gian Giacomo's Chancellor, from the Dukists, as the legitimate party of the Duke of Milan are called, who were about to execute summary justice upon their unfor-

ransomed prisoners. Grampo is carried to the hovel of his mother Imazza, a notorious witch, whence one of his comrades hastens to solicit the aid of a surgeon-monk, who presides over a neighbouring hospital. Falco, leaving the rescued nobleman and chancellor in his own rock cottage, accompanies the monk and the subordinate pirate to visit Grampo, discussing by the way the probability of saving the wounded man's life by the efficacy of some miracle-working water, in which a nail taken from the true cross has been immersed. As the trio approach the witch's abode, they observe another of the pirate crew,

"Guazzo, standing in a disconsolate attitude, and conversing with two brothers of the confraternity of death, the designation of a religious association, whose office was carrying the dead to their graves.

"When Guazzo saw the three new comers, he exclaimed in a melancholy voice, 'Too late! There is nothing more to be done for him but to lay him under ground.'

"The amazed Trincone made a gesture of vexation on thus beholding his hopes deluded, his labour wasted. The monk, drooping his head, cast down his eyes upon the earth, crossed his arms upon his breast, and recited a prayer. Falco, struck with sorrow, exclaimed in accents of mingled anger and compassion, 'Let me pass! I will see him again for the last time. I will swear upon his corse to send more than one of those who have slaughtered him to sleep a sleep eternal as his.'

"In a chamber inclosed by rugged walls, which, like the roof, were blackened with smoke, and scantily lighted by a high and small window, lay the corse of Grampo, half covered with a sheet, upon a bed of planks. His throat was wrapped with bandages steeped in his blood, which, oozing through them, had run upon his breast, where it showed in dark and clotted streaks. By the side of the bed sat an old woman, leaning with her two hands upon a crutch, her eyes immoveably fixed upon that blood. Her teeth gnashed at intervals against each other, and her limbs trembled convulsively. It was Imazza, the dead man's mother."

The new comers gaze silently upon the body, the mother appearing to be unconscious of their presence, till brother Andrea, (the surgeon-monk) in an injudicious endeavour to console the bereaved woman, observes, that the deceased may perhaps be expecting their prayers to deliver him from the flames of purgatory.

"Old Imazza, turning her head, gave the monk so savage a look that the words died upon his lips; then, with a wrinkling of her cheeks that resembled a sullen grin, she said, 'Free him from the flames! Here is ice. Deliver him from the cold that freezes him! Make him rise up; and be thus no longer cold and heavy as lead!' While thus speaking, she lifted an arm of the dead man, and letting it drop again, was once more absorbed in gazing on him."

Falco then expresses his regrets for his fallen comrade; says that if blood could revive him, he should have plenty, and compassionately advises Imazza to listen to Friar Andrea.

"At these words Imazza shook her head wrathfully, and answered, 'What speakest thou? Why art thou come? Why touch his hand? Was it not as thy companion my Grampo received the wound destined for thee? Was it not thou who led him to death? See thou to console thine own women, who, ere long perhaps, may have a corse yet more disfigured in their cottage; if indeed it be not surrounded by wolves and ravens in lieu of women.'

" 'Silence, accursed witch!' exclaimed Falco, with a disturbed and threatening countenance, and raising his clenched fist against her."

The interposition of the good monk hinders Falco from striking the heart-broken, the distracted, the childless mother. But the bold pirate, who had so often recklessly faced death in every possible form, is chilled with terror by the imprecations of a supposed witch, uttered in the presence of the dead; and the prospect of a splendid recompense for having saved the life of Gian Giacomo's brother can hardly relieve his mind from the fearful presentiments conjured up by Imazza.

With this brief extract we take our leave for the present of the Italian Novelists.

ART. XIV.—*Memoires de A. Galotti, Officier Napolitain, condamné trois fois à mort, écrits par lui-même, traduits par S. Vecchiarelli, Réfugié Italien.* 8vo. Paris. 1831.

GALOTTI'S case made considerable stir some three years ago in the Chamber of Deputies and in the French newspapers. His being forced out of his asylum in Corsica, and given up to the Neapolitan government by Martignac's ministry, cast a blot on that otherwise liberal administration, which they, however, endeavoured to efface by effectively interfering in time to save the prisoner's life. Galotti, however, remained in confinement, or rather was led from prison to prison, subject to the characteristic brutality of Neapolitan jailors, and other agents of power. The sentence of death was at last commuted to ten years confinement in the island of Favignana, on the coast of Sicily. There he remained, until the events of July having changed the councils of France, the new ministers of that country insisted with the Neapolitan cabinet that Galotti should be released, and restored to the place of refuge whence he had been carried off against the law of nations. This was effected in October, 1830, by an order from the late King Francis, which commuted Galotti's imprisonment to ten years banishment from the kingdom; at the same time, the identical brig of war which had conveyed him from Corsica the year before, was now sent to land him on the coast of that island. A just, though tardy reparation, was thus made to the offended honour of France, and to the violated laws of humanity.

Grateful to his liberators, and such he considers to be the "men of July" exclusively, (for he complains, in his preface, that the present ministers have maintained in office the agents of his *extradition*,) Galotti has now written the tale of his vicissitudes, rather a meagre and disjointed narrative, and dedicated it to the "heroes of the three days." He is evidently one of that numerous class of Italian liberals, who possess the will, rather than the means to effect the regeneration of their country. Their schemes, till now, have been concocted with so little wisdom or foresight, and have betrayed such a lamentable deficiency in political and statistical knowledge of their own local circumstances and of those of other countries, that it is no wonder they proved unsuccessful.

Galotti began his political career in 1820. He had long before been initiated into the mysteries of Carbonarism, and was one of the ac-

tive members of the *Vendita*, or lodge, of his native country *Cilento*, a remote district, of about ninety thousand inhabitants, in the province of *Salerno*, towards the borders of *Calabria*, where he held the rank of an officer in the local militia. As the conspiracy of 1820 grew ripe, the 29th of May was fixed by the leaders as the day for the explosion all over the province; but our author, "carried away," as he says himself, "by his passion for liberty," raised the standard of insurrection in the village of *Masticelli* one day too soon, on the 28th of May, and proclaimed the Spanish constitution, of which the good villagers knew probably as much as of the *Vedas* of *Hindustan*. During the night, a courier came with orders from the lodge of *Salerno* to defer the movement altogether, which, in fact, took place only at the beginning of the following July, at *Monteforte*, in the neighbouring province of *Avellino*. *Galotti* was obliged to pull down the flag, pocket his cockade, and return to his home with as little noise as possible. But the affair of *Masticelli* had not escaped the notice of government: *Galotti* was arrested and sentenced to military execution, when the Minister of Police, in hopes of drawing from him the threads of the conspiracy, ordered him to be brought to *Naples*. Upon his examination, *Galotti* made no disclosures, and was consequently consigned to a dungeon in the castle of *St. Eramo*, from which the revolution of July, 1820, delivered him. Thus ended our author's first adventure. He was, during the constitutional regime, appointed an officer to one of the provincial legions, and decorated with the Order of *St. George*. The re-action of 1821 followed; the Austrians occupied the kingdom, meeting with hardly any resistance, and the absolute government was re-established. *Galotti* was living unmolested with his family; but he was still in active secret correspondence with his friends the *Carbonari*. The suspicions of the police were aroused, several arrests took place; yet our author continued to attend the meetings which were held at the house of the Sub-Prefect of the district, who was a *Carbonaro* and *Freemason*. This man had a handsome wife: he became jealous of *Galotti's* frequent visits to his house, and denounced him. *Galotti* declares there was no foundation for his suspicions; but the whole transaction exhibits on what slender foundations honor and patriotism rest in that kingdom. The abominable custom of the country, by which married women are considered as fit objects to be courted and won, just as single women are in other countries, warrants suspicion in the breast of any husband. And this custom prevails especially among the educated classes, out of which all social or political improvement can alone be expected. *Galotti* was again examined, but no sufficient proofs being found against him, after three years imprisonment, he was liberated. He settled himself in the town of *Salerno*, where his wife died, and twelve months afterwards he married a wealthy widow. He might now have sat down in domestic retirement, at least until more propitious times should come round.

"But," says he, in the current though unmeaning language of the fatalist school, "the die was cast, and my whole existence was henceforth to be solely employed in hatching fresh conspiracies."—p. 28.

When a man has once made up his mind to such a course, for

better for worse, he is hardly entitled to complain afterwards if disappointment and persecution be his lot. Towards the end of 1825, our author repaired to Naples, where he became intimate with several persons of the same political sentiments, who were consulting on the means of acting

“ a new revolutionary drama. Galotti returned to Salerno, to instal a committee, and resume the skilful organisation of Carbonarism, which was not destroyed, but had only lain dormant for several years.”—p. 29.

The defection of several liberals rendered him more circumspect in the choice of members for the committee.

“ The most energetic men of the country were called to it, whose stedfast adherence to their political doctrines has since brought them all to the dungeon or the scaffold.”

They communicated with the committees of other provinces, and Galotti was one of the most active agents of the society.

“ In 1828, the central committee of Naples found itself, I know not how, in correspondence with the Greek President, Count Capo d'Istria. The latter promised, that in the event of a new revolution breaking out in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, Russia would furnish 20,000 men in order to *liberate* the rest of Italy, where a republican government would be proclaimed under the protection of the Northern Autocrat.”

We look upon this as a story imposed on the gullibility of the Neapolitans, by some inferior agent, or would-be agent; for we can never believe that so shrewd a man as the late President of Greece could commit himself so far. And how, or whence could the 20,000 Russians reach Italy? And again, Russia proclaiming a republic in Italy! But the ignorance of statistics and of general political information, to which we have already adverted, is conspicuous in all these Italian affairs.

The government was again on the watch, a priest was arrested, and upon his disclosures the other members of the committee shared the same fate. Galotti being informed in time of this discovery, which he calls *unexpected*, adopted the desperate resolution of breaking out into open insurrection in his native district of Cilento. He was joined by the Canon Deluca and by several monks, a circumstance, the apparent singularity of which may be explained by reflecting that many of the Neapolitan clergy, having unlike those of Spain, lost that wealth and influence, which alone compensated them for the restrictions of their order, now find their existence irksome, and are willing to assist in a change that might liberate them from their rash vows, or at least open a new field to their ambition; this we believe to be the main spring of their liberalism. The 28th of June, 1828, was fixed by Galotti's little band to begin operations, by the attack of the fort of Palinuro, the *Palinurus* of Virgil. The canon had been assured that this insignificant fort contained a considerable supply of ammunition and about fifteen hundred carbines, which would prove a seasonable supply to the insurgents. Galotti went with about fifty men and entered the fort with little or no difficulty, but on looking into the stores he found the powder was damaged and useless, and that the carbines had been removed a

fortnight before to Salerno by order of the government ! After this he proceeded to revolutionize the district. He went from village to village, crying out Liberty for ever ! and proclaiming *the French constitution*, that is, Louis XVIII's charter ! His friend, the guardian of the Capuchins, ascended a platform, and preached to the people upon the rights of man. The mayor and the clergy duly attended, took the patriots to church, the host was brought out, and Te Deum was sung. These are inseparable accompaniments of every Neapolitan insurrection, whether for liberty or absolutism. About two thousand men were soon collected, and a great deal of powder was wasted in *feux de joie*. When it is considered that all this took place in a small district, not twenty miles in diameter, without concert with the other provinces, and while in fact the royalist forces were collecting from all sides to hem in the insurgents, the attempt displays a rashness which appears almost bordering upon insanity. Galotti and the canon were soon apprized of the unwelcome approach of General Del Carretto with eight thousand regular troops, with field pieces, cavalry, &c. Galotti's men were mostly without arms. After one slight skirmish, he was obliged to disband them and throw himself into the forests. The whole course of the insurrection did not last above a week. Galotti wandered about in those wilds, and at last reached the shores of Pœstum, where he met with a fishing boat that took him to Leghorn, from whence he repaired to Corsica, where, being on French territory, he considered himself safe.

We have spoken with some degree of severity of these abortive plots, because we know, that under a despotic government a revolution is no children's play, and we deem it therefore incumbent on those who embark in such enterprizes to calculate well at least their chances before they expose not only themselves, but their families and their poor deluded and ignorant followers, to the risk of destruction. The reaction in the present instance was marked by that character of ferocity and deep and unforgiving revenge, with which so many pages of Neapolitan history are stained. About sixty or seventy individuals, priests, landholders, physicians, and lawyers, were executed. Their families, including females, were subjected to arbitrary fines and imprisonments. The village of Bosco was razed to the ground. Numbers of other persons were thrown into dungeons. Several died in consequence of ill treatment. The fine district of Cilento was utterly desolated. Galotti had escaped, but the Neapolitan government was soon apprized of his place of refuge, and claimed him through means of its ambassador at Paris, as a person guilty, not of *political*, but of *social* crimes, as a *brigand* ; in short, some sort of judicial document to that effect was forwarded in support of the demand. In an evil hour the French minister sent orders to the Prefect of Corsica to deliver up Galotti to a Neapolitan brig of war, which had been sent to Bastia for the purpose. An indecent haste seems to have been displayed by the local authorities in effecting his delivery. Upon the warm remonstrances of Galotti's friends, the French ministry despatched a courier to Naples, intimating to that cabinet not to proceed any further against Galotti, at the peril of vio-



lating the laws of nations towards France. They were luckily in time to save Galotti from summary execution. But this was not enough, Galotti might die in his dungeon. An interesting debate took place in the Chamber of Deputies, in June, 1829, of which extracts are given in the appendix to the volume before us. Count Portalis, on the part of the ministers, stated, that he would rather have his hand wither than sign an order to give up a political refugee, especially with the recollection of what happened to himself and his father when proscribed by the Terrorist faction, which then ruled France, and which had the impudence to require the Swiss government to give up the emigrants, "for," Portalis significantly observed, "it is not by absolute monarchies that such a claim has been first set up." But the French ministers had been shown regular documents signed by competent magistrates, charging Galotti with ordinary crimes against society. To which the late Benjamin Constant replied, that under an absolute government, and especially in the latitudes of Naples and of Lisbon, it was not very difficult to find tribunals and judges that would lend themselves to the wishes of power. And here the Prince of Castelcicala became involved in the question, and the consequence was a suit against several editors of newspapers for defamation of the ambassador. The newspapers, in order to invalidate his diplomatic character, recalled to mind that he had been a member of the junta or state inquisition established at Naples at the end of the last century. Now it appears that Castelcicala sat in a junta from 1796 to 1798, which juntas caused numerous arrests upon ill-grounded suspicions. There was, however, we believe, no sentence of execution passed during that time. Vanni, the head of the junta, a fanatic ultra-royalist, was at last dismissed in disgrace, and the court was dissolved. This junta, however, must not be confounded, as some French writers, and even the editor of this volume, have done, with the sanguinary junta of 1799, which sat after the revolution, and which sent to the scaffold the most distinguished men of Naples. The members of the latter were Speciale, Fiore, Damiani, Sambuti, and Guidobaldi. The name of this last, who had been with Castelcicala member of the former junta, may have given rise to the mistake that the prince was also of this. There are shades and gradations in political obloquy which must not be overlooked. It was also said by some that the prince, whose name is Fabrizio Ruffo, like that of the celebrated cardinal, had been ennobled in consequence of his services in the junta. This is an error, as Castelcicala's title came to him by inheritance, and he already bore it when he was appointed to the junta of 1796. The French court of correctional police acquitted the editors, on the ground that the statement of the simple fact of the prince having been a member of a junta of state at Naples did not constitute defamation.

ART. XV.—Friedrich von Schiller's *Wallenstein's Lager im Lateinische übersetzt, mit gegenüber stehenden Deutschen Texte*. Von Gustav. Grusinger. (Frederick Schiller's Wallenstein's Camp, translated into Latin, and accompanied with the German Text, by G. Grusinger.) Tübingen. 1830. 8vo.

THIS is rather an elaborate *capriccio*, for here we have the whole of the Camp translated line for line into Latin rhymes. The translator mentions in his preface, that he had been led accidentally to make the attempt on the celebrated Capuchin Sermon, and having succeeded to his own satisfaction, he went on to complete the translation as it now appears. No one will of course expect that the Camp could appear to much advantage in a Latin dress, and particularly under the additional restraint of rhymes. Its jokes and puns, and idiomatic turns, which can scarcely be reflected in a translation into a modern language, escape almost entirely in the attempt to embody them in Latin. We can conceive, indeed, that an imitation, though not a translation, might be given in that language, which might possess something of the spirit of the original, by discarding the rhymes, and adopting some easy and flowing metre; but if the principle of translating line for line, and the use of rhymes, be retained, we believe the attempt to be quite hopeless. The translator may now and then hit on a successful turn, or an easy rhyme, but this occasional success must be purchased at the expense of many passages full of forced turns, far-fetched expressions, and ideas interpolated merely for the sake of filling up an unmanageable line. As to the merits of the present translation, we do not believe the Camp could have been much better translated in the same form by any other person; though we should infer from the circumstance of the Sermon being, perhaps, the most successful part of it, that more labour had been bestowed on the task in the outset than afterwards, and in short that the translator began to feel that a joke pursued through more than a thousand lines grew rather tiresome. A few lines of the opening of the Sermon will afford a specimen of his manner.

“ Heisa, Juchheisa, dudeldumdei!  
Das geht ja hoch her. Bin auch dabei!  
Ist das eine Armee von Christen?  
Sind wir Türken? Sind wir Antibap-  
ten?

Treibt man so mit dem Sonntag Spott  
Als hätte der allmächtige Gott  
Das Chiragra, konnte nicht drein  
schlagen?

Ist's jetzt Zeit zu Saufgelagen,  
In Banketten und Feuertagen?  
Quid hic statis otiosi?" &c.

“ Heisa, Juchheisa, dudeldumdum!  
Quantus strepitus! Ego etiam adsum.  
Estne exercitus hic, qui clamat Christel  
Sumusne Turcæ vel Anabaptistæ?  
Quanto ludibrio fit dominica  
Laboratne Deus omnipotens chiragra,  
Ut vos non possit percutire?  
Quid nunc occupati estes cum gutture?  
Quorsum nil nisi feriæ et epulæ?  
Quid statis hic otiosi?" &c.

The attempt to render the lightness and buoyancy of the Recruit's Song, in the seventh scene, is far less successful. The original moves with the grace of a light-horseman; the translator follows with the lumbering pace of a heavy dragoon.

" Trommeln und Pfeifen,  
 Kriegerischer Klang,  
 Wandern und streisen  
 Die Welt entlang !  
 Rosse gelenkt,  
 Muthig geschwenkt,  
 Schwert an der Seite  
 Frisch in die weite !  
 Fluchtig und flink  
 Frei, wie der Fink,  
 Auf Sträuchern und Bäumen  
 In Himmels Räumen  
 Heisa ! ich folge des Friedländes  
 Fahn !"

" Tibiæ et tympana,  
 Bellicorum musica,  
 Myrant per mundum  
 Ubique rotundum !  
 Equi reguntur,  
 Intrepide ventantur ;  
 Gladius ad latus  
 Fulget nudatus !  
 In campam meamus  
 In aves volamus,  
 Slout frugilla  
 In arbore illa  
 In virgultis ac fruticibus  
 Et in cœli vicibus  
 Heysa ! Sequor signa Friedlandi !"

On the whole, though there is cleverness in the work, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Grusinger's talents and time might have been much better employed. Our readers will probably recollect a grave receipt for the composition of some dish, in which, after all the ingredients are scientifically mixed and arranged, the maker is directed to—open the window and throw the whole into the street. We are disposed to offer a somewhat similar advice to the translators of modern poems into Latin verse ; we think they could not do better, after polishing their work as well as possible, than to copy it out very neatly, and—put it in the fire.



# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XVII.

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## FRANCE.

PARIS, unquestionably, takes the lead of all the cities in the world, in the generous profusion with which she offers instruction to all who are desirous of it. In this city, more than any where else, instruction of the highest description is gratuitously afforded to all classes; and the crowds that attend the lectures of a Cuvier, a Guizot and an Abel-Remusat afford gratifying evidence to the fact. Among the courses about to commence, we now enumerate those that seem most to invite attention, either from the importance or the novelty of their subject, or the talent and celebrity of the professors.

Besides numerous special establishments, supported by the State with a splendour honourable to the nation, and among which we may quote the *Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*, the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, the *Bibliothèque Royale*, the *Observatoire*, the *Musée Français*, &c., Paris possesses two great foci of instruction—the *College de France* and the *Académie*, the latter of which includes five faculties. Twenty-four courses of lectures appear in the programme of the first, among the newest and the most remarkable of which are those on General and Experimental Physics, by Ampère; on the Comparative History of Legislation, by Lerminier; on the History of the Natural Sciences, by Cuvier; on Archeology, by Champollion le jeune; (by the way we are happy to hear that an English translation of M. Champollion Figeac's excellent compendium of this rising science may shortly be expected from a talented young Englishman—Mr. Thurgar, jun. of Norwich;) on Political Economy, by M. J. B. Say. The Academy of Paris enumerates amongst its professors, M. Jouffroy, for the History of Modern Philosophy; M. Fauriel, for Foreign Literature; M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, for Zoology, Anatomy, and Physiology; and M. Patin, for French Eloquence. The *Société de Méthodes d'Enseignement* has commenced a gratuitous course of lectures for people engaged in business. They began on December the 4th, and will be continued till June; the Professors are M. Raucourt, for Human Physiology; J. P. M. Royer-Collard, for Public Law; M. Payen, for Manufacturing Industry; M. Leret, for Botany and Vegetable Physiology; and M. Achille Comte, for Studies on the Animal Kingdom.

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After a lapse of twenty years from its first appearance, the celebrated Orientalist, De Sacy, has just published a second edition of his Arabic Grammar, with corrections and additions.

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The increase of the departmental press, since the memorable days of July, has been quite extraordinary, and will be most beneficial in many ways, and not the least in the advantage which will be felt in the counteraction thus given to the undue preponderance of the capital, by which the provinces are left at the mercy of any party or opinion that may be dominant at the time.

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A Volume, entitled *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau et sur les deux premières assemblées législatives*, has just appeared, edited by the late M. Dumont, the editor and French translator of Bentham's Works. Dumont was sincerely attached to Mirabeau, and often assisted him in the composition of his Speeches. These facts appear from the autograph letters of Mirabeau, inserted at the end of the volume, which cannot fail to excite attention.

A new Novel by M. D'Arincourt is announced for immediate appearance: it is entitled, "Les Rebelles sous Charles V."

The rage for compressing the works of voluminous and popular authors into one volume, is extending to the writers on jurisprudence, *Pothier* being now announced, arranged in the order of the subjects treated in the *Code Civil*, to which the works of this celebrated jurist may be considered a necessary accompaniment, as affording the best interpretation of the present system, in all cases of obscure or imperfect enactment.

It is intended to form an Ethnographical Museum at Paris, under the direction of the indefatigable Baron de Ferussac. The object of this establishment is to preserve from the ravages of time such memorials of the present nations of the world as are peculiar to them, in their arts, costumes, arms, buildings, &c. &c. Those nations, in particular, that are in a savage state, or are but imperfectly advanced in the social scale, will form the chief object of attention, as from the rapid extension of modern civilization, the manners and primitive character of such nations, or tribes, are daily losing their original features. A large building, divided into many distinct apartments, will be devoted to the objects of this institution, and will contain the specimens and memorials alluded to.

Baron Ferussac is also about to resume the publication of his Natural History of the Mollusques, and seven livraisons will shortly appear. He will also shortly publish Monographs of the various classes and orders that precede the *Palmones*, which form the first part of his Mollusques. Subscribers to the former parts are respectfully requested to give orders for the completion of their sets.

Egypt is destined to furnish unceasing subjects of curiosity for every class of readers. While Champollion (*on dit*) is about to unroll the mystic papyri in all their primitive significance, the celebrated traveller, *Caillaud*, has preceded him with the first Numbers of a work on the Arts and Trades of the Egyptians, Nubians and Ethiopians; their customs, civil and domestic, with details on the manners and customs of the modern inhabitants of these countries. Plates, brilliantly coloured, illustrate the text in its minutest details, and when the work is completed, we hope to find materials in it for a curious and interesting article.

The 23d volume of that eminently useful scientific Annual, the *Archives des Decouvertes et des Inventions Nouvelles*, which commenced its career in 1806, has just appeared for the year 1830. We know of no similar work, embracing so many subjects, so complete, and yet so compendious, in the English language.

M. Crapelet, the celebrated printer, not satisfied with printing beautiful editions, has, on various occasions, evinced great learning and research in various publications of his own on historical subjects. He has just published a little volume, entitled *Anne Boleyn*, which we recommend to the attention of our readers, as a careful and pains-taking attempt to exhibit a character hitherto strangely disfigured by party writers, in its true light.

Michaud, the historian of the Crusades, has arrived at Marseilles, on his return from Palestine, which he has been exploring with a view to the further elucidation of his work. The result of his travels will shortly appear.

The poets, Barthélemy and Méry, whose frequent satires and bitter political poems have so often fixed the public attention, may now be purchased in a complete and uniform edition, in four small volumes. Few poets of the New School deserve perusal so well as these brethren of a craft, the Beaumont and Fletcher of modern times.

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Sir H. Parnell has just published, at Paris, a most interesting pamphlet, in French, principally intended to enlighten the uninformed among the French people on the subject of the Commercial intercourse of Great Britain and France, and to show that the trade between two such great and opulent nations stands greatly in need of being placed on a more liberal and rational footing, with a view to the advantage of both countries. We sincerely hope, that the statesman-like plans of the able author may meet with no narrow-minded opposition from monopolists on either side of the Channel, and that both governments will see it to be for their best interests to legislate on Sir Henry's principles.

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Viscount de Martignac, the ingenious and eloquent defender of the ex-ministers, has just given to the world some of the fruits of his present leisure, in the shape of a small volume, entitled *Le Couvent de Sainte-Marie aux Bois, Episode ; précédé d'une Notice sur la Guerre d'Espagne en 1823*. The *Episode* is sentimental and melancholy enough, and is only redeemed from commonplace by the style of the narrator. From the notice prefixed, we learn that the Viscount is engaged on a work of considerable magnitude, embracing a complete History of the Expedition to Spain, in 1823, in its *political* point of view, the only one hitherto unexhibited and unknown. From the important post held by the author in the French expedition, (commissary of the government) he asserts his competence to give a true account of that intervention—the cruel injustice of which, he says, is now so loudly insisted on. The Viscount's opinions steer a middle course, fully acquitting the Spanish people of any affection for the Constitutionalists, the great proof of which was the enthusiastic reception of the French army by the whole population, but lamenting that the restored monarch has not better understood that in an arbitrary government there is as little security for its own power as for the people who submit to it. We shall look forward for the appearance of the promised work with considerable interest, and sincerely wish the Viscount better health to complete it.

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Charles Lucien Bonaparte has recently published an octavo volume of Observations on the *Regne Animal* of Cuvier, to whose talent and genius he pays a just tribute of praise. On the subject of Ornithology, the Prince of Musignano has dwelt at greatest length, as from his long devotion to this branch of Zoology, he has been able to communicate many additional particulars collected in Europe and in North America.

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To any of our countrymen who visit the Pyrenees either in quest of pleasure, or health, or science, or all conjoined, we would recommend the travelling parties of Monsieur Boubée, which he makes annually in the autumn, for the purpose of studying the natural and general history of these fine mountains. Mr. B. is a zealous and active naturalist, and we cannot prescribe a better regimen to the enervated frames and jaded spirits of our annual emigrants to the shores of France, than a regular course of such mountain discipline. M. Boubée's address at Paris, is No. 62, Rue de la Harpe.

A. M. Dussumier, of Bordeaux, has made six voyages to India, and each time has brought back collections of rare and curious animals, which he has presented to the Museum of Natural History. None of his voyages, however, has equalled his last, and he has been fortunate enough to bring all his specimens safely home. Catalogues of the various collections have been drawn up by Messieurs Isidore Geoffroy, Valenciennes, and Victor Audouin, assistant naturalists to the Museum.

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## GERMANY.

**POPULATION.**—The population of the Prussian States, at the close of 1830, appears, from the official returns just published, to have been 12,939,877; the number of births in 1830 was 497,241, that of deaths 390,702, being an excess of 106,539.—The excess of births has, however, considerably, and, on the whole, gradually decreased of late years. In seven years, 1817-23, the total excess was 1,227,990, and in the following seven years, 1824-30, 1,019,092. This may be partly ascribed to the greater number of marriages concluded in the years immediately succeeding the return of the general peace. The whole increase of the population in fourteen years has been 2,247,082.

The number of letters that passed through the Prussian Post Offices in 1830 was nearly 27,655,966.

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At the commencement of the year 1832, a new Medical Journal is to be published at Berlin, under the title of *Berliner Medicinische Zeitung*, in weekly numbers, containing the most recent and interesting intelligence respecting Natural History and Medicine. It is to be edited by Dr. J. J. Sachs.

At the same time will be commenced, a new Law Journal, entitled *Juristische Zeitung für die Königl. Preussischen Staaten*, in weekly numbers.

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Professor Neumann has brought back from his voyage to Canton, a very neat collection of Canton Chinese Literature. It is really wonderful how, during five months' stay in Canton, and without any extensive resources, he found means to collect above 10,000 volumes. They are placed in the New Public Library at Berlin, of which, it is to be hoped, they will become the property.

What difficulties Professor Neumann may have met with at Canton, we do not know, not having seen him on his return; but we do know from himself that, during his visit in London, before he went to Canton, he received all possible attention from the members of the Asiatic Society, and others, the best qualified to promote his views.

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*Raumer*, the author of the "History of the Hohenstauffens," presents the literary world with the fruits of his researches among the inedited MSS. in the Royal and other public libraries at Paris, in two volumes, of "Letters from Paris, illustrating the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." We cannot go into particulars, and only remark, that the History of Germany, England, France, Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands, and occasionally that of other countries, is sometimes exhibited in quite a new light, and sometimes the facts, already known, confirmed, in a very remarkable manner:

the names of Charles V. and Francis I., of Philip II. and his Son Don Carlos, of Granvella, Alba, Orange Egmont, Sixtus V., Henry III. and the Guises, Henry IV., Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Masaniello, and many others, indicate what the reader may expect from the well known industry and judgment of the learned collector.

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A daily paper, published at Munich, entitled the *German Tribunal*, has recently made a violent, but apparently not unfounded, attack, on many of the German Professors of History, on account of their time-serving pliancy and want of political honesty. We are not surprised at such a charge, but must express our satisfaction at seeing it made so openly and manfully as in the present case. Even Heeren, the celebrated author of so many valuable works, is not exempted from deserved censure in this respect; and while we make all allowances for the difficulty of the times, and the changing dynasties witnessed by continental writers, it is much to be wished that men occupying such elevated situations as Heeren, were more careful of committing themselves to the impulses of mere party politics. Amidst the dearth of free discussion on political subjects in Germany, it is refreshing to meet with a paper like the *German Tribunal*, that dares to speak out, and we congratulate the King of Bavaria on possessing so valuable a pioneer to assist him in his constitutional improvements.

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An edition of the Hebrew Bible is announced by the learned lexicographer, Gesenius, with various readings and notes.

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A translation into German of Mr. Keightley's learned and ingenious work on the Mythology of Greece and Italy, is announced for publication at Weimar.

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Three new parts of Ersch and Gruber's German Encyclopædia will shortly appear. The delay in publication is said to have arisen from the illness of several of the contributors.

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A Society, of sixteen members, for the cultivation of Celtic Literature, was instituted, in 1824, in the Duchies of Liefland and Courland. Its object was the theoretical and practical investigation of the Celtic language, in all its branches, grammatical as well as lexicographical. A magazine, for the embodying of its proceedings, was commenced at Mittau in 1829; and at the end of 1830, six numbers had appeared, the contents of which are highly interesting. At the same period the Society consisted of One Hundred and Thirteen ordinary and Five honorary Members. The scattered tribes in Scotland, Ireland and Wales will prick up their ears at this; and we should not be at all surprized to hear of a deputation from the Highland Society, accompanied by the bagpiper of the 42nd Regiment, setting sail for the Baltic immediately.

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If our feeble voice could reach Herr Retzsch in his studio in Germany, we would ardently conjure him, in the name of the people of England, to proceed with his glorious illustrations of Shakspeare. Surely he cannot complain of want of encouragement, since to our knowledge more than 500 copies were sold of his Hamlet, in London, by one house alone.



The University of the Austrian Capital is, perhaps, in the most deplorable state of any in Germany. Kilian, in his work on the German Universities, has already awarded it this justice. The fault is less owing to its organization than to the total want of scientific ardour, and the blind routine of the greater part of the professors. Here, however, as every where else, there are some able men, who have rendered important services to science. Mohs, Littrow, Jacquin, Baumgartner, and, among the young professors, Czermak, are worthy of esteem; the first in particular has greatly contributed to raise mineralogy to the dignity of a science. The University is well attended, from the simple reason that no Austrian is permitted to study in foreign countries.

Thiersch, the author of the Homeric Grammar, is about to visit Greece, where he will remain till spring.

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The second volume of Hain's Repertorium Bibliographicum will shortly be completed, by the publication of the second part.

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## ITALY.

SOME time since the Italian Journals announced the discovery of the original portrait of Dante's Beatrice: we are now informed, that one of the earliest commentaries on the *Commedia*, that of Graziolo dei Bambagioli, Chancellor of Bologna, has been discovered in the Biblioteca Laurenziana of Florence. This Commentator was contemporary with Dante, and his Latin notes were the subject of eager research on the part of Messrs. Bandini and Dionisi, the two classical commentators on the Florentine poet. This piece of intelligence will have great interest for the Italians, who are so warmly alive to all that relates to their great countryman.

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## RUSSIA.

ALTHOUGH we are not able to say as yet whether the literary harvest has been upon the whole more or less favourable than usual in Russia, the Cholera does not appear to have made much, if any, difference in respect to quantity. In point of quality too, a few publications have appeared that are entitled to considerable commendation. Among these we may rank Veltman's *Strannik*, or "The Wanderer across a Map"—a kind of poetico-sentimental journey, in which the author has mingled actual descriptions with ingenious fiction—pleasantry and sportive satire with philosophical inquiry and reflection—poetry with prose. Graceful and elegant in its style, captivating alike by its shrewdness and its playfulness, and bearing the stamp of originality, this little work has been received with unequivocal satisfaction, and immediately obtained a striking degree of public favour for its author, who was previously known only by a compendium of the history of Bessarabia, and some little poetical trifles. About very nearly the same time with the *Strannik*, appeared another production from Veltman's pen, entitled the *Baglets*, or Fugitive. Notwithstanding that this poetical tale contains some striking and able passages, it by no means confirmed the expectations raised by its predecessor. So far, however, from showing that the writer had suddenly fallen off, or lost any of his vigour, this

circumstance proves quite the contrary, since the latter publication had in fact been composed by him some years ago. M. Veltman is also the author of *Istander*, a dithyrambic dramatic sketch in prose—an effusion as singular in its conception as in its execution, replete with extraordinary energy both of sentiment and expression.

One of the Moscow journals (the Telescope) has fallen into a singular and rather amusing mistake, complimenting Mr. Moore, our English poet, on his translations from the Russian, and recommending him to exhibit to his countrymen some longer and more important specimens of the northern Muses! We dare say Mr. Moore will be not a little surprised at finding he has made such a proficiency in the Russian language, and that his fame as a successful translator from it has already reached Moscow. His case is somewhat like that of *le médecin malgré lui*, for whether he knows the language or not, the journalist is positive that he has translated some pieces from it, and as there is no denying facts, refers his readers for proof of his assertion to Galignani's *monolome* edition of the poet's works, where, among others, they will find an elegant, but "not very exact" translation of Kozlov's *Velchernii Zvon*, beginning, "Those evening bells, those evening bells!" "It will be seen," says the critic, "that he has cut down the six-line stanzas of the original to stanzas of four lines, and has thereby lost some of its beauties, although he has preserved the idea." How this curious mistake happened we know not, for the writer mentions some of Kozlov's translations from the "Irish Melodies," and the piece in question was avowedly borrowed from Moore.

Zagoskin, of whom we made some mention at page 139 of our preceding volume, and who has lately been appointed Director of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow, has published his new novel, entitled *Roslavlev*. At present we can speak of its merits only from report, and that seems entirely in its favour. We have, indeed, perused some extracts from it—among others, an episodic scene, describing Napoleon's precipitate escape from the Kremlin when it was surrounded by the flames; yet we dare not venture to express any opinion of our own on the work from such detached fragments. We may as well take this opportunity of correcting a seeming error in that article of our 15th Number to which we have referred: we there stated that a translation of Zagoskin's former novel had appeared in this country, for although it was not actually published when that sheet was at press, we had every reason to expect that it would be so before our own article was seen, and for that reason did not enter into any particulars respecting the original. "The Young Muscovite" has since been repeatedly announced as in the press, but seems so little inclined to come into the world, that we might almost imagine it is now actually *suppressed*.

Ushakov's tale, entitled "The Kirgis-Kaisak," possesses a degree of interest and exhibits a degree of talent, that, in spite of some defects of style, and some imperfections in the narrative itself, have obtained for its author hearty commendation, even from those critics who are evidently disposed to act the censor towards him. So far from attempting to discourage him by the apparent severity of their remarks, they predict that he has only to give himself fair play, and that he can hardly fail to distinguish himself in this species of writing. The following sketch will serve to convey some idea of the structure of the plot. Slavin, a young officer, is rejected by Prince Liubsky—for whose daughter he entertains an insurmountable passion—on account of the meanness of his birth, he being the son of a village priest, although he had been afterwards adopted by a lady of rank, and had become the heir to her property. If

the aristocratical feeling of the nobleman revolts from such an alliance as disgraceful to his family, the subsequent discovery that Slavin is the son of a fugitive Kirgise female, who had sold him when an infant to his reputed father, renders him completely inexorable. The unfortunate youth, for whom life has no longer any attractions, is now anxious only for an honourable death, which he shortly after finds beneath the walls of Varna.

Among recent publications of the Poetical class, few will be perused with greater interest and regret than the poetical works of *Venevitinov*; for before these early indications of youthful talent were given to the world, their author was no more. He died on the 15th (27th) March, 1827, at the premature age of twenty-two. This circumstance may perhaps invest them with a melancholy charm they might not possess, did we not know that the promise of future excellence can never now be realized; that the aspirations they breathe for poetical fame are now terminated, while the frequent presentiments of impending fate have been too truly fulfilled. Such reflections, undoubtedly, enhance the interest of those pieces where the poet alludes to his own hopes and feelings; yet there is so much beauty in the poems themselves that they would have obtained admiration, even had not our sympathy been so powerfully excited by commiseration for their author's untimely fate. They are distinguished by a tone of touching pathos and sensibility, and by a generous enthusiasm for whatever is noble and dignified.

About the same time with *Venevitinov* died another young writer, in whom Russia lost one who promised to become an ornament to her literature, and to enrich it with productions of a novel and original character,—we mean *Peter Mikhailovitch Kudriashev*, on the 19th (31st) of May, barely two months after the decease of the former, this youthful and ardent votary of the muses expired at Orenburg, in the 26th year of his age. Holding an official appointment as Auditor in the Ordnance department, at that place, his hours of study were necessarily limited; yet sedulous application made up for the brevity of his leisure, and enabled him to become familiar with all the best writers in his native language. If the remoteness of Orenburg from either of the two capitals of the empire, was in some respects rather unfavourable, it was also advantageous to him, inasmuch as his residence there made him acquainted with nature in her grander aspect, and enabled him to acquire an intimate knowledge of the neighbouring Eastern tribes, and to study their manner, their character, and their superstitions. Thus qualified for such an undertaking, he determined to avail himself of this knowledge, and to compose a series of national tales, exhibiting the principal traits of each of the various tribes inhabiting the South-Eastern portion of the empire. Within the two or three last years of his life he composed many prose narratives, viz. “*Aider and Absdriasha*,” a Bashkir tale; “*Kutehak Haliya*,” a Kirgise tale; “*Ivan and Dara*,” an Orenburg tale, &c. &c. He composed, likewise, an historical sketch of Bashkiria, and an Essay on the Popular Superstitions of the Bashkirs, besides various other pieces both in prose and verse, all having more or less for their object the delineation of that people. Had he lived to pursue the career he had thus opened for himself, there can be little doubt but that he would have succeeded in establishing a new species of literary composition; that he was acquainted with the popular poetry of the Bashkirs, appears from some translated specimens he has given; and his own poetical compositions are generally tinged with romantic feeling, and enriched with imagery borrowed from the scenery and people amidst whom he dwelt. They originally appeared in various periodicals, but whether they have since been collected, we are unable to say.

The success of "Ivan Vuizhigin" has given rise to numerous imitations and other productions, continuing the history of Ivan's family in the various branches of it. Alexander Orlov's fertile pen has produced no fewer than six different tales and satirical pieces, all relating to the hero of Bulgarin's romance and his descendants, viz. "The Death of Ivan Vuizhigin;" "Ivan's Funeral Obsequies;" "Sidor and Ignatius, the Sons of Ivan Vuizhigin," 2 vols.; "The Marriages of Sidor and Ignatius;" "Morfa Ivanovna Vuizhigin;" and "Peter Vuizhigin's Godfather." Each of these publications bears the date of 1831, besides some half-dozen others by the same author. As may be supposed, they are short and hasty sketches, and are intended chiefly to serve as the vehicle of temporary satire. Although, judging from the considerable sale these trifles have obtained, M. Orlov enjoys some popularity among readers, he has been very severely handled by the critics, many of whom have spoken of them in terms of the most unqualified contempt. In the "Northern Bee" especially, and the other journals conducted by Gretch and Bulgarin, he is reviled without mercy. Others again are so far from denying him merit, that they consider him no mean rival of Bulgarin himself. One of the Moscow periodicals, after vindicating M. Orlov's literary abilities, proceeds to draw a formal parallel between him and his contemporary. "If Bulgarin," it is there said, "surpasses Orlov in the graces of style, Orlov is superior to him in the liveliness and vivacity of his narrative. The novels of the former display more staid, greater patience—(greater patience do they require too on the part of the reader); while the short tales of the latter display more ingenuity, and are more engaging. Bulgarin is more of the philosopher; Orlov of the poet. Impartiality, however, demands from us that we should point out one quality in which the author of Vuizhigin is incontestably pre-eminent—we mean a regard for morality. What, in fact, can be more edifying than the lessons with which he furnishes us? We learn from them how mean it is to lie; how indiscreet to give one's-self up either to drinking or gaming. Nevertheless, even the most ardent admirers of Bulgarin must admit, that, however well intended, his morality is somewhat tedious; while the no less zealous partizans of Orlov must in their turn allow, that it requires all his talent to excuse his indiscretions. With all this, it is certain that Orlov has by no means acquired so extensive a reputation as his rival." The writer then proceeds to account for this in a manner not very complimentary to Bulgarin, attributing the greater success of the latter to literary manœuvring and intrigue. This we consider unjust; although he may have occasionally resorted to little artifices somewhat derogatory in themselves, Bulgarin is a writer who would be esteemed in any country, and the literature of Russia is under undeniable obligations to him for transplanting into it those forms of composition which will render it more interesting to the rest of Europe. As to the sparring of journalists, and the diametrically opposite opinions maintained by them, the Russians are not at all behind their neighbours; and in that respect they verify Arlequin's proverb—"Tout comme chez nous."

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THE  
**FOREIGN**  
**QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

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**ART. I.**—*Opinion de M. Cristophe, Vignerón, sur les Prohibitions et la Liberté du Commerce.* Paris. 1830. Petit-in-8vo.

**THE** controversy concerning "Free Trade" appears to rage in France still more fiercely than in England. In both countries, the government, although the members have been divided in opinion upon the degree, if not upon the principle, has been more inclined to take off restrictions than the people to be set free from them. The English government, however, has gone beyond the people; the French government has stood still. Yet, in France there are some late indications, in the debates in the Chamber of Deputies on the corn laws, of a disposition to a free intercourse with other nations. In England, although the present government is at least ostensibly united upon all questions of this sort, the principles of free trade appear to be less popular than they were, under ministers, some of whom had reluctantly and doubtfully concurred in their partial adoption. Every unfavourable fluctuation is naturally ascribed to the latest apparent cause; and considering the alterations which have been made of late years in our commercial system, and still more the alterations which have erroneously been supposed to be made, it is not obviously unreasonable, however it may be inaccurate, to charge upon the new measures all that is unsatisfactory in the situation of our commerce and manufactures;—alterations, we have said, which have been *supposed*, for it is observable in the present controversy that the disputants are not more at variance upon principles, or even upon results, than they differ as to the actual measures adopted.

We are certain that even in the House of Commons itself, the new measures are not at all understood: an intention on the one hand, and a result on the other, is ascribed to them far beyond truth or possibility.

The character of this Review points it out as peculiarly fit for the discussions of questions which concern the intercourse between Great Britain and foreign Europe, and we therefore propose to dedicate to it one or more articles.

The little tract now before us contains, in the form of a dialogue between a minister and a wine-grower, a clever exposition

of the beneficial effects of free importation and exportation. It is managed upon the pure principles of political economy, and will be read with advantage, by those who desire to discuss the question upon those principles. We are of opinion that it is **not** upon those principles that the question ought to be discussed; but in the first place we must endeavour to remove that ignorance *as to facts* of which we have complained, and, by a history of the measures, explain what the new system is, and *what it is not*.

The first popular error consists in confounding what is familiarly called the "reciprocity" system with the system of "free trade." It is assumed that prohibitions were abandoned, and foreign goods admitted at a moderate duty, upon a principle of "reciprocity" between this and other countries. It is found that other countries have not implicitly followed us: it is then smartly said that the reciprocity is all on one side, and "free trade" is condemned. Now the fact is, that the two parts of the new system, that which consists in the reciprocity treaties, which have reference to *ships*, and that which concerns the importation of *goods*, are in their character and origin distinct—the one arose from necessity, the other from choice. The modification of the navigation laws is another branch of the new system connected with both the others; not strictly belonging altogether to either, but most nearly to the class of *necessary* changes.

Listening to discussions, even in parliament, one would apprehend that the whole code of our navigation laws had been repealed; that all laws respecting exports and imports had been abrogated; that all protection to our manufactures had been withdrawn; and that we had offered to all foreign nations, and concluded with some, arrangements for establishing perfect reciprocity in the terms on which the produce, and manufactures, and the shipping of each are to be received by the other. And all this is ascribed by those who censure it, and sometimes by his own injudicious friends, to Mr. Huskisson.

The misrepresentation is equal as to the extent of the measures and their origin. The new measures have not the extent attributed to them, nor did they originate with Mr. Huskisson.

The first indication of a systematic intention to revise our navigation and commercial code appeared in the year 1820, when Lord Liverpool was at the head of the government; Lord Londonderry, Lord Bathurst and Mr. Peel, Secretaries of State; Mr. Robinson and Mr. Wallace at the Board of Trade: Mr. Canning was in the cabinet, but not Mr. Huskisson.

The subject was introduced by Mr. Baring, on presenting a petition from the merchants of London;\* and the first step

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\* 8th May, 1820. Parl. Deb. N. S. vol. i. p. 165.

taken by the government was the appointment of the Committees upon Foreign Trade in both Houses of Parliament. From these committees the earliest, and some of the principal measures of change, have emanated; and these measures were carried into effect by Mr. Robinson and Mr. Wallace.

The first measures in relaxation of the navigation laws, which were proposed by Mr. Wallace, from the Committee on Foreign Trade,\* had reference to the countries from which the various products of the world might be imported in British ships, and to the particular importations which might be effected in foreign ships.

It had been the object of the navigation laws, not only to prohibit the importation of certain of the more bulky articles into England, except either in British ships, or in ships of the country wherein those articles were produced; but also to give an indirect encouragement to the employment of British ships in long voyages, by obliging even such ships to fetch those articles from the place of their production; because it was supposed that they might otherwise have been brought in foreign ships to the nearer ports of Europe, and thence brought into this country in British ships, which would thus have only the shorter voyages. For this reason the articles "enumerated" could only be brought, even in a British ship, from the particular country of their production; and from Germany and the Netherlands many of these articles could not be imported at all, in any ships whatever. No goods of Asia, Africa and America could be brought here except in British ships, and from the places of their production. Such, at least, had been the rule of the navigation laws; but it had been relaxed in favour of the United States of America and of Portuguese America, the vessels of those countries having, by a system of "reciprocity," already adopted as to them, the privileges of British vessels in respect of the carriage of their own goods to this country.†

The Committee on Foreign Trade went so far as to suggest, *that any goods might be imported, from any part of the world, in British ships*—thus proposing the abrogation of the three rules affecting, 1. The enumerated articles from Europe; 2. The imports from Germany and the Netherlands; 3. The produce of Asia, Africa and America. When Mr. Wallace introduced the new bills‡ founded upon the Report of the Committee, he did not venture to go the whole length of these suggestions. He proposed

\* See Report of Committee on Foreign Trade, 18th July, 1820; Mr. Wallace's speech, Parl. Deb. vol. v. p. 1289.

† Mr. Robinson's speech, Parl. Deb. vol. vi. p. 1415.

‡ See his speech, Parl. Deb. vol. v. p. 1289.



to continue certain restrictions as to articles to be "enumerated," and to add\* to the number of those articles; modifying, however, the restrictions so as to permit the articles to be brought here, not only in British ships, or in ships of the country of production, but in ships of any country into which the goods might have been imported. The prohibition of the importations from Germany and the Netherlands, Mr. Wallace proposed to abrogate, according to the suggestion of the Committee. He proposed also to adopt the suggestion of the Committee for permitting the produce of Asia, Africa or America to be brought in a British ship from any part of the world; and to allow of importations in foreign ships, subjecting these, however, to a higher duty.

Mr. Wallace's bill, though introduced in 1821, was not passed until 1822.† It underwent a further modification.

The permission to bring the produce of Asia, Africa and America, in British ships, from *any European* port, was omitted, except as to imports with a view to re-exportation; so that the supposed danger, that we should obtain the produce of the more distant quarters of the world through the nearer foreign countries, was prevented.

The privilege already given by treaty to Portugal and to the United States of America, of bringing their produce, although American, in their own ships, was necessarily confirmed; and it was extended to Spanish America, in favour of Spanish ships, as to those countries which still remained under the government of Spain, and of the national vessels, as to those countries which had become independent. The Act retained the modification originally proposed by Mr. Wallace as to foreign ships. It repealed altogether the unfavourable distinction as to Germany and the Netherlands, and it permitted the enumerated articles to be imported in foreign ships, whether belonging to the country of production of the articles imported, or to the country into which they had previously been imported from that other country. The ships of any foreign country might thus bring its own produce, or any goods which had been brought into it: they were still prohibited from bringing into this country from another foreign

\* The articles added were currants, tallow and tobacco. The former enumeration included Russian goods generally, and required that the thrown silk of Italy should come directly by sea from the country of production. These enactments were omitted by Mr. Wallace.

N. B. By a subsequent Act, 7 and 8 Geo. 4, cap. 56, sect. 16, rosin, pitch, vinegar, sugar, potashes and salt were taken out of the list; and wool, shumac, madder, madder-roots, barilla, brimstone, bark of oak, cork, oranges, lemons, linseed, rape seed and clover seed, being the produce of Europe, were added. We apprehend that this alteration was favourable to British shipping, and it was probably adopted on that account.

† 3 Geo. 4, cap. 43.

country any of the *enumerated* goods. A Dutch ship, for instance, might bring to England either Dutch produce or the produce of Russia, having been previously imported into Holland; but it might not bring the enumerated articles, being of either Dutch or Russian produce, from a Russian port.

The remaining measures of 1822 had reference to the Colonial Trade, and were contained in two bills introduced by Mr. Robinson.\*

The general principles of our navigation laws had restricted to British ships the whole trade of our colonies: nothing could be imported or exported except in British ships, and even these were subject to considerable restrictions. The principal articles of colonial produce could only be brought to this country or to a British possession, and no other articles could be carried to Europe north of Cape Finisterre, nor could any European goods be carried to the colonies, except from this country.

These general rules, however, had been subjected to various and important exceptions, the principal of which were, the permission of the importation of various articles of foreign produce into certain colonial ports, in foreign ships, under the "Free Port Act;"† and the allowance of the importation of various articles of necessity, namely, lumber and provisions, from the United States of America, in British American vessels; and of the exportation of other colonial produce, also in ships of either country, to the United States: and "finally, by various statutes, a permanent permission had been given to American vessels to import into the island of Bermuda, and into the ports of Halifax and St. John's, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, (but not into the West Indies,) all the staple productions of the United States, and to export all the staple productions of the West India islands, as well as British manufactures of every description."‡

Mr. Robinson's first Act§ related to the intercourse of the colonies with other parts of America. This Act effected a material alteration, in as much as it renewed and extended, and placed upon a permanent legislative arrangement, the intercourse which had for some years existed, chiefly during the war, between our colonies and foreign America. The intercourse was still to be conducted through the specified "free ports," and in British ships; or, as was now for the first time permitted, in ships of the country in which the articles were produced, and from which they were to be brought direct. The articles also were specified in a list, being those which are peculiarly of foreign growth, and not

\* April 1, 1822. Parl. Deb. vol. vi. p. 1414.

† Parl. Deb. vol. vi. p. 1417.

‡ 45 Geo. 3, cap. 57.

§ 3 Geo. 4, cap. 44.

coming into competition with the produce or manufacture of Great Britain.

The exportation was not limited as to the articles, but was otherwise subject to similar restrictions.

In order to give to our North American colonies a preference over the United States, in those articles which are produced in both, a duty was charged upon the foreign articles, from which those of British possessions were exempt.

And the intercourse in foreign ships was confined to such foreign states\* as should allow to British ships trading with them the same privileges which are granted by the Act to foreign ships. Mr. Robinson's other Act† effected a material alteration, in allowing a freedom of intercourse between the colonies and foreign Europe, whether north or south of Cape Finisterre. The permission of exportation was general as to all articles produced in the colonies or legally imported: as to importation from places in Europe, it was limited to certain articles enumerated. The list was also formed with a view to avoid competition with British produce or manufactures; but the permission was confined to British ships.

We now come to the measures which more peculiarly belong to Mr. Huskisson, and first, of what is called the System of "Reciprocity."

The extent of the change which the "reciprocity" has effected in the navigation system, has been greatly overrated. In the *navigation laws* it has, strictly speaking, made no alteration at all. It allows of no traffic in a foreign ship which was not allowed under the existing law. It was only in altering the terms on which foreign vessels and their cargoes are admitted in reference to British vessels importing the like articles, that the new law could be said to "involve an entire departure from the principles which had hitherto governed our foreign commerce."‡

The Act § authorized the king in council to place the ships of any foreign state lawfully importing any articles into this country or its colonies, upon the same footing in respect of duties, whether upon the ship or upon the goods, as British vessels carrying on the same trade; provided that such foreign states reciprocally established the same equality as to British ships trading with its ports. This was to extend to all the world the system which had been adopted by Mr. Robinson as to the trade between our American colonies and foreign America.

There is no provision as to the terms upon which the produce

\* Sect. 15.

† Speech, 6th June, 1823. Parl. Deb, vol. ix. p. 795.

‡ 3 Geo. 4, cap. 45.

§ 4 Geo. 4, cap. 77.

or manufactures of the one country are to be received by the other, either in reference to similar articles imported from a third country, or to the terms upon which the produce or manufactures of the one reciprocating country are to be received in the other. The similarity is to occur only between the like articles imported in the ships of the two countries. There is nothing, for instance, to prevent France highly taxing or prohibiting our cottons or our woollens, while we admit her silks or her wines even duty free.

Having now stated what the Reciprocity System is, let us consider the mode and extent in which it has been adopted.

It must be premised, that, with Portugal,\* and with the United States of America,† commercial treaties, including this reciprocity arrangement, (not, however, extending to the colonies,) had existed since 1810 and 1815 respectively. As to these countries, therefore, the reciprocity is not a part of the "New System."

In regard to Portugal, the arrangement was a necessary consequence of that political and commercial intimacy which had so long subsisted between the two countries. The commencement of the reciprocity system, between England and the United States of America, occurred under auspices, of which, so far as we know, it has never had the advantage in parliamentary discussion.

On the 3d of May, 1815, a memorial was presented to the Board of Trade from the Liverpool Ship Owners Association; representing

"That the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, have lately passed an act,‡ 'that so much of the several acts imposing duties on the tonnage of ships and vessels, and on goods, wares, and merchandize, imported into the United States, as imposes a discriminating duty on tonnage between foreign vessels and vessels of the United States,—and between goods imported into the United States in foreign vessels and vessels of the United States, be repealed,—so far as the same respects the produce or manufacture of the nation to which such foreign ships or vessels may belong. Such repeal to take effect in favour of any foreign nation, whenever the President of the United States shall be satisfied that the discriminating or counter-vailing duties of such foreign nation, so far as they operate to the disadvantage of the United States, have been abolished.

"Your memorialists consider that it is of the highest importance to the shipping interests of this country, that British vessels should be entitled to the privileges so held out,—and (*confidently anticipating the*

\* Commercial Treaty of Rio de Janeiro, 19th February, 1810. Hertslet, vol. ii. p. 27; and see Act, 51 Geo. 3, cap. 47.

† Commercial Conventions of London, 3d July, 1815, and 20th October, 1818. Hertslet, vol. ii. 386—392; and see Act 59 Geo. 3, cap. 54.

‡ 3d March, 1815. See the Act in Hertslet, vol. iii. p. 454. The treaty which carried this suggestion into effect, is that of 3d July, 1815, vol. ii. p. 286.

*most beneficial consequences from a fair and honourable competition) they respectfully request the interference of your Right Honourable Board, in recommending a bill to parliament for the equalization of the duties levied upon British and American shipping, and upon goods and merchandizes imported by them into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from the United States of America, in manner alluded to by the said act of congress."*

This memorial was recommended to the Board by the members for Liverpool, that is by *General Gascoyne* and *Mr. Huskisson*, who acted for *Mr. Canning*, then abroad. It thus appears, that we were forced into the new measures, in our own defence, by the Government of the United States; and that it was the ship owners themselves, with their veteran parliamentary champion at their head, at whose instigation this calumniated system of reciprocity was adopted.

It was not until the year 1821 that this American project, for breaking down the monopoly of navigation which England had in great measure succeeded in maintaining, was adopted in Europe. In that year, the King of the Netherlands commenced the system of discrimination, by granting a sort of bounty on Dutch vessels. This was certainly a courteous but effectual mode of imposing a burthen upon the ships of foreigners. As if to make it clear that this apparent generosity to his own subjects originated in a desire to bring other nations to terms, the king suspended the execution of his edict until the year 1823.\*

In 1822, Prussia, possessing a considerable and rising commercial navy, established more avowedly and directly a system of discrimination; increasing the duties "on those vessels belonging to countries between which and Prussia no reciprocity had been fixed by treaty, or which do not otherwise treat Prussian ships and their cargoes as advantageously as their own. Prussia had already made arrangements with Holland, Denmark, and America, for establishing a reciprocity in this respect, and the present regulation had evidently for its object to induce other countries, particularly Britain, to enter into a similar arrangement."† This measure, which was avowedly adopted at the suggestion of the Prussian ship-owners, "who were all going to ruin," produced urgent representations from those of England, who complained that they could not compete with the Prussians at so great a disadvantage; they saw, as our Vice-Consul at Memel also assured our government, that the discriminating duties "must

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\* See *Mr. Huskisson's* speech of June 6, 1823. *Parl. Deb.* vol. i. p. 796.

† *Consul Gibson's* letter of 6th August, 1822, quoted by *Mr. Huskisson* in his speech of 12th May, 1826. *Parl. Deb.* vol. lvi. p. 1171.

drive the carrying trade in British bottoms from that port, to the great injury of the British shipping interest."\*

There was no time to be lost. It was clear, that if any attempt was to be made to restore our shipping to an equality with that of Prussia, it must be in one of two ways. We must either retaliate, by raising our discriminating duties, or we must agree with Prussia mutually to abolish them. In this situation, Mr. Huskisson obtained from Parliament† additional powers of relaxation and retaliation. In the case of America, the shipping interest had recommended the more pacific policy. Now, the ship-owners connected with the north of Europe,‡ prayed the government to take the more violent course of carrying on against Prussia a war of duties. They supported their prayer by a reference to the depressed condition of the shipping interest, *the greater proportionate increase* (antecedent, be it noted, to the Reciprocity System) *of foreign than of British vessels* in the trade with Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Prussia; and their inability to compete with foreigners, by reason of the heavy and peculiar burthens to which they were subject, under the laws of this country. Reciprocity, they said, there could be none, "so long as British ships are subject to heavy burthens of various descriptions, from which foreign ships are exempt: they stated, that the ships of northern Europe generally imported cargoes into England, whereas not one in three took one back." From this last argument, it was to be inferred that they contemplated, with complacency, a state of things in which each nation should send its own goods to another in its own vessels, and come back empty. In reference to this artificial and burthensome project for interchanging the commodities of different countries, Mr. Huskisson asked, "What would the country think of the establishment of a waggon, which should convey goods to London from Birmingham, and afterwards return empty? The consumer would be little satisfied with such a mode of conveying his merchandize. The consequence would be, that there must necessarily be two sets of waggons to do that work which was now performed by one, and that too at a considerable increase of price upon the raw material."

The petitioners appeared to think, that there could be no reciprocity without perfect equality; equality of all internal regulations, and indeed of all natural circumstances. It was obviously impossible either to effect this equality, or to countervail inequality

\* Parl. Deb. vol. lvi. p. 1174.

† Parl. Deb. vol. l. p. 795, 1434. Act 4 Geo. 4, cap. 77, 18th July, 1823.

‡ See petition of Ship Owners of London to the House of Commons, 2d July, 1823; and to the Board of Trade, 4th August, 1823, No. 278 of 1827.

by our own enactments. It were wild to imagine that Prussia would permit us to impose on her vessels a burthen, not only equal to that which she lays on ours, but also equivalent to those charges to which we, for our own purposes, have subjected our domestic shipping, and to any disadvantages which our ship-builders sustain, from causes natural or political. Why should we expect Prussia to throw away her advantages if she had them? An attempt at equality must necessarily have produced a series of retaliatory measures, each one rising above the other in the scale of acrimony: and it was always to be apprehended that commercial warfare might lead to political estrangement.

It was under these inducements that the first Reciprocity Treaty was concluded with Prussia, on the 2d of April, 1824;\* merely stipulating that no higher duties or charges should be imposed in the ports of either, on the vessels of the other, than on national vessels. This convention was to endure for ten years.

The nature of the case precludes the practicability of an accurate estimate of the effects of a proceeding of this sort, because we cannot compare what is with what might have been. So far, however, as the circumstances immediately following may be taken as consequences, we may pronounce that this arrangement with Prussia did arrest the progress of the evil which the ship-owners dreaded. British shipping has maintained itself in the Prussian trade; the tonnage, which in some years has been much higher than at the period immediately antecedent to the treaty, being now at much the same point. The increase of Prussian shipping is not an encroachment upon the British, but a neat addition.†

The next arrangement was with Sweden.‡ It was, at

\* Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 363.

† Prussia.—Tonnage Inwards.

	British,	Foreign.	Total.
1821.....	79,590.....	37,720.....	117,210
1822.....	102,847.....	58,270.....	161,117
1823.....	81,802.....	86,013.....	167,815
1824.....	94,664.....	151,621.....	246,285
1830.....	102,758.....	139,646.....	241,434
1831.....	83,908.....	140,532.....	224,440

‡ On the 25th of May, 1824, an Order in Council (see Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 223-5,) for reciprocal equality of duties, was issued as to *Hanover*; and, on 12th June, a declaration was issued by the ministers of the two crowns, adopting the stipulations of the convention with Prussia.

With *Denmark*, a convention (see Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 74,) to continue for ten years; was concluded on the 16th June, 1824, for reciprocal equality, excluding the colonies; and an Order in Council for effecting this equality was issued on the 30th June. On the 29th of September, 1825, a convention (see Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 226,) also for ten years was concluded with the Hanseatic Republics of Lubeck, Bremen, and Ham-burgh jointly. It does not extend to the colonies. "In consideration of the limited

first,\*effected without treaty; but, on the 18th March, 1826, a convention† was signed, to last for ten years, embodying the preceding arrangements, and extending them to the British and Swedish colonies respectively. The reciprocity arrangement (which included the colonies) was the same as with Prussia; but there was a further arrangement for rendering the navigation system of Sweden, so far as England was concerned, conformable to the new navigation laws of England. Sweden consented that, with the exception of certain enumerated articles, which should only be imported into Sweden in Swedish ships or vessels of the country, European goods should be imported in British ships from any port whatever; and the enumerated articles might be imported from Great Britain, in British ships, if they had been previously landed and warehoused there, after having been imported from the place of their origin.

In regard to France, the first exercise by his majesty of the power given to him by the reciprocity act, was an act of retaliation against that country. A duty of 4 francs 12 cents. per ton being imposed on English vessels in French ports, a duty of 3s. 6d. per ton was imposed‡ upon French vessels in English ports. But, in 1826, the system of reciprocity was extended to France, in consequence of the convention of 26th January of that year.§ This convention contains the usual articles of reciprocity, to continue for ten years; and other articles, placing the navigation laws and laws of colonial intercourse of the two countries, so far as the two are concerned, on the footing of our new laws. Thus, as we prohibited the importation of the produce of Asia, Africa, and America, from Europe, France, for the first time, established the same rule. In consequence of this convention, the additional tonnage duty on French and English vessels respectively was taken off.||

In reference to the kingdom of the Netherlands, the powers of

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extent of the territories of these republics, and the intimate connection of trade and navigation subsisting between them," it was stipulated that any vessel built and owned by either of them, and having three-fourths of the crew either citizens of those republics, or of any of the states comprised in the Germanic Confederation, should be deemed a Hanseatic vessel.

On the 19th of October, 1824, an Order in Council (see Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 320,) for reciprocity, was issued as to *Oldenburgh*; not founded upon a convention, but resting "satisfactory proof" of the similar treatment of British trade.

And, on the 25th June, 1825, a similar order (see Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 245,) was issued as to *Mecklenburgh*.

\* See Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 388, &c.

† Ibid. vol. iii. p. 433.

‡ Order in Council, 10th March, 1824, (Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 121.)

§ Ibid. p. 123.

|| Ordinance, 8th February, 1826; and Order in Council, 3d May, 1826, (Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 136-7.)



the reciprocity act have also been exercised in the way of retaliation, and our commercial relations with the Dutch still continue upon that footing.

Not long before the passing of the reciprocity act, a new tariff had been established by the Netherland government, which gave a considerable advantage to Dutch over British vessels; but this discrimination was not to take effect until after a period allowed for negotiation with other countries. A negotiation with England continued for a long period, in the course of which Mr. Falck, the Dutch minister, invited England to treat "on the principle of both countries lowering and reducing the rates, now payable upon the import from one country to the other, of the production of their respective manufactures and industry, so as in all cases, as much as possible, to render these duties merely protective, instead of their being, as in too many instances they now are, virtually prohibitory." The Netherland government, in anticipation of a favourable result, took off the discriminating duties from British vessels, making, however, a reserve in favour of "those articles which, when imported in Dutch ships, were particularly favoured either by the laws or by the tariff of the in and out port duties."

The Dutch wished to continue a discriminating duty upon salt and sugar, and undertook that if England would, notwithstanding those two discriminating duties of which the Dutch government consider their ship-owners to stand in need, abstain from retaliating under the reciprocity act, English ships should still in all other respects have the advantages. The Netherland government boasted of having a less restrictive system on the whole than England, in as much as while our duties on butter and cheese might be set off against theirs on salt and sugar, they permitted, while we prohibit, the importation of the produce of Asia, Africa, and America from Europe. The negotiation languished, and Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson were tired out. In the month of January, 1826, Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the Hague, received, while attending the king's court, a despatch in cypher, very short, but accompanied by every indication of urgency and importance. Unfortunately he had not with him the key of the cypher; he was kept in a state of great anxiety during the interval occupied in procuring it; at last, the letter was decyphered, and the following is a literal copy of this important communication, made by the command of his Britannic Majesty, to his minister at the Hague:—

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch,  
Is giving too little and asking too much :

With equal advantage the French are content,  
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.

Twenty per cent.,

Twenty per cent.,

Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.

GEORGE CANNING.\*

The Prussian as well as the Netherland government has been desirous of stipulating with respect to the rate of duty on peculiar articles, as well as to the duty payable in reference to the country of the ship. The Prussian minister at this court urged, in 1825, that the commercial system of Prussia was highly liberal, perhaps even more so than that of England; and she only prohibited two articles, salt and playing cards; all others being admitted at a moderate duty, generally ten per cent. Baron Maltzahn assumed, that it was our policy to give advantages to every country which should give corresponding advantages to us; and he offered on the part of Prussia a stipulation to ensure to us the continuance of the favourable system which he had described, in return for a stipulation on our part to admit the *corn* of Prussia on duties yielding a reasonable profit, and timber upon more favourable terms than at present.

On this occasion it was stated by Mr. Huskisson, that Prussia has misconceived our system; our plan, he said, was not to negotiate with the several commercial states for such advantages as each may afford us in return for some equivalent given to itself, but to set up freedom and equality of intercourse as the rule of our treatment of all countries, reserving the power of imposing prohibition or restriction upon the commerce of any which shall not meet us in fair reciprocity. It was suggested at the same time that Prussia did *not* offer peculiar privileges to us; she only offered a promise to continue to treat us as she treated others: it was doubted whether she could consistently with her engagements with other nations make an exception in our favour. Nor, perhaps, could we give peculiar favours to Prussia. We could not admit her corn and timber without receiving a demand of similar indulgences from other countries, which have a claim to be treated as the most favoured nations. And as to corn, our regulations must be governed by our own view of our domestic interests, and could not be the subject of stipulation with foreign powers. Admitting that the Prussian system was in one respect more liberal than ours, in that she offered its benefit to all countries without requiring reciprocity, we could not admit that she favoured our commerce, inasmuch as she charged transit duties upon our

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\* The intention thus announced was carried into effect by an Order in Council 26th January, 1826. Hertzlet, vol. iii. p. 310.

goods passing through her territories, while we admitted hers to be warehoused here, for exportation to any part of the world, without duty.

On the same occasion the new system of England was thus described: 1st. To abolish all discriminating duties affecting differently the like productions of foreign countries, and, in lieu thereof, to establish one uniform tariff for the whole. 2d. To reduce that tariff to the lowest degree consistent, in each particular article, with the two legitimate objects of all duties; either the collection of the necessary public revenue, or the protection absolutely requisite for the maintenance of our own internal industry. 3dly. To abolish all discriminating duties upon the navigation of other nations, so that the product and merchandize of those nations, when imported in their own ships, shall be subject to the same duties only as when imported in British ships.\*

Another measure introduced at this time by Mr. Huskisson had reference to the trade of the colonies. The law, as left by Mr. Robinson and Mr. Wallace, allowed of an intercourse between any countries in America and our colonies, in the ships of those countries, or in British ships; but it was required that the intercourse in the foreign vessel should be direct from the colony to the country to which the vessel belongs, and was confined, as to imports, to certain enumerated articles. And the law also permitted a direct trade from the colonies, in articles of their growth or production, to the ports of foreign Europe, and to the colonies from those ports, in certain enumerated articles of foreign growth. But this trade with Europe was strictly confined to British ships.†

Mr. Huskisson's‡ act abolished the enumeration of articles contained in Mr. Robinson's acts, confining the exception to rum, sugar, and a few other articles; and it allowed foreign ships to import into the British colonies the produce of their respective countries, with a similar exception, and to carry to their own countries, or to any part of the world, the produce of our colonies, or goods which had been imported there. This permission, however, was confined to such foreign countries as, having colonies, should place us upon the same footing with respect to them, or, not having colonies, should place our commerce generally upon the footing of the most favoured nation. The system of charging foreign goods only with duty in the colonies was re-

\* See in Mr. Huskisson's speech of 12th May, 1826, nearly the same statement: *Parl. Deb.* vol. xv. 1180.

† See Mr. Huskisson's speech, 21st March, 1825. *Parl. Deb.* vol. xli. p. 1405.

‡ 6 Geo. 4, cap. 73.

tained, but provision was made for warehousing goods in the colonies for exportation duty free.

Let us now recapitulate the measures constituting the new system, so far as they affect our navigation. Those which bear upon our manufactures will be separately treated.

First. As to the United Kingdom we have permitted the more bulky articles of commerce to be imported from Germany and the Netherlands, and to be imported in foreign ships belonging to the country from which they are imported, without reference to their origin.

And in regard to all the powers of Europe, except the Netherlands, we allow this, and every other permitted importation in a foreign ship, to be effected upon the same duties as in a British ship.

Secondly. As to our colonies we permit, without the limitation which did exist as to the articles, a traffic in foreign ships with other countries in America; and we permit, what was entirely forbidden, a traffic in British ships, and in the ships of each country in Europe, with our colonies.\*

Thirdly. As to Asia, Africa, and America, we permit all the goods of those three quarters to be brought from any port of them in British ships for home consumption or exportation, and from any foreign port in foreign ships for exportation.

Now, what has been the effect of these measures upon our commercial, manufacturing, maritime, or political interests?

As to the first two, it must be observed, that the injury which is supposed to have been done to our commerce and manufactures by the late measures is ascribed not to those which affect our navigation laws, but to the repeal of prohibitions and the reduction of duties. It is indeed clear, not however so clear as to have prevented misrepresentation, that all relaxation of navigation laws, and the removal of difficulties from the employment of every sort of ship, must be favourable to commerce, and to every species of manufacture not connected with the construction and equipment of ships. In like manner, restrictions upon exportation and importation are unfavourable to navigation. A

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\* It has already been stated, that in this permission of traffic with our colonies there was a clause requiring reciprocity from countries having colonies, and treatment as the most favoured nation from others.

The Order in Council of 16th July, 1827 (see Hertslet, vol. iii. Supplement) enumerates the countries which have complied with this requisition, viz. Hanover, Sweden and Norway, Oldenburgh, the Hanse Towns, Columbia, Rio de la Plata, Mexico; and the order confers the privilege of intercourse with our colonies upon Russia, without any declaration of reciprocity or favourable treatment. The same privilege is given to Austria by an order of 7th April, 1830, and to the United States of America by an order of 8th November, 1830.

great champion of the protecting system in America has admitted that injurious operation, as one of the objections to his favourite policy.\*

Our enemies, during the late war, evinced great ignorance when they talked of our having, by our navigation laws and maritime code, engrossed the commerce of the world. The navigation laws imposed a restraint upon commerce in the same way as would a law which should forbid the Londoners to receive supplies from the country, or to send forth the produce of their skill and industry in any carriages or boats not constructed within the jurisdiction of the lord mayor.

Let it not be supposed that we object to the principle of our navigation law; that principle is defensible and sound. But it involves a departure from the general principles of freedom, obviously not conducive to the extension and protection of our commerce and manufactures.

The navigation laws rest upon a basis entirely different from that which supports a restrictive system of commerce. They are adopted, not for the augmentation of wealth, but for public security: they belong rather to our political than to our mercantile system.

The first question is, whether the alterations in our navigation law have injured—and then, if they have reduced below the point at which policy requires us to keep them—our commercial navy, and the means of maintaining it.

We say below that point, because if it be true that the laws adopted for the peculiar support of a shipping interest, tend more than all other laws of peculiar protection to the depression of other branches of industry, all protection beyond the point of necessity is generally injurious.

We admit, unreservedly, that those who are employed in ship-building and ships, and more especially our seamen, claim protection, not only as engaged like others in an extensive branch of employment, but as the support of that which our highest political interest, our safety, imperiously requires us to uphold.

“To create and maintain in this country a great commercial marine,” is assuredly an object of political importance, which we must attain, even at the expense, if the sacrifice were necessary, of commerce and manufactures; nor is it less important “to prevent any one other nation from engrossing too large a portion of the navigation of the rest of the world.”† This object is indeed as important as the other, because our safety is not consistent with the existence of a preponderating maritime power.

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\* North American Review, xxiii. 134.

† Mr. Huskisson's speech, 12th May, 1826. Parl. Deb. vol. xv. p. 1145.

Have we preserved these objects in our recent measures? Are they secured by our present system? The consideration of these questions is attended with all the difficulties belonging to questions of degree. It is not easy to determine *what* is a sufficiently great commercial marine. But it may not unreasonably be assumed, that the commercial marine has been, and that it was during the last war, sufficient for all political purposes. If then our navy, or the navigation which it conducts, and which reciprocally supports it, be now equal to what it was during the war, political apprehension might at once be dispelled. We may still listen to the complaints of the ship-owners, as to those of the silk manufacturers or glovers, in reference to their interests as individuals, or as a part of an industrious community, but there is no room for the peculiar reclamation of the shipping interest.

Now, we find that in no one year of the war did the tonnage of British vessels, entered at the several ports of Great Britain, come near to the average amount in the last five years, and that the entries\* in the year 1831 were more extensive than in any year of our history.

But it is usual also to require an account of the vessels annually built. Here again there is a considerable exceeding over the tonnage of former periods.†

While these two facts exist as to the quantity of British tonnage which obtains employment, and the quantity which builders think it worth their while to add in each year to the commercial navy, no conclusive argument can be drawn from a deficiency in the number of vessels returned as "belonging to the several ports," at any particular period. Such returns scarcely pretend to correctness, because they include vessels which have long ceased to be sea-worthy, or to exist. The renewal of the registration, required by a late act, has necessarily reduced the apparent amount, because the new registry has only been claimed for ships actually in existence. Yet here again we have a satisfactory return.‡

The amount of tonnage employed, and the amount annually built, are, in our opinion, sufficient to dispel all apprehensions as

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\* The entries inwards are deemed the most accurate criterion of the amount of traffic, because ships departing from a port do not always obtain a clearance.

	<i>Ships.</i>	<i>Tons.</i>
† 1800 (the highest in the war) .....	1063 .....	135,868
1821-2-3 .....	833 .....	76,006
1829-30 (1831 not being printed) .....	1119 .....	112,956
‡ 1800 .....	17,895 .....	1,856,175
1823 .....	24,542 .....	2,506,760
1830 .....	23,721 .....	2,531,819

to the deficiency of our shipping. Whether recent measures have or have not prevented the further growth of the commercial marine, they certainly have not impaired it, for it exists in augmented strength.

But let us now narrow the scope of our comparison, so as to form the nearest estimate which can be made, of the effect of new measures; let us see how our shipping stands now, as compared with the period immediately preceding the change. We may now take, as is certainly more satisfactory, though, when the comparison was with older times, it was difficult, the United Kingdom generally, that is, including Ireland as a portion of the country with which the foreign trade is carried on, and considering as a coasting trade, and therefore excluding from the account, the traffic between Great Britain and Ireland.

In recent accounts of shipping presented to parliament,\* triennial averages have been used, commencing with 1821. The changes of system commenced in the first period, 1821, 1822, 1823. The second period, 1824, 1825, 1826, included what has been called the mad year 1825, and the panic year 1826. The third period, 1827, 1828, 1829, may be taken as the first in which the new system was in complete operation. Now, it is a fact, that in British tonnage the third period exceeds the first by more than 500,000 tons. Each of the two subsequent years of the fourth and incomplete period, 1830-1, exceeds those preceding, and the last year is the highest of all.

But, it is said, the foreign tonnage has increased in a still greater proportion. This is true: but, in order to show that the new measures have been injurious, it must be shown that the same trade, which has actually been carried on in foreign ships, would, but for these measures, have occupied British ships; a position which, if we admit it to be incapable of refutation, is certainly incapable of proof. It may surely be asked of those who maintain it, to point out the particular branches of traffic of which our admission of foreign vessels has deprived our domestic shipping.

Although, however, it were possible to show, that, as to some particular importations, the foreigners, through the operation of the new system, have supplanted the British ship-owner, that fact would not necessarily condemn the system. The increased em-

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\* Returns of shipping are now rendered in a new form, settled by the late Board of Trade, under the head of "General Statements." See Nos. 47 of 1830-1; 226, 51 and 197 of 1829; 133 of 1830-1; 234 of 1832. Also Abstracts 47 of 1830-1; and 678 of 1830.

A corresponding "General Statement" of Imports and Exports was established at the same time. See Nos. 50 of 1829, 267 of 1830, 153 of 1831. The following statements are taken from these returns.

ployment of British ships in some other quarter may have been the result, or the cause, as well as the compensation of the supposed deficiency. But it is, in truth, quite vain to make comparisons with an imaginary situation of affairs. We know not, we cannot know, what the consequences might have been of an attempt to force our ships, dearly as they are said to be built, equipped, and navigated, upon the trade of the world. We know not by what prohibitions or discouragements our ships, and not only our ships but our produce and manufactures, and through them our shipping again might, have been met, if we had refused to admit foreigners into a direct and equal intercourse with us.

But though these must remain matters of speculation, it may be useful to inquire, in what way the several branches of trade have been *apparently* affected by the new system; how the British and Foreign shipping respectively have been, *in fact*, increased or diminished, subsequently to those changes, in the trade with each portion of the globe?

We will first take the colonies:—With them the relaxation first began. Has it lessened the number of British vessels employed in the direct trade between the colonies and this country? On the contrary, there is, in these long and important voyages, an increase of more than one-sixth.\*

A writer in the North-American Review† remarks, that Mr. Huskisson, in boasting of the increase of navigation, does not make the proper distinction between really foreign trade and that which is within our power. But surely, for the maintenance of shipping, sufficient as a foundation for our navy, the colonial trade is quite as valuable as any other. When the question is, how far our arrangements with foreign nations have affected our national shipping, it may be more reasonably said, that we should consider foreign trade alone; even this rule, however, must be taken with a qualification, by reason of the mutual support which every branch of trade gives to the others. Mr. Huskisson, moreover, we are told,‡ ought to have stated the navigation between England and the “reciprocity countries.” And in like manner the complaints of the ship-owners have reference chiefly to the north of Europe. There has been no decrease whatever in the British shipping, employed in trade with Northern Europe,§ since the

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* 1821-2-3.....	602,367
1830-1 .....	717,791

being an increase of 115,424

† xxiii. 430.

‡ p. 439.

§ Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Prussia, Germany, and the United Netherlands.



system of reciprocity was commenced. On the contrary, there has been a continued increase.\*

It is undoubtedly true, that, with this increase of British shipping, there has been a great increase also in the foreign shipping† employed in the same trade.

If we go into particulars, we find the same augmentation of British, as well as of foreign shipping, in the trade with Prussia,‡ with Denmark,§ and with Germany,|| which general head includes the Hanse Towns and the less considerable ports of Mecklenburgh, &c. The importations from Germany in British ships are more than two-thirds of the whole. We ascribe the less weight to the immense increase of British navigation with Russia,¶ because that great country has scarcely any commercial navy. On the other hand, the decrease of British shipping in the Swedish and Norwegian trade is not very important, because the voyages are comparatively short. These united countries furnish the only instance of a diminution of British shipping.

\* 1821-2-3.....477,449  
1830-1 .....762,326

being an increase of 284,877

† 1821-2-3.....260,475  
1830-1 .....502,198

being an increase of 241,723

	<i>British.</i>	<i>Foreign.</i>
‡ 1821-2-3.....	87,879	60,667
1830-1 .....	93,353	140,089
being an increase of	<u>5,454</u>	<u>79,422</u>

	<i>British.</i>	<i>Foreign.</i>
§ 1821-2-3.....	5,607	4,224
1830-1 .....	9,381	56,805
being an increase of	<u>3,774</u>	<u>52,581</u>

	<i>British.</i>	<i>Foreign.</i>
1821-2-3.....	84,332	10,016
1831-1 .....	130,324	56,640
being an increase of	<u>45,992</u>	<u>46,624</u>

¶ 1821-2-3.....196,904  
1830-1 .....358,138

being an increase of 161,234

With the Netherlands, which is *not* a reciprocity country, British navigation has also been extended; as has the Dutch shipping, in a less degree.

In Southern Europe,\* including France, we find a considerable increase both of British and of foreign tonnage.†

The United States of America are a "reciprocity country." But they have not become so under the "new system." Their tonnage, certainly, employed in trade with this country, has increased in a much greater proportion than ours. But ours has increased also.

It has been said that our treaty with America is not equal, because an American ship can come to England, and return to America with a cargo, assorted at the different ports of Europe, whereas we, under the American law of navigation, can only take to America our own produce. There is no inequality here, except such as arises from the various nature of the productions of the two hemispheres. We do not permit an American ship to bring to England the produce of Brazil, nor does she permit us to take to America the produce of France. That the one prohibition is onerous or inconvenient, and the other innocuous, is not attributable to the treaty, but to the navigation laws of the two states. While we restrict an American ship to the produce of the United States, we cannot complain of the American government restricting us to the produce of England.‡ Mr. Huskisson appears to have contemplated a mutual relaxation of these restraints; but he probably felt aware that those who are loudest in complaining of the grievance, would be most violent in censuring the remedy.

The whole increase of British tonnage from 1821-2-3 to 1830-1, is 605,523.§ Of this increase there has been in

Northern Europe . . . . .	284,877
Southern Europe . . . . .	64,193
United States of America . . . . .	35,324

To these we may add, for the

Foreign West Indies, and Continental Colonies .	22,235
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\* France, Portugal, Spain, Gibraltar, Italy, Malta, Ionian Islands, Turkey, and the Levant.

† In the whale fisheries alone has there been a diminution of British shipping. There is no ground for attributing this to recent measures.

‡ Speech, 12th May, 1826. Parl. Deb. lvi. 1154.

§ 1821-2-3 . . . . .	1,668,106
1830-1 . . . . .	2,273,629

being an increase of 605,523

With the inconsiderable exception of our possessions in the Mediterranean, the whole of this is strictly foreign trade, in the sense of the North-American reviewer; and the *total increase*, on an average of the last two years, of *British shipping employed in foreign trade, since the adoption of "the new system,"* is . . . \*406,629

Now let us take the countries with which our trade is chiefly with our own possessions, as

Asia† . . . . .	30,684
Africa . . . . .	43,095
British Northern Colonies . . . . .	101,128
British West Indies . . . . .	14,296
Channel Islands . . . . .	28,435

Increase upon the trade with our own possessions †217,638

624,267

Deduct, decrease upon the whale fishery . . . 18,744

Total increase of British shipping in foreign }  
and colonial trade . . . . . } 605,523

The whole increase of foreign tonnage from 1821-2-3 to 1830-1, is \$333,913. Of this increase there has been in

Northern Europe . . . . .	241,723
Southern Europe . . . . .	19,250
United States of America . . . . .	67,841

\* 1821-2-3.....836,599  
1830-1 ..... 1,243,218

being an increase of 406,629

† Our trade with China is a foreign trade, and so are other branches of trade with Asia and Africa; but we are content to exclude them from the foreign account, partly as inconsiderable, and partly as being, in great measure, independent of the new arrangements.

‡ 1821-2-3.....778,088  
1830-1 .....995,716

being an increase of 217,638

§ 1821-2-3.....482,801  
1830-1 .....816,714

being an increase of 333,913

To these we may add, for the

Foreign West Indies, and Continental Colonies . . . . .	3,486
Asia . . . . .	119
Channel Islands . . . . .	1,528

333,947

Deduct, decrease upon Africa . . . . . 34

333,913

Thus it appears, that our navigation in British ships has increased, between 1821-2-3 and 1830-1, about 36 per cent.

That our navigation in British ships employed in foreign trade has increased by 48 per cent.

That the British shipping in colonial trade has increased about 27 per cent.

That the foreign tonnage employed in the trade with this country has increased by 69 per cent.

Thus, in addition to a considerable increase in the navigation between this country and its own possessions abroad, the increase of British shipping, in the foreign trade, has been greater in extent, though not in proportion, than that of the foreign shipping.

It is also true, that, at the former period, the proportion of foreign to British shipping was as 100 to 340; and that it is now as 100 to 278. Surely there is enough in these facts to satisfy every man that there is not, in the apparent state of British navigation, any cause for apprehension as to the permanency of our maritime power, or for the belief that recent measures have injudiciously affected our commercial marine.

Why should we lament the increase of foreign ships resorting to our ports, if more and more of our own ships continually leave them? Those foreign ships bring us something that we want, or take away something which we wish to sell. They maintain a community of interest between us and the countries from which they come, and generate a mutual desire of peace and friendship.

Absurdity can hardly go further than in imagining that all this commerce between countries possessed of a marine, and desirous of extending it, could exist if confined to the ships of one nation. It is not much less absurd to suppose that one nation would be allowed by the rest to alter, by a premium upon the employment of its own ships, the course which convenience, cheapness, or aptitudes natural or accidental, may have prescribed from international commerce.

In our opinion a war of duties, even though successful, is a dangerous experiment. The burthen which it obliges the consumer to pay, upon all commodities imported or exported, is its smallest evil. But it is seldom likely to be successful.

In a war of duties, the producing or the consuming country will be obliged to yield, in proportion as the sale by the one, or the purchase by the other, of any particular article, is more important in the general scale of its trade; or as a state attaches the more importance to its navigation, or to its commerce. In the case before us Prussia was most anxious for the extension of her shipping, unless, indeed, we would admit those of her products which our policy, and especially the policy of the opponents of reciprocity, teaches us to exclude.

It was said, and said truly, that the imposition of protections on both sides has not led, in the case of Holland, to any further contest; and British shipping has increased in the Dutch trade, in the absence of a reciprocity treaty. But the fact is, that the protection is not equal on both sides, and it is England that has given way; we have been compelled to abandon our retaliatory measure as to salt, on a representation, that the exportation of salt to the Netherlands had entirely ceased, since the higher duty had been laid upon it when exported in Dutch vessels.

In the export of salt, therefore, it appears that we should have been benefited by an arrangement of reciprocity, and our shipping interest would have gained, by whatever portion of the export might have taken place in British ships, when placed in the ports of Holland on the same footing as Dutch.

On the other hand, there are, we know, those who think that Sweden would not have maintained retaliation against us, if we had subjected her importations of timber to a higher duty when in Swedish ships. The cause, it is supposed, which has occasioned our concession in the comparatively unimportant article of salt, would have operated irresistibly upon the Swedish government, when a principal article of export was in jeopardy; but it by no means follows that it would have been right to tax the consumer of timber, by thus enhancing the cost of its importation.

And, at most, the willingness of Sweden to submit to inequality, is a mere speculation. Nor is the timber trade with Sweden, that is to say of the very neighbouring coast of Norway, of great importance to our ship-owners. The Prussian trade no duties would give them.

Those who have admitted that our reciprocity treaties with Prussia, and some other states, were necessary, have contended that we have extended the arrangement unnecessarily to the Hanse Towns. If this has been unnecessary, it has not been injurious. We have already seen that the British navigation to Germany, of which the greater part goes to these towns, has been largely augmented.

The latest treaty of reciprocity which has been concluded is with Austria. Nothing can more forcibly evince the importance

of these arrangements in the way of conciliation than the value which Austria set upon this treaty: it is a matter of very little practical effect, and originated in the unwillingness expressed by Austria, to be left out of a scheme of British policy, in which Prussia and the other powers of the continent were included.

We now advert to some more general imputations against the system of "reciprocity." There is certainly a notion, the precise form of which it is difficult to discover, that the new navigation laws, and the withdrawal of protection from national shipping, have affected generally our commerce and manufactures, and necessarily the prosperity of the community.

The only mode of argument by which this position can be maintained, appears to be this. It must be supposed that we have given to other powers some advantages as to navigation, in return for which we might have obtained some commercial advantages of another description. In supporting this argument there is a confusion of what is called the "reciprocity as to shipping," with the admission upon easy terms, under what is styled "the system of free trade," of the manufactures of foreign countries. It is said, "there is reciprocity only on one side! You freely admit the goods of your neighbours, while they load with prohibition or high duties your most important manufactures."

Now, our "reciprocity" as to shipping, and our new measures as to foreign manufactures, have really no connection, except in as much as they both remove restrictions. The measure of "free trade," which has attracted the most general notice, namely, the admission of the French silks, was adopted while we had no treaty of reciprocity with France, but were, on a small scale certainly, engaged with her in a war of discriminating duties.

Nor does the treaty with France, or any other of our treaties of reciprocity, either allow the other party to insist upon the continuance of our "liberal" system, or give us the right to complain of the onerous or prohibitory regulations which she may impose upon our commerce in particular articles.

It may be admitted, that although our reciprocity system was really adopted through necessity, for arresting evils immediately threatened, one of the good consequences claimed for this, in common with the other measures of the same period, was, that they would generate commercial friendship, and induce other states to treat us liberally.

It is, therefore, not unreasonable to inquire whether the powers with which we have made our reciprocal arrangements have treated our commerce in a spirit of fairness; and, also, whether, if we had forborne to make these arrangements, we might

have procured greater advantages, especially in respect of our manufactures. But what is fair treatment? We have already cited from Mr. Huskisson, his opinion of the legitimate objects of import duties, revenue, or the protection of the national industry. So long as there is no invidious or injurious discrimination between one country and another, it is difficult to impute to any tax whatever, which another state may impose upon our commodities, a motive other than one of those whereof we here acknowledge the legitimacy. It may be true that France or Prussia proceeds upon a different view of commercial policy. The former may not have imitated, as to our woollens, our cottons, or our hardware, the altered policy which we have applied to her silks or her wines. It may be true that Prussia is disposed to protect her refineries of sugar. But those who are disposed to blame England for her prodigality, and France for her illiberality, forget that our new policy was adopted without the slightest reference to French interests, and that we might, if so minded, return to our prohibitions without question or communication with France. There is neither expressed in our convention, nor implied in our legislation, any pledge to France, except for the admission of goods, in French upon the same terms as in English, ships. The matter, then, is altogether foreign to our present purpose, unless we deem the stipulation as to shipping so beneficial to France, as to have been capable of purchasing the free admission of our manufactures. We pretend to no such estimate of the reciprocity; we admit it to be a fair and equal bargain, and that is its principal merit.

It has been seen that Mr. Huskisson declined the overtures which were made to him from Prussia for a commercial treaty in its usual acceptation; that is, an arrangement for the mutual admission of produce and manufactures at stipulated rates. The overture from Prussia met an objection *in limine*, which would be equally operative against any treaty with the United States, and probably other countries. We can make no stipulation with a nation that exports corn, without putting out of our hands our domestic corn laws. And probably the warmest opponents of our present corn laws would hardly desire, that Parliament should not have perfect freedom in its legislation upon a subject so vitally interesting to the community. But even in reference to other commodities, commercial treaties might produce great inconvenience, and would probably revive the embarrassments which our late policy has endeavoured to remove. How much have we been embarrassed by the Methuen Treaty! Imagine then, twenty or thirty of the principal articles, or more, the subjects of stipulation with the different foreign states. With most states, as Mr. Huskisson observed upon the overture from

Prussia, we have stipulated mutually, to be treated as "the most favoured nation." What reclamations would this stipulation occasion? If we maintain that this stipulation does not forbid us to confer a special favour in return for an equivalent received, then, what contradictory opinions as to the equivalency!

But even at home there would be enough of collision; interests would be created or fostered by the articles of a treaty, as they have formerly been by the clauses of an act of parliament, and thus would a new condition of manufacturer, and traders be generated, as artificial, as complicated, and as embarrassing as that from which we have been for twelve years attempting to escape.

We have reason to believe that opinions of this nature prevailed in the late Board of Trade. The present government, it is understood, are attempting an arrangement with France. We shall be most happy to witness an enlarged intercourse with that country; our commercial relations are now in a very unnatural state for both parties. And, though it is doubtful whether the state of produce and manufactures in the two countries admits of a very extended commerce, there are commodities, no doubt, which nothing but rigid law hinders us from interchanging, to our mutual comfort and advantage. Having been accidentally led into this digression, we will only further declare, that we are very far from condemning the negociation with France, of the details of which we are ignorant. We only hope that too much may not be attempted; and that there will no stipulation of more than a short duration.

There are even those, not unfavourable to our reciprocity treaties, who think Mr. Huskisson wrong in binding himself for ten years; but the stipulations of those treaties are simple, and negative, and equal. The stipulations of a commercial treaty cannot be simple, because the objects of stipulation are different on the two sides, and their equality must always be a matter of controversy.

Commercial treaties will come under our consideration when we discuss, as we purpose in a future number, the principles and operation of free trade. We trust that we have disembarrassed that subject from one which has been erroneously confounded with it; and that we have placed our reciprocity treaties in a clear point of view.

It is not within our purpose to enlarge upon the reciprocity system as it affects the shipping interest as a commercial body. We see that, in fact, British vessels find continued and enlarged employment. The ship-owners say that they are employed at low, if not ruinous rates, because they can obtain none higher, in consequence of the competition of foreigners.



Now, that the rates are ruinous, can never be admitted so long as ships continue to be employed; it can only be true, and this probably is true, that shipping property does not yield so great profits as it yielded some years ago. Viewed as a nursery for the navy, the commercial marine is quite as valuable, if not more so, when cheap, as when dear; and the seamen, though working at lower wages, are not only equally fit to man the navy when required, but we are told, more fit, in as much as they are nearly all *able seamen*.

The shipping interest have, therefore, in their present circumstances, only the same claim to protection with other branches of industry. Now, without anticipating a discussion upon the general policy of such protection, and the principle upon which it is to be afforded, we may probably venture to assume that it will not be afforded in any case in which there is not proved a *deterioration, occasioned by the competition of foreigners*.

It has already been shown, that in the quantity of business and industry there is no deterioration; the evil resolves itself into that diminution of profit and depression of wages which is generally urged, and doubtless, extensively felt. Are we to tax the whole community of consumers, many of them, in other branches of occupation suffering from the like causes, in order to improve the condition of those who are peculiarly employed about shipping?

It may be here observed that, while on the one hand ship-owners have a peculiar claim to consideration as the support of the navy, their's is, on the other hand, that very branch of employment the protection of which against competition falls the most heavily upon others. If we protect silks or gloves, we tax the wearers of silks and gloves of the particular description against which the protection is directed. If we protect ships, we tax all foreign commodities, and all native produce and manufactures capable of exportation.

But further, we tax the ships themselves. In protecting silks we certainly run the risk of provoking a countervailing protection against our woollens; but, in maintaining discriminating duties upon foreign ships, we, knowingly and avowedly, subject our own ships to a similar, perhaps a higher, tax; so that, in fact, it is not in our power to give the ship-owners this protection.\*

We do not now think it necessary to pursue this inquiry further. It is quite clear that neither our modification of the Navigation Laws nor our reciprocity treaties have injured our foreign trade, or checked the exertions of our artizans. Indeed, it is

183. \* See the Letter from the Board of Trade of 21st March, 1827. Correspondence, p. 14, No. 278 of 1827.

one of the complaints on the part of the ship-owners, that our navigation has not increased in proportion to our commerce: as if it were possible, that now that all the markets of the world are open, and the sea also free, our trade and shipping should have the same proportion to each other as when our navies swept the seas and half the nations of the world were united against our commerce and manufactures!

We are sorry to have taken so little notice of M. Christophe, who really is a very smart and intelligent defender of the principles of free trade. If we have had little occasion to resort to him, it has not been that we depreciate him or his principles, but that the defence, first, of the Navigation Laws, and secondly, of the modifications recently made in them, is not properly referable to these principles. Navigation Law, if defensible at all, is to be defended by reasons affecting the safety of the state, before which all considerations of commerce and wealth must give way. On the other hand, the modifications are not defended upon the principles of free trade, because they were adopted through necessity, and not through choice.

It is, therefore, quite possible for a reader to have gone along with us in all that we have now written, without agreeing with M. Christophe or with Mr. Huskisson. It is enough, if we have satisfied him that England, whatever might have been the principles or the wishes of her statesmen, could not have persisted in the monopoly of navigation. But it is true that we have done much more, and that we have shown him that the navigation which, at the risk of quarrels and attacks of all sorts, he would have protected by prohibitions or discriminating duties, has in fact flourished and extended itself without an attempt at monopoly. Certainly, we have not demonstrated the incorrectness of the assertion, that more beneficial results might have been brought about, by contentious, than by conciliatory means. We believe that they could not have been effected; we own that we should have preferred a more moderate advantage obtained in friendship, than one somewhat greater procured by violence; in the long run, indeed, we should have made the better bargain: and, at all events, we are more content with a solid benefit in possession than with more splendid advantages in speculation. That solid benefit consists, in the most extensive navigation, as well foreign as colonial, which England has at any time conducted. When we add, that we have at the same time, the most extended commerce of exportation and importation, we may not unreasonably conclude, that our shipping system has been fixed with much accuracy, at the point at which the interests of trade and navigation are judiciously combined.

ART. II.—*Briefe eines Verstorbenen: ein Fragmentarisches Tagebuch aus Deutschland, Holland und England, geschrieben in den Jahren 1826, 1827 und 1828.* (Letters of a Defunct: a Fragmentary Journal from Germany, Holland and England, written in the years 1826, 1827 and 1828.) Theil. III. IV. Stuttgart. 1831. Small 8vo.

OUR readers, we are afraid, have been inclined to accuse us of some neglect of duty, in not taking the lead which our position and special office ought to have given us, in introducing to their notice the first portion of the work, the title of which is prefixed: in its English dress, however, the book, under the more attractive title of *TOUR OF A GERMAN PRINCE*, (Pückler-Muskau, still living,) has not waited for our tardy notice, to obtain a degree of popularity with the English public, which rarely indeed falls to the lot of translated works of this description, and which the early appearance of several hostile critiques seems to have in no degree affected. Circumstances, which we could not control, but in which the public can take no interest, delayed the execution of our design of reviewing the first two volumes, until the English translation of them had actually made its appearance. In such cases, when books have virtually fallen into the domain of English literature, we have hitherto generally considered that they have gone beyond *our* province, and were no longer amenable to our critical jurisdiction. The very recent appearance, however, of the two last volumes, and the impossibility of giving any account of them in our pages, if we were to adhere rigidly to what was rather a tacit understanding than a rule, (the fact being that these two volumes of the German original did not reach us until several days after the English translation of them had appeared,) induce us in this instance, as well as in future, to break through the self-imposed etiquette, past experience having satisfied us that an enlargement of the field of our labours will be more agreeable to our readers than a contraction of them.

The English public has always displayed what we consider a laudable curiosity to know the opinions respecting their country and themselves, entertained by intelligent foreign travellers: and the observations of the German Prince, if not original, are at least so novel to most of our countrymen, as to excite their attention; at the same time that they are not so profound as to render it necessary for that attention to be at all painfully strict. The objects which he has remarked are those with which most of us are familiar: his mode of viewing them is not that which we ourselves are used to take, and yet one which we can perfectly comprehend. The style of the original is light and agreeable; and

the language of the English translation of the work remarkably easy, and entirely free from that literal version of German idioms, which frequently renders translations from that language about as unintelligible to the English reader as the "unknown tongue" itself. The two first volumes contain the history of the prince's adventures only during the latter part of his travels in these islands, and are chiefly occupied with the account of his tour through Ireland, and those parts of Wales and the West of England which he visited in his way to and from that country. They give light, but highly picturesque, descriptions of the scenes among which he rambled; and the English reader will here find more disposition to do justice to the natural beauties of our country, than is exhibited by the great number of its inhabitants, who consider themselves forced to roam to Italy and Germany in search of the picturesque. They contain passing remarks on the institutions and manners of this country, some of which are just and striking, while some only mark the entire ignorance in which a clever, but careless, traveller often remains with respect to a country of which he has widely perambulated the interior. But the forte of the prince seems to lie in the description of nature, and the exterior habits and appearance of society. He is aware of this, and confines himself chiefly to such objects; even the strange aspect of the government, religion, and social condition of Ireland, draws from him but few, and these but passing and general, remarks. But the mode in which the prominent features of the state of Ireland strike this shrewd observer, may afford much instruction to those who think that the glory and prosperity of the country consists in the adherence to the prejudices which the prince has been loudly condemned for noticing.

The volumes now before us, which, as respects the date of their publication, form the sequel of the work, describe in fact the commencement of the tour. The writer seems to have considered the account of his travels through those parts of the country which are remarkable chiefly for their natural beauties, as the safest experiment on the public taste. The success of this has drawn forth the publication of the preceding letters; and we have no doubt that they will excite an interest of a more intense kind. They were written for the most part from London, and contain striking descriptions of the manners of that metropolis of Aristocracy, of the illustrious leaders of the world of fashion, and the glorious occupations in which they pass their dignified leisure. The prince, indeed, rarely affects the style of philosophic speculation or research. A complete insight into our national character, a detailed and profound knowledge of our institutions, and of their effect on our country, are what he does not pretend to give his readers. To their statistical information respecting Great

Britain he makes no addition; very little to their theories respecting our history, literature, or politics. All that he aims at is, the giving to the Julia to whom he addresses his correspondence, a lively narrative of his personal adventures. The places in which he resided, the persons with whom he came in contact, the amusements and even ordinary avocations of his days, are the objects which he describes. He speaks of nothing but what he saw himself, or heard of in the ordinary conversation of society. He is evidently a man of pleasure, and like all men of pleasure, he is also frivolous. He has clearly taken little pains to form his opinions on any of the subjects about which he now for the first time writes; his views, though almost always ingenious, are never profound—and very often, even as far as they extend, they are perfectly inaccurate: not so much (to all appearance) because he is incapable of judging accurately of what comes under his observation, as because he does not take the proper pains to collect materials for his opinions. It is, however, but fair to say, that he pretends to no higher character than that of a gentleman travelling through a foreign country in his own carriage, and describing what he saw out of his carriage, or in the class of persons among whom his carriage threw him. Add, that he is somewhat of a coxcomb, vain of himself rather than of his carriage or his external condition; addicted to talking of cookery, and of philosophy as if it were only a branch of cookery,—and we have said harm enough of him. He is a man of very considerable talents, extensive knowledge of the world, and giving signs of a good deal of study and acquaintance with books: in spite of much flippancy in his style, he is also evidently a man of amiable honest feeling; he is hardly (with all deference to Goethe) what we should think a *high* or *pure* specimen of German thought and feeling—yet so thoroughly German, that he thinks and feels throughout as none but a German would. Such a man's observations on a people are highly valuable.

We have had many opportunities of knowing what speculations the wisest philosophers of Germany have formed respecting us and ours: the Germans have all the necessary information respecting our statistics and politics; their greatest minds have been long engaged in forming their theory of our literature. But the opinions of a fashionable man about our world of fashion were wanting. The want was not the most urgent, but it was good that it should be supplied, for even the world of fashion is not wholly unworthy of notice. The notice which our prince has given of it is highly deserving of attention on account of its novelty; his opinions are so much in advance of those most prevalent—and so instructive, as being those of an ingenious man, wholly untainted by any of the ordinary prejudices of our coun-

trymen, that we may learn from them truth which it is useful for us to possess, but oftentimes not easy to acquire at home.

The Letters contain a narrative, almost a journal, of the prince's adventures during his travels. He describes to his beloved Julia the whole of his journey through Germany and Holland, which, well as it is told, is more interesting to Julia than to us. We except his visit to Weimar, during which he was honoured with a long interview with Goethe, whose genius he duly reveres, and of whose conversation he gives a detailed report. We quit the prince for a moment, to extract a few of the remarks of him who utters (alas! we must now say uttered) nothing unaptly. Speaking of the German literature, he says—

“ ‘ Setting aside all our original productions, we now stand on a very high step of culture, by the adoption and complete appropriation of those of foreign growth. Other nations will soon learn German, from the conviction that they may thus, to a certain extent, dispense with the learning of all other languages; for of which do we not possess all the most valuable works in admirable translations?—The ancient classics, the master-works of modern Europe, the literature of India and other eastern lands—have not the richness and the many-sidedness of the German tongue, the sincere, faithful German industry, and the deep-searching German genius, reproduced them all more perfectly than is the case in any other language?’

“ ‘ France,’ continued he, ‘ owed much of her former preponderance in literature to the circumstance of her being the first to give to the world tolerable versions from the Greek and Latin: but how entirely has Germany since surpassed her!’ ”—vol. iii. p. 16.

Goethe was not very enthusiastic about Scott's novels; he seemed to think that he could easily have manufactured plenty of such wares, had he been desirous of money-making. It is well for the world that he has worked for enduring fame. He, however, spoke of Lord Byron with great affection, and appeared extremely grateful to the prince for his “ enthusiastic feelings for this great poet.” These, it must be confessed, are strong enough, for we recollect his observing in the former series of Letters, that nothing but the excessive national and religious prejudices of the English can account for their preferring Milton to Byron. Goethe, he tells us, “ severely and justly reproached the English nation for having judged their illustrious countryman so pettishly and understood him so ill.” This is just if applied to a few bigots; but the public opinion of his countrymen, though it could not satisfy the poet's demand for exclusive admiration, can hardly be accused with fairness of refusing just measure to his genius.

Goethe also talked politics with the prince. He seems to have attached little importance to constitutional theories, thinking that “ under no form of government would universal well-being long

be wanting, if people would only trouble themselves to labour on faithfully, honestly and lovingly, each in his own peculiar sphere." The prince fought the battle of constitutional government.

"I concluded by adducing—perhaps unwisely—England in support of my argument. He immediately replied, that the choice of the example was not happy, for that in no country was selfishness more omnipotent; that no people were perhaps essentially less humane in their political or in their private relations; that salvation came not from without, by means of forms of government, but from within, by the wise moderation and humble activity of each man in his own circle; that this must ever be the main thing for human felicity, while it was the easiest and the simplest to attain."

In a subsequent part of the work we meet with an observation from another great foreign sage—the Persian ambassador—which marks the possibility of attaining a yet greater indifference to forms of government, and even a greater confidence in a man's internal resources. Comparing his countrymen with the English, he said,

"that though in many respects we were much further advanced than they, yet that all their views of existence were of a firmer and more composed character—that every man reconciled himself to his lot; whereas he remarked here an incessant fermentation, an everlasting discontent, both of masses and of individuals; nay, he confessed that he felt himself infected by it, and should have great trouble, on his return to Persia, to fall back into that old happy track, in which a man who is unfortunate consoles himself, exclaiming 'Whose dog am I then, to want to be happy?'"—vol. iii. p. 381.

The Persian after all (be it spoken with reverence) is wiser than Goethe; for though we are no doubt given to attaching too much importance to forms of government, they must have considerable influence on the happiness of all who have not arrived at the pitch of philosophy which raises a man even above the simplest of all wants—the want of being happy!

Arrived in London, the prince expresses great admiration of the improvements made in it since a previous visit in 1814, and declares that Mr. Nash's new streets give the town, for the first time, the air of a seat of government. He ridicules the monstrous taste displayed in the details of that architect's structures, but highly praises the gardening taste exhibited in the Regent's Park. He is charmed with the hotels, visits the lions of the city, and spends a week at Newmarket, where he seems to admire the horses more than the sporting nobility, whose principles on the head of betting, he observes, "are remarkably wide and expansive." His description of his road to Newmarket is flattering, but accompanied by just observations on English scenery in general.

"The beauty of the country, and the extraordinary neatness and elegance of every place through which my road lay to-day, struck me anew in the most agreeable manner. These fertile and well-cultivated fields; these thousands of comfortable and pretty farm-houses and cottages scattered over every part of the country; this incessant stream of elegant carriages, well-mounted horsemen and well-dressed foot passengers, are peculiar to England. The beautiful picture has but one fault—it is all too cultivated, too perfect; thence always and everywhere the same, and consequently, in the long run, wearisome: indeed I can even conceive that it must become distasteful in time, like a savoury dish of dainties to the stomach of a sated man. This may explain the great taste of the English for travelling on the continent. It is just so in life—the thing men can the least bear is undisturbed good fortune, and it may be doubted whether father Adam would not have died of ennui in Paradise."

He visits the house of a mercantile squire in the neighbourhood, where

"a visit from two 'noblemen' (even foreign ones, though these are full fifty per cent. under natives) was an honour to a house of the '*volée*' of our host's. We were, therefore amazingly '*fêtés*;' even the dandy was—as far as the rules of his '*métier*' permitted—civil and obliging to us. It is an almost universal weakness of the unnoble in England to parade an acquaintance with the noble: the noble do the same with regard to the 'fashionable' or 'exclusive'—a peculiar caste, an *imperium in imperio*, which exercises a still more despotical power in society, and is not influenced by rank, still less by riches, but finds the possibility of its maintenance only in this national foible."—vol. iii. p. 80.

Whereupon follow some very angry remarks on the pretensions of English "Nobodies" abroad, and the deference mistakenly paid to them in Germany. Julia is then favoured with a minute account of an English dinner. In fact, in the course of these volumes much valuable information is communicated respecting the minutæ of English social life. A foreigner might learn from them exactly what he must do, from first washing in "spacious porcelain vases," till the day closes with "taking a small candlestick, standing ready on the side-table, and lighting himself up to bed." Not so accurate, however, is his account of a matter requiring deeper observation, namely, the tenure of land in England. "It is very difficult," we are told, "for the fund-holder to acquire the free and full possession of land. Almost the whole soil is the property of the aristocracy, who generally let it on lease, &c." These are blunders, on which Mr. Baring might have set him right; but they evidently arise from his applying to the country at large what he heard of the tenure of property in London. "The mistakes of this kind," the English translator justly remarks, "are numerous—almost as numerous as those in English works on Germany, which is saying a good deal."



On his return to London, the clubs call forth his admiration, and an exhortation to his countrymen to model theirs on our fashion. He gives frequent criticisms on the theatres, and we must say, in spite of many just remarks on its general inferiority, finds more to praise in our modern drama than most of our educated countrymen. In common with every man of true taste, he admires the pantomime which then existed, and the great mystery of Punch, which is yet left to us amid the wreck of our institutions. After these higher departments of the drama, he was pleased with the "illegal" exhibitions of the minor theatres. Charles Kemble, Liston and Madame Vestris are enthusiastically praised: he even allows great merit to our singers, male and female; but every where raises his voice against the inaptness of English audiences for music, and the shameful police and manners of our theatres. In the art of scene-painting he highly extols our wonderful success.

We do not intend to follow the prince in long tours which he makes through the midland and northern counties, chiefly with a view of visiting the most remarkable parks. Parks and pleasure-grounds are, indeed, objects of great attraction with him. The picturesque situation and antique grandeur of Warwick Castle, excite his rapturous admiration: he tells us, in a pretty flight of German fancy,

"I laid the recollection, like a dream of the sublime and shadowy past, on my heart. I felt, in the faint moonlight, like a child who sees a fantastic giant head of far distant ages beckoning to it with friendly nod over the summit of a wood."

Those of our readers who, when children, happen to have witnessed such a phenomenon, will form an exact notion of the prince's feelings on leaving Warwick Castle. In Eaton, he tells us, "you will find all imaginable splendour and ostentation which a man who has an income of a million of our money can display, but taste not, perhaps, in the same profusion;" with other observations more flattering to Lord Grosvenor's income than his taste. After seeing and describing a multitude of the mausious and pleasure-grounds of the nobility and gentry, he returns to London, whence he proceeds to pay a visit at Cobham, and subsequently to Brighton. Here he goes to innumerable routs and private balls, at which, "in rooms to which a respectable German citizen would not venture to invite twelve people, some hundreds are packed, like negro slaves;" but where he has the consolation of being "squeezed against a greater number of pretty girls than are to be seen anywhere else." He is honoured by an admission to the Brighton Almack's, where he thinks that, though unused to dancing, he might safely have attempted it; "for nowhere do

people jump about more awkwardly, and a man who waltzes in time is a real curiosity." He makes remarks on another more inconvenient absurdity of English manners, which we recommend, as highly instructive, to the attention of mothers, daughters, and those young men who are cursed with a good voice or musical taste.

"Before I left Brighton I was forced to be present at a musical '*soirée*,' one of the severest trials to which foreigners in England are exposed. Every mother who has grown-up daughters, for whom she has had to pay large sums to the music-master, chooses to enjoy the satisfaction of having the youthful '*talent*' admired. There is nothing, therefore, but quavering and strumming right and left, so that one is really overpowered and unhappy; and even if an Englishwoman has the power of singing, she has scarcely ever either science or manner. The men are much more agreeable '*dilettanti*,' for they, at least, give one the diversion of a comical farce. That a man should advance to the pianoforte with far greater confidence than a David, strike with his forefinger the note he thinks his song should begin with, and then '*entonner*,' like a thunder-clap, (generally a note or two lower than the pitch,) and sing through a long '*aria*' without rest or pause, and without accompaniment of any sort, except the most wonderful distortions of face—is a thing one must have seen to believe it possible, especially in the presence of at least fifty people. Sometimes the thing is heightened by their making choice of Italian songs, and, in their total ignorance of the language, roaring out words which, if they were understood by the ladies, would force them to leave the room. It did not appear to me that people constrained themselves much in laughing on these occasions; but such vocalists are far too well established in their own opinion to be disturbed by that—once let loose upon society, they are extremely hard to call off again."—vol. iii. pp. 361, 362.

He now returns to London, where he enters into the "trouble," as he calls it, of fashionable life: and we have a series of brief descriptions of innumerable parties. As the prince is fond of parading his love and knowledge of good cookery, we quote for the satisfaction of the nation this highly important admission, that the best eating "in the world is to be found at the first tables in London." There follows, soon after, a description of a ride which he took out of town, which is a specimen of his best painting of nature.

"I should have gladly ridden further and further, and returned at length with great regret. The meadows around me were so luxuriant, that it was only at a distance they looked green; when you were near them they were embroidered with blue, yellow, red and lilac, like a carpet of Tournay. The cows were wading up to their bellies in the gay flowers, or resting under the shadow of huge domes of foliage, impenetrable to every ray of sun. It was magnificent, and adorned with a richness which art can never reach. In an hour's riding I

reached a hill where the ruins of a church stood in the midst of a garden. The sun darted its rays from behind a cloud athwart the whole sky, like a huge torch, the centre of which rested directly on the metropolis of the world, the immeasurable Babel which lay outstretched with its thousand towers, and its hundred thousand sins, its fog and smoke, its treasures and its misery, further than the eye could reach. It was in vain! I must plunge into it again, from the spring and its bursting blossoms, from the green meadows—again into the macadamized slough,—into the everlasting dead monotony,—into dinners and routs.”

Nevertheless, into this Babel and its dinners and its routs, he plunges again, and tries the varieties of its everlasting dead monotony. He dines with the Lord Mayor and Mr. Canning, then “the new Premier.” Of that minister’s genius and policy he seems to have been a passionate admirer; indeed, like most Continental liberals, to have carried his enthusiasm in his favour a little too far. He attends an interesting debate in the House of Commons, where he is charmed with a display of Mr. Canning’s eloquence and superiority. Of Mr. Brougham’s oratory he gives this just account. “He speaks as a good reader reads from a book. Nevertheless, it seems to me that you perceive only extraordinary talent, formidable, pungent wit, and rare presence of mind:—the heart-warming power of genius, such as flows from Canning’s tongue, he possesses, to my mind, in a much lower degree.” He attends also the “explanation” debate in the House of Lords, where he is struck by the awkward figure the Duke of Wellington cuts as an orator. The Duke has, indeed, always found it a difficult matter to speak: it is to be wished for his high fame as a minister that he had never found it possible. The prince’s remarks on these scenes show (in spite of the prejudice against us, of which he has been accused) a greater admiration for our institutions than is at present felt by a vast majority of our countrymen.

“When I question myself as to the total impression of this day, I must confess that it was at once elevating and melancholy;—the former when I fancied myself an Englishman, the latter when I felt that I was a German.

“This twofold senate of the people of England, spite of all the defects and blemishes common to human nature which are blended in its composition, is yet something in the highest degree grand; and in contemplating its power and operation thus near at hand one begins to understand why it is that the English nation is as yet the first on the face of the earth.”—vol. iv. p. 25.

The work contains long and lively descriptions of the society in which he mixed, the houses to which he was invited, the conversations that passed between himself and the most striking personages with whom he met. There are some people who

will read with avidity his descriptions of Almack's and Devonshire House, though they will be shocked at what they will consider the irreligious tone with which he criticizes them. As we have never been at either, we cannot judge of the accuracy of his accounts. But the prince does not confine himself to merely fashionable society. His Julia and his German readers are treated with large and entertaining accounts of prisons, theatres, horses and pictures, on which his remarks are always ingenious. The whole is interspersed with many very amusing and interesting anecdotes, which he picks up here and there, with much tender sentiment respecting Julia, and with divers metaphysical speculations, which, though not what we English should think very relevant to his travels, complete the image of the author's own mind. They are curious as exhibiting the metaphysical creed of a Gentlemanly German; we cannot discover that they make any great addition to psychological science.

The greatest failing of the Prince is his ridiculous habit of constantly parading his own character before us, and glorifying certain defects, which he seems to think as becoming to him as his "small hands." He is perhaps proud of finding a resemblance to Lord Byron in both respects. The possession of small hands is doubtless a matter which lifts the lords of earth to the gods: but inconstancy of disposition, unreasonable and affected discontent, aspirations without proportioned energy to execute, are qualities that, so far from sufficing to make a great man, are those which have neutralized the highest genius. There is a laughable, solemn, and flowery oration put into the mouth of Deville the Craniologist, in which he is made to predicate all these sublime qualities of the Prince. Mr. Deville must have blundered or humbugged amazingly if he spoke as reported, unless we consent to judge of the Prince's character from his alleged bumps instead of his writings. For the prince, after all, is only affecting this morbid rickety character, which he thinks Byronian, but which is in fact merely silly. Instead of being the haughty discontented character for which he sets up, he is a very jolly, good-humoured, eupeptic man: he is not one of those who have tasted of enjoyment, and having found the fruit bitter, console their empty stomachs with Cynic philosophy; he is still able to enjoy the cream of life, and is diligently occupied in skimming it off, wherever he finds it. His affectation of the contrary is a piece of mere dandyism unworthy of a thoughtful German, a very tasteless imitation of the silliest quackery of French and English fashions.

There is much undoubtedly of the sarcastic in Prince Pückler's observations; he sees and remarks on the follies of indi-

viduals and of nations in a manner grating to the feelings of those who are the objects of his ridicule. There is little, however, of ill-nature in him. Remarks, no doubt, there are in his letters, which will give annoyance to various individuals; but it is allowable for a traveller to censure as well as to praise, if, as some people think is the case even in Great Britain, he sees in general society persons deserving of blame. There is nothing of a malicious spirit displayed in the prince's satire. If he meets foolish or disagreeable people, whose defects are exhibited to the public, he notices the fact; and there is no lack of eulogium on those who merit praise. He has been accused of a crime which can scarcely be sufficiently reprehended, that of revealing the secrets of private society, and ridiculing those whose hospitality he has accepted. In these volumes scarcely a trace of this is to be found; for there is no offence in remarking on those whom he met in general society in London, where people act under the consciousness of being in public. There is nothing scandalous in printing some of the widely-circulated eccentricities of Lady Hester Stanhope, or publishing an unfavourable opinion of the Duke of Wellington, or Mr. Lister the novelist. Nor can a German be accused of behaving unfairly to a noted marquis and his noted lady, who took unceasing pains to parade their folly and arrogance before all Germany, in informing his countrymen that that noble pair have acquired in their native land a similar notoriety by similar exhibitions. In speaking of the Duchess of St. Alban's, he has the good taste to avoid the usual slang of insolence which has been used by the worthless among our own countrymen. The patronesses of Almack's cannot justly be offended at the laboured account given of their respective charms; it is a portion of a wide-spreading and enduring fame which their noble exertions have earned.

In the volumes which describe his subsequent travels, he is occasionally guilty of this offence. We do not mean to blame him for revealing the strict privacy in which the modesty of Brummell and Lady Morgan have shrouded their merits. But his mention of the unguarded joviality and liberalism of the Catholic clergy of Cashel is culpably indiscreet; and he exposes unkindly the prejudices of some members of the Irish families in which he was most hospitably entertained. However, there is nothing essentially personal in these anecdotes: a little more caution about initials would have rendered them as harmless as they are amusing. It is evident that he has committed in carelessness an offence against which he was likely to be little on his guard in writing to his countrymen, where his works would not be used (as they have been here) by a blackguard press for the purpose of

gratifying private malignity, or extorting money. The sin, which, after all, has drawn down on the prince the clamour by which his work has been assailed, is not his gratifying the English taste by personal detraction, but his venturing to offend English pride by strictures on our national faults. True it is, that he has generally spoken with great respect of the national character, and of our political institutions; but he has ventured to ridicule the aristocratic society of this country, and their imitators. The subject on which he has written so freely is one of great importance: he indeed speaks of the aristocratic structure of English society with reference to its most obvious effects, to its influence on the manners and intercourse of individuals, which is traceable not only in the higher ranks, but in various forms in all, down to the very lowest. The prince's remarks on this subject have been peculiarly grating to the believers in English perfection, because they are not merely superficial. The English of the higher classes are very often ready to acknowledge the faulty construction of their fashionable society, and to envy the ease and simplicity with which social amusements are enjoyed abroad. They will admit, too, the bad manners of their countrymen, and, to a certain extent, the want of grace exhibited by both sexes. But they imagine these the concomitant faults of sterling worth; they conceive that our aristocracy are too solid to excel in the frivolous arts of society; and they pity the unhappy foreigner who finds himself displaced amid the sad amusements in which a thoughtful people relaxes its mighty mind. A foreigner who sees through this deception,—who, instead of submitting to our fancied superiority in humble admiration, ventures to treat these defects with some contempt, and to speak of them as part of the bad results of the national morality and institutions, is considered guilty of an impertinence, which can only be accounted for on the score of some personal pique, or some very gross prejudice. The defects of foreign society we are not slow in attributing to causes which we consider indicative of an inferiority in the national character. An Englishman will sneer at the entertainments which he receives from Frenchmen or Germans, as betraying a poverty which he considers disreputable. A foreigner is, on the contrary, annoyed by the ostentation of wealth—the cumbrous magnificence—the wearisome competition in prodigality, which constrains society in England; and perhaps he, after all, has the best justification for feeling contempt for an ostentation which is far more destructive of the ends of society than the absence of wealth. The dulness of English intercourse, and the arrogance which renders the English disagreeable to foreigners, spring from the same source as

some of the worst features of our morality—from the reverence and rivalry of wealth—the utter contempt of social merit as a claim to distinction in society, and the fictitious systems of *caste*, which are the only checks on the predominating influence of money. After all our boasts, English society is both the most frivolous and the most artificial of any in civilized Europe. Our frivolity is of a serious and heavy cast, often united, no doubt, with a greater devotion to the business of money-making than is found among the votaries of fashion abroad; but in no country is there so large a number of persons devoted to the occupation of amusing themselves, discharging this ignoble task with earnestness, but aiming at nothing beyond mere unintellectual and tasteless parade. In no country has the rivalry of the vulgar and ignorant possessors of wealth created a system of luxury more barbarously artificial, where more monstrous are the idols of fashionable worship, or more servile the adoration exacted and paid.

It is hardly fair, perhaps, to implicate the Prince in these censures, which we take the privilege of making on our countrymen. His remark on the extravagant gratitude of the young lady, for whom he got a ticket for Almack's, is the most severe in which he indulges, and is hardly exaggerated. (See vol. iv. p. 9.) He speaks with more than usual bitterness, also, of the insolence with which the English treat foreigners, (the Germans in particular,) in return for their overstrained civility to them. "Abroad," he says, "(and it is only while there,) Englishmen judge with candour of foreigners:" at home he accuses us of displaying the most excessive discourtesy towards them. On this subject he tells an amusing, but hardly credible anecdote of English rudeness.

"I know that in one of the largest towns of Germany a prince of a royal house, distinguished for his frank, chivalrous courtesy, and his amiable character, invited an English viscount, who was but just arrived, and had not yet been presented to him, to a hunting-party; to which his lordship replied, *that he could not accept the invitation, as the prince was perfectly unknown to him.*

"It is true, that no foreigner will ever have it in his power so to requite a similar civility in England, where a grandee considers an invitation to dinner (they are very liberal of invitations to routs and soirées, for the sake of filling their rooms) as the most signal honour he can confer upon even a distinguished foreigner,—an honour only to be obtained by long acquaintance, or by very powerful letters of introduction. But if by any miracle such a ready attention were to be paid in England, it would be impossible to find a single man of any pretensions to breeding on the whole continent who would make such a return as this boorish lord did."—vol. iii. pp. 115, 116.

The criticisms of the prince on the manners of the higher

classes are not flattering. After speaking of English servants, he observes,—

“ In many cases it would be a very pardonable blunder in a foreigner to take the valet for the lord, especially if he happened to imagine that *courtesy* and a good address were the distinguishing marks of a man of quality. This test would be by no means applicable in England, where these advantages are not to be found among the majority of persons of the higher classes ; though there are some brilliant exceptions, and their absence is often redeemed by admirable and solid qualities.

“ On the men, indeed, their arrogance, often amounting to rudeness, and their high opinion of themselves, do not sit so ill ; but in the women, it is as disgusting and repulsive, as, in some other of their countrywomen, the vain effort to ape continental grace and vivacity.”—vol. iii. pp. 110, 111.

We must observe, however, that the author speaks of English ladies in a manner to make one think he had not met with much favour from them. To their personal charms he pays the honour that is due, always allowing for his animadversions on their feet. He is severe on their costume ; and remarks on the bad dresses and “ *tournure*” exhibited even at Almack’s. He pays high compliments to the “ many agreeable girls” he meets here, and remarks on the greater degree of rational freedom enjoyed by unmarried women in England than on the continent. Nevertheless, he is very unjust to their intellectual acquirements, which he untruly classes below those of French and German women.

His description of routs is sufficiently true and contemptuous.

“ It is the custom here to take your friends to parties of this sort, and to present them, then and there, to the mistress of the house, who never thinks you can bring enough to fill her small rooms to suffocation ; the more the better : and for the full satisfaction of her vanity, a ‘ *bagarre*’ must arise among the carriages below ; some must be broken to pieces, and a few men and horses killed or hurt, so that the ‘ *Morning Post*’ of the following day may parade a long article on the extremely ‘ fashionable *soirée*’ given by ‘ *Lady Vain*,’ or ‘ *Lady Foolish*.’ ”—vol. iii. pp. 176, 177.

We quote the following extracts from different letters, as containing striking views of English society. Speaking of the tendency of politics to become the chief ingredient of social intercourse, he remarks :

“ The lighter and more frivolous pleasures suffer by this change ; and the art of conversation, as it once flourished in France, will perhaps soon be entirely lost. In this country I should rather think it never existed, unless perhaps in Charles the Second’s time. And, indeed, people here are too slavishly subject to established usages ; too systematic in all their enjoyments ; too incredibly kneaded up with prejudices ; in a word, too



little vivacious to attain to that unfettered spring and freedom of spirit, which must ever be the sole basis of agreeable society. I must confess that I know none more monotonous, nor more persuaded of its own pre-excellence, than the highest society of this country,—with but few exceptions, and those chiefly among foreigners, or persons who have resided a good deal on the continent. A stony, marble-cold spirit of caste and fashion rules all classes, and makes the highest tedious, the lower ridiculous. True politeness of the heart and cheerful ‘*bonhomme*’ are rarely to be met with in what is called society; nor, if we look for foreign ingredients, do we find either French grace and vivacity, or Italian naturalness; but, at most, German stiffness and awkwardness concealed under an iron mask of arrogance and ‘*hauteur*.’

“In spite of this, the ‘*nimbus*’ of a firmly anchored aristocracy and vast wealth, (combined with admirable taste in spending it, which no one can deny them,) has stamped the Great World of this country as that, ‘*par excellence*,’ of Europe, to which all other nations must more or less give way. But that foreigners individually and personally do not find it agreeable, is evident by their rarity in England, and by the still greater rarity of their desire to stay long. Every one of them at the bottom of his heart thanks God when he is out of English society; though personal vanity afterwards leads him to extol that uninspiring foggy sun, whose beams assuredly gave him but little ‘*comfort*’ when he lived in them.

“Far more loveable, because far more loving, do the English appear in their domestic and most intimate relations; though even here some ‘*baroque*’ customs prevail—for instance, that sons in the highest ranks, as soon as they are flegged, leave the paternal roof and live alone; nay, actually do not present themselves at their fathers’ dinner-table without a formal invitation.”—vol. iii. pp. 178, 179.

He tells us, that certain small circles which he frequented

“are much more agreeable than the great parties of the metropolis. There every art is understood but the art of society. Thus, for instance, musicians, artists, poets, and men of talent generally, are invited merely as fashionable decorations; to live with them, to extract enjoyment from their conversation, or from their genius, is a thing utterly unknown. All real cultivation has a political character and tendency; party spirit, and the fashionable spirit of caste pervade all society. Hence arises not only a universal ‘*décousu*,’ but a rigorous division of the several elements; which, combined with the naturally unsocial temper of Englishmen, must render a residence among them unpleasant to every foreigner, unless he either has access to the most intimate family circles, or can take a lively interest in political affairs.

“The happiest and the most respectable class in England is, without all doubt, the middle class, whose political activity is confined to the improvement of their own immediate province, and among whom tolerably just views and principles generally prevail. People of this unfashionable class are also the only truly hospitable, and are wholly devoid of the arrogant airs so disgusting in their superiors. They do not run

after a foreigner, but if he comes in their way, they treat him with kindness and sympathy. They love their country passionately, but without any view to personal interest—without hope of sinecures, or intrigue for place. They are often ridiculous, but always deserving of respect, and their national egotism is restricted within more reasonable bounds than that of their superiors.

“ It may now be said with equal truth of England as it formerly was of France, ‘ *que les deux bouts du fruit sont gâtés,*’ the aristocracy and the mob. The former unquestionably holds a most noble station; but without great moderation, *without great concessions made to reason and to the spirit of the times,* they will perhaps not occupy this station half a century longer. I once said as much to Prince E——; he laughed in my face, ‘ *mais nous verrons.*’ ”—vol. iv. pp. 8, 9.

So much has already been done to enable us to see what is to be the result, that we should think Prince Esterhazy would not at present feel inclined to treat the prediction with unmixed contempt.

The freedom of the prince's remarks on English society is the greatest, but not the only one of his offences. He has ventured to speak with contempt of prejudices hardly less sacred; of the form in which the religious feeling shows itself, and of the theological opinions which are received in this country. It must not be understood that the Prince is by any means an irreligious man; on the contrary, his volumes abound with evidences of the spirit of undogmatic religion prevalent in the North of Germany. This of course is widely different from any creed which finds favour in this most sectarian country: and many of his notices and expressions are calculated to excite horror in the minds of bigoted persons of another faith. Hence the outcry raised by stupid people about his irreligion; and the perversion of some of his expressions, so as to subject him to the imputation of irreverence. Nothing can be more absurd than such charges as these: there is not a single expression on religious subjects to be found throughout these volumes, indicative of any contempt for religion, or inconsistent with that piety which is not indeed of a kind to be understood in this country, but of which many of his letters mark his deep sense. To condemn him for entertaining and expressing feelings different from those prevalent in this country, is of a piece with the old-fashioned folly of hating Mahometans or Catholics for not being of the Church of England. The prince is of a creed which he thinks very superior to ours; so far from being deficient in religious feeling, or hostile to Christianity, he considers himself a much better Christian than the English, whom he evidently looks on as a people lost in the

darkness of that sectarian superstition which produces practical irreligion. In speaking of the Rev. Robert Taylor's exhibitions at the Rotunda, he observes—

“The place was thronged with hearers of all classes. *In a nation which is at so very low a point of religious education*, it is easy to understand that a negative apostle of this sort may attract a great concourse. In Germany, where the people are far advanced in the rational path of gradual reform, an undertaking of the kind would fill some with pious horror, would attract nobody, and would justly disgust all; even if the police did not render such an exhibition impossible.”—vol. iv. p. 15.

We shall venture to extract one rather long series of remarks on this subject, elicited from him by attendance on divine service, as presenting a full view of his opinions on religion and religious establishments.

“This morning I went to church, with a full intention of being pious; but it did not succeed. Everything was too cold, dry, and unæsthetic. I am an advocate for a more imaginative worship, though it be addressed rather more to the senses. If we did but follow nature, we should find her the best instructress in religion, as in other things. Is it not by her most magnificent and sublime spectacles that she awakens our hearts to emotions of piety? by the painting of her sunsets, by the music of the rolling deep, by the forms of her mountains and her rocks? Be not wiser, my brethren, than He who created all these wonders, and formed the human heart to feel them: but imitate Him, according to the measure of your feeble powers.

“But on this matter, I should preach to deaf ears, except to yours, dear Julia; they have long listened with me to the heavenly song of the spheres, which ceaselessly resounds in the eternal beautiful creation, if men did not stop their ears with the cotton of positive dogmas and traditions, through which they cannot hear it.

“The sermon too which I heard, though prepared beforehand, and read, was stony and unprofitable. Preachers would do much more good if they would lay aside the old mechanical custom of taking texts only out of the Bible, and take them from local life and circumstances, and from human society as it now exists; if they would rather seek to foster the in-dwelling poetical religion, than the mere spirit of dogma: if they would treat morality, not only as the Commanded, but as the Beautiful and the Useful—the Necessary, indeed, to the happiness of the individual, and of society. If more pains were taken to *instruct* the working-man from the pulpit—to form him to *think* instead of to *believe*—crime would soon become less frequent; he would begin to feel a real interest in what he heard, a positive want of the church and of the sermon, for his own guidance and information: whereas he now attends them mechanically and without reflection, or from some motives equally unprofitable. The laws of the land too, and not the Ten Commandments alone, should be declared and expounded to the people from the pulpit; they should

be made perfectly conversant with them, and with the grounds of them; for, to use the words of Christ, how many sin without knowing what they do!

"The best practical receipt for a universal morality is, without doubt, to ask oneself whether an action, or course of action, if *adopted by every man*, would be useful or injurious to society? In the first case, it is of course good—in the second, bad. Had governments, and those upon whom devolves the sacred and neglected duty of instructing the people, habituated them to the constant application of this test or measure of conduct, and then demonstrated to them, directly, 'ad oculos,' the inevitable, ultimate reaction of evil conduct *on themselves*, they would, in the course of a few years, have improved not only the morality of the country, but its physical condition and commercial prosperity; whereas the ordinary priestly wisdom, which sets faith, authority, and dogma above every thing, has left mankind in the same state for centuries—if indeed it have not made them worse."

And after some judicious remarks on the payment of the clergy, he says—

"Soldiers naturally love war, and in like manner priests love religion, for their own advantage. But patriots love war only as a means of obtaining freedom; and philosophers religion only for its beauty and its truth.

"That is the difference.—But, as the author of the *Zillah* so truly says, 'Establishments endure longer than opinions; the church outlasts the faith which founded it; and if a priesthood has once succeeded in interweaving itself with the institutions of the country, it may continue to subsist and to flourish long after its form of worship is regarded with aversion and contempt.'"—vol. iii. pp. 332—337.

A man who holds these opinions may be expected to disapprove greatly of the attachment to forms and dogmas, and the absence of practical religious feeling, exhibited alike by all the various churches which are most in vogue in England: to hold equally cheap the decorous lifelessness of the Church of England, and the strange hallucinations which manifest the diseased energy of sectarian vitality; and to consider both equally repugnant to Christianity. However, it is the prince's misfortune, not his crime, to entertain these heresies, from which our superior wisdom secures us a merited immunity. Proud of the possession of a rational piety, testified by the payment of much tithe, we may pity the prejudice which blinds a man to our indisputable claims to the character of a peculiarly religious people. On a superficial view of our manners, the prince mildly censures them as characterized by cant and hypocrisy. A steadier survey of us would have induced him probably to alter the terms in which he spoke of us.

Without any disposition to extol the German Prince in any

unreasonable degree, we find that we have been insensibly led into a tone of advocacy and exculpation. It is impossible for any candid person who has read the remarks which have been made on him by the reviews and newspapers, much more any one who has marked the mode in which his letters are usually criticized in general society, by the numerous persons who have read them, to refrain from some feelings of astonishment at the harsh spirit in which they appear to have been received, and from some desire to defend a writer unjustly assailed by an overweening national self-complacency. It was to be expected that a work of this kind would excite general curiosity, be much canvassed by its readers, much praised by those who are pleased with occasional strictures on the faults of the English character, and equally blamed by those who think the frame of society in England faultlessly perfect, and therefore view with horror the malignity that can speak of the English in any tone but that of unmingled admiration. But it is difficult to conceive how it has become an object of the vehement praise, and still more vehement abuse, with which it has been received on every side; or how it has been considered an interesting object of attack and defence for all the reviews, magazines, and newspapers, until it has become nearly an additional field for the eternal combat of aristocratic and democratic politicians. This must not indeed be asserted without exceptions; for the poor prince has had all the former for enemies, and only the most zealous of the latter have come forward as his friends. His admirers have not been led into any very violent exaggeration of his merits; but the adverse critics have attacked him with all the fury of personal pique, or national and sectarian malice. In fact, this unhappy wayfaring Samaritan has "fallen among thieves," and been most scurvily used by them.

With respect to our quarterly brethren in particular, unwilling as we are to comment with severity on their opinions, and ungracious as it may seem in the youngest member of the corps to turn reviewer of his senior brethren, we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise at the discourtesy with which our German Prince has been treated by them. Whatever may have been the motive or the object of the author of the critique which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, whether he has been instigated by mere wantonness to indulge in the vulgar ribaldry which he mistakes for wit, or has merely acted as the blind instrument of persons whose wounded vanity he was employed to avenge; he has given a remarkable proof of that dishonesty, which, if exercised in any but the literary department, would be punished in the House of Correction. We do not blame him for viewing

the Letters of the German Prince with dislike: the opinions of an intelligent foreigner respecting the manners and institutions of England, can of course be regarded with little favour by a writer of that party which considers as the most estimable part of our national character, those aristocratic and religious defects, which strike the stranger as most obnoxious to ridicule and disapprobation. We can tolerate his taking a most unfavourable view of a traveller differing from him in points so essential; we naturally expect him to do no justice to any of his opinions or arguments, and to be guilty of the misrepresentations which a person must always commit in giving an account of a work which his party prejudices prevent him from understanding. These unfortunately are the faults which we expect, as a matter of course, to find, in the place of that candour with which it is the duty of a critic to form his opinion of a work, and to impart it to the public. But the unfairness of the Quarterly Reviewer surpasses the bounds to which our toleration can extend. From the beginning to the end of the article, we see that his sole and fixed purpose is that of rendering the work, of which he is giving an account, ridiculous in the eyes of his readers. His remarks are, therefore, couched in the language which ostlers employ when they wish to excite mirth, and breathe the very spirit of that wit which kindles the tap-room laugh. Thus the great Goethe is rendered inexpressibly contemptible in the eyes of Britons by being denominated *Mein Herr*—a joke as refined as the old one of calling a Frenchman *Mounseer*, and showing just as accurate a knowledge of the German, as the wit of our ancestors did of the French language. The translator is called an “oversetter,” because the German of each may be rendered synonymous by means of a mispronunciation. Jokes on the prince’s name and resemblance to a Jew, (founded on a story which he good-humouredly tells in one of the Letters,) vulgar distortions of the meaning of various phrases which dropped from his pen, and still more of those used by Goethe in his criticism on the work, and erroneous and exaggerated imputations of inconsistency, form the greatest part of this array of wit. Even the venial inaccuracies which result from the careless use of the ordinary language of conversation, are gravely exposed. The charges which the reviewer thinks he has ground for bringing against the author, are aggravated merely by that species of careless exaggeration which enriches the rhetoric of Billingsgate. Thus the prince is accused of blasphemy, on the alleged ground of the irreverent use of the word *Amen* (which, after all, is not usually considered too sacred to be used in common conversation) in answer to a wish that he might be rich. The charge of infidelity is lavished on every occasion of any remark

betokening a spirit of piety or toleration beyond the comprehension of the reviewer; and the accusation of indecency fastened on every passage in which the disgusting pruriency of his imagination can find a peg for a smutty insinuation. One would be led to suppose from many passages, that the reviewer has some private grudge against the author of the *Letters*, which he wishes to gratify by drawing him into a quarrel with third persons. All English ladies and gentlemen are called to revenge, as a national insult, a remark on the "English brutality" of the lower orders; though this general brutality is what none are so fond of imputing to the lower orders of our countrymen as the very exalted persons whom the reviewer calls on to take vengeance into their hands.\* But it is probable that the reviewer quotes many remarks (which he himself renders offensive by garbling) in order to gratify his own malignity against the individuals mentioned. Thus the censures on Lady Morgan (an old opponent of the *Quarterly*) are quoted, without any mention of the praises which the prince elsewhere bestows on her. Some high eulogiums on the character of Colonel Hughes (now Lord Dinorben), who is complimented on the superior station which as a beneficent country gentleman he holds over the mere leaders of ton, are distorted into inhospitable sarcasms on his want of fashion, and followed by some remarks on a young daughter of that nobleman, which we should have imagined that the fear of personal consequences would have deterred the publisher of the *Review* from admitting. The reviewer has a consistent disposition for detecting licentiousness in every allusion to a female: the same grossness which prompts an insinuation of an intrigue, on the ground of the prince's taking a Welsh bar-maid as his guide through a town, makes him forget that a child of six years old is not ordinarily the object of the thoughts with which females seem invariably to inspire him. But it is needless to particularize instances of an unfairness but too common; of what would be called in parliamentary language, "*an inaccuracy which has become proverbial*;" and of a "*habit of low calumnious sarcasm*," from which no warning will deter.

We do not feel called on to take any notice of the laboured article, written much in the same spirit, which appeared in the

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\* If the "gentlemen and ladies" of other countries which have been visited and described by travellers from our own, were to follow the reviewer's recommendation, of revenging "as national insults" the disparaging remarks of those travellers upon their national character and peculiarities in all classes, we are afraid that no British traveller could venture to show his face in future in any part of Europe or America. The English travellers of the nineteenth century are by far the most numerous, and none have been more free or unsparing in the exercise of what they probably consider their privilege, from the late Dr. Clarke down to Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Frances Trollope

last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. It was distinguished from the other by being written in the language which is used by gentlemen; for gentlemen may be very unfair and very morose. The spirit of the reviewer may be judged of from his indignation against the prince for mentioning his carriage and servants, and making a poetical allusion to his armorial bearings. A man who travels in his own carriage is hardly required by modesty to lie, in order to have it believed that he went by the stage-waggon; and a German, who is unconscious of the pretensions of a shopkeeper-aristocracy, may be pardoned for speaking of his coat of arms as of a fact which, in his own country, it is not considered necessary to parade or to conceal.

But the remarks which the editor of the *Westminster Review* thought proper to add, as a comment upon a very favourable, but on the whole very candid review of the prince's Letters, which he had inserted, exhibit a profundity of philological speculation, which we impart to our foreign readers as an astounding specimen of English modesty and erudition. Goethe, it appears, in a criticism on the first-published portion of this work, praised it as the work of "a thorough liberal-minded German." The editor of the *Westminster* is of a different opinion. The work, he tells us,

"lacks *Germanity*: the Germanisms in the whole are not greater than might be collected in a three years' residence. The writer of the article was requested, on this point, not needlessly to compromise interests which were not his own; and he only did it the more. There was no necessity for entering on the question at all; but as it *has* been entered on, all that is asked is, that if in a year or two the 'Tour of a German Prince' should be avowed as the production of a young Irishman of good family, in foreign service, during his two years' furlough, done into choice German by the very able chaplain of his regiment, the jest may be against the individual critic, and not against the *Westminster Review*."

Whenever this discovery shall be made, the editor of the *Westminster Review* will have an undoubted right to enjoy his jest, not only against the reviewer, but against Goethe, and all who, on his authority, believed the work which "lacks *Germanity*" to be the composition of a German; but until that period shall arrive, the jest will be against the editor, who is so cautious of not being ridiculous two years hence. The "Irishman of good family" will probably wait longer ere he ventures on making the expected avowal; in the mean time he is entitled to some credit for his boldness in playing off that kind of hoax which is said to be reserved for marines, but by which we thought the marines of the nineteenth century were grown too wise to be gulled.

In adding to the number of the already abundant criticisms on



these Letters, it has not been our wish to adopt the tone of overstrained eulogy, which we think only second in criminality to that of undeserved abuse. It has been our design to present a fair view of a book which we could not help praising, because it has taught us something and amused us much. In perfect candour we recommend it to the foreigners for whom it was written, as giving a generally accurate description of England, and of a portion of English society; and to our countrymen, for whose benefit it has been so admirably translated, as a comment on those matters on which our national prejudices require some illumination. We trust we shall not be accused of recommending an uninstructional, and are confident no one will complain of having been induced by us to read a dull book.

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ART. IV.—1. *Tragedie di Ugo Foscolo, precedute da un cenno biografico sull' Autore.* 12mo. Lugano, 1829.

2. *Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis.* 8vo. Londra (Zurich), 1814.

3. *Orazione a Bonaparte pel Congresso di Lione.* Lugano, 1829.

4. *La Chioma di Berenice volgarizzata da Ugo Foscolo.* 8vo. Milano, 1803.

5. *Dell' Origine e dell' Ufficio della Letteratura, Orazione di Ugo Foscolo.* Milano, 1809.

6. *Alcuni Scritti e Trattati inediti di Ugo Foscolo.* Lugano, 1829.

7. *Dei Sepolcri, Carme di Ugo Foscolo.* Brescia, 1807.

8. *Viaggio Sentimentale di Yorick lungo la Francia, traduzione di Didimo Chierico.* Italia, 1818.

9. *Opere di Raimondo Montecuccoli, illustrate da Ugo Foscolo.* 2 vols. folio. Milano, 1807-8.

10. *Didymi Clerici prophetæ minimi Hypercalipseos.* 12mo. Pisis (Zurich), 1815.

11. *Prose e Versi di Ugo Foscolo.* 8vo. Milano, 1822.

12. *Essays on Petrarch.* 8vo. London, 1823.

13. *Discorso storico sul testo del Decamerone.* 8vo. Londra, 1824.

14. *Discorso sul testo di Dante.* 8vo. Londra, 1825.

15. *Vita di Ugo Foscolo, scritta da Giuseppe Pecchio.* 8vo. Lugano, 1830.

WE believe we have here enumerated all the scattered productions of the distinguished Italian writer whose name is prefixed to the

present article, with the exception of occasional papers which he is known to have contributed to various literary journals, both in this country and in Italy. We should like to see a correct and complete edition of Foscolo's works, instead of having to gather them out of a dozen or two stray volumes and pamphlets. All his writings bear the stamp of genius and of learning, all have faults characteristic of the man, but there is hardly any of them that is not interesting and instructive. Foscolo was a man of strong passions and of a most uneven temper, to whom of all others might be applied the antithetical line—*Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus, es idem?* We purpose to devote this article to a review of Foscolo's writings and of his times, as in the former we find abundant evidence of the influence, we might call it the reflection, of the latter. There were three distinct epochs in our author's life: one of youthful enthusiasm and theory, which kept pace with the republican fever of those days; the next of cooler reflection, of cautious and almost sceptical investigation, under the reign of force and calculation which followed; the last an epoch of weariness and bitter despondency, which closed with his death. We see the first personified in his *Ortis*; the second in his "*Didymus the Clerk*;" and the last exhibits itself in his essays and comments on Petrarch and Dante, with the latter of which poets, Foscolo, as well as Alfieri, held a strong sympathy.

We have little to say about Foscolo's early youth. He was born in 1777, others say 78, on board a Venetian ship bound to the island of Zante,\* where his father was employed as a surgeon.† In that island he passed his infancy, under the care of

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\* Ebbi in quel mar la culla. See his *Ode all' amica risanata*.

† His biographer insists that Foscolo was a thorough Greek. We consider him as an Italian in every sense. His father was a Venetian; he himself was born under the Venetian flag, in an old dependency of Venice, which even now forms no part of Greece, and was never identified with her in the late struggle; he returned to Venice when yet a child, his mother resided with him at Venice; he was educated in Italy, served in the Italian army, always wrote in Italian, and never returned to the land of his birth. He was as much a Venetian as the son of an English father and a Maltese mother who happens to be born at Malta, and is thence brought back to England, where he spends his life, is an Englishman. Foscolo in all his works speaks of Italy, and particularly of Venice, as his country—his father land—his *patria quia patria*. He was entirely absorbed by Italian feelings and Italian interests, and never gave himself any concern about Greece, saving always classical Greece, the Greece of Homer; indeed, it is one of Pecchio's complaints that he never wrote a line (except in the misstated affair of Parga) in favour of modern Greece after the war of independence began. The reason is plain: Foscolo knew little of modern Greece; he had no ties or connexions there of any sort; all his affections were centred in Italy; a man cannot feel equally attached to two countries at a time. It has been remarked, that Foscolo never alluded to his father's family; but we find in an article on the early history of Venice, written for the Edinburgh Review, that he mentions among the oldest leaders and magistrates of the infant republic, "whose posterity is not yet extinct," one Hugo Fosco, "from whom the Foscolo, Foscari and Foscariini derived their origin."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. xci., p. 81.

his mother, who was an Ionian Greek, and this accounts for the familiar knowledge of the Romaic which he possessed. It seems that he lost his father at an early age, and that he removed with his mother to Venice, whence he was afterwards sent to pursue his studies at the University of Padua. Of that ancient seat of learning, and of his life as a student, he has drawn no very flattering picture in his *Ortis*.\* He there, however, met with some distinguished men, such as Cesarotti and Stratico, the first of whom then filled the chair of Greek literature. But Cesarotti was not a docile admirer of the classics; the bent of his taste was towards the wild romantic North, while Foscolo remained all his lifetime a passionate worshipper of the Greek models, and mythological imagery, even to superstition. With regard to prose writing, however, he concurred with Cesarotti about the necessity of giving to the Italian language a more fresh and living form, adapted to modern activity and rapidity of thought, discarding the trammels of the long period and circuitous periphrasis of Boccaccio and his followers.

On his leaving the University, Foscolo appears to have been for some time uncertain what course to pursue, and had even once made up his mind to enter the Church. It was, perhaps, lucky that he did not follow up this fancy, as his character and temper were but ill suited to the duties of a Catholic priest. He next turned his thoughts to the stage, and produced a tragedy on the classical story of Thyestes, the brother of Atreus. The play is written after the manner of Alfieri, of whom Foscolo was a great admirer, and is remarkable for the same paucity of characters, the same deficiency of plot, the same rugged abruptness of sentence, the same deep-toned feeling, the same powerful, though often exaggerated, bursts of invective and political declamation. But the experience, the knowledge of the heart, the lofty and imposing majesty of Alfieri's muse, which acts as a spell upon an Italian audience, in spite of all other deficiencies and faults, were entirely wanting in his juvenile imitator. The subject of *Thyestes* is repulsive; the religion, the polity and manners of ancient Greece were too different from those of modern Christian society; while the horrors of incest and fratricide, which struck with awe the fatalist Greeks, excite in the breasts of a modern audience nothing but disgust. One observation may serve to exhibit, and at the same to extenuate the licentiousness of the ancient Greek

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\* See *Ortis's* Letter from Padua, 3d December. "Questo comunicato paese m' addormenta l'anima . . . Questa università (come saranno par troppo tutte le università della terra) è per le più composta di professori orgogliosi e nemici fra loro, e di scolari dissipatissimi."

drama—No unmarried woman was allowed to witness theatrical performances.

The political sentiments of the *Tieste* are such as were coming into fashion at the time it was written; but they are awkwardly placed in the mouth of a petty chief in a barbarous age. The third scene, Act IV., consists of a political controversy between the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, in which the former explains and defends his system of government on the principles of Machiavelli, and upbraids his brother for granting too much to the people, and depressing the grandees—of Chalcis in Eubœa! until at last poor Eope, the real occasion of all this, weary of the desultory wrangling, pithily exclaims: "Of what use are these recriminations now? We are both guilty." . . .

The *Tieste* was brought out in January, 1797, at the Theatre of Sant' Angelo, at Venice, and was enthusiastically applauded by the young and warm opponents to the established system, both in politics and in the drama. The turgid and boisterous plays of Count Pepoli and Giovanni Pindemonte were then in possession of the Venetian stage, until young Foscolo succeeded in introducing the more chaste and classical taste of Alfieri, in the same city whence Goldoni had already, after a long struggle, banished the extravagant licentiousness of the *commedie dell' arte*.

About this time it would appear that Foscolo repaired to Milan, in the company of the Venetian envoy, who was sent on the fruitless mission of deprecating the wrath of Bonaparte against ill-fated Venice. Milan was then the focus of the new political doctrines, supported as these were by the astonishing successes of the French arms. To Milan, therefore, the hot-headed youths, and innovators from all parts of the Peninsula repaired. It was a time of unprincipled intrigue for some, of extravagant, vague, and boundless hopes, and trembling expectation, to all. The sort of oracular mystery in which Bonaparte involved his intentions as to the future destinies of the country, served admirably to sustain the delusion of the headlong and impassioned Italians. The conqueror, from his Italian name and origin, had credit given him for a great share of generous and almost classic enthusiasm for Italy,—the feeling of which, of all others, Bonaparte was most destitute,—and for a disinterested ambition of creating Italian independence, at the very time that he was coolly calculating the best bargain he could make with Austria for his adoptive country France, with which he had from early youth identified himself, looking upon Italy with no other eyes than those of a foreign soldier. Never was delusion more complete than that of the Italian patriots (for many were really entitled to this honourable but often misapplied appellation) with regard to

that man. Foscolo, although young and greedy of change, was not among the number. The treatment which his own country, Venice, had experienced at the hands of the conqueror during that very year, 1797, roused his honest indignation, and he never heartily forgave that act of flagitious treachery; and the same feelings were afterwards warmly expressed in his *Lettere di Ortis*, the work which first established his reputation as a writer.

Foscolo left Venice with many others when that ancient Queen of the Adriatic, after being stripped of her wealth, her colonies, and her fleet, was handed over by the French to the Austrians. He repaired first to Tuscany, remained but a few weeks at Florence, and then proceeded to Milan, which had become the rendezvous of most of the expatriated Venetians, allured by the semblance of an Italian republic there established. Foscolo's biographer, Pecchio, gives a lively sketch of the state of society in the capital of Northern Italy.

"Milan, which had become the capital of the new-born Cisalpine republic, was a sort of city of refuge, which granted its freedom to all the wandering patriots of Italy. Milan, where but two years before every thing was calm and peaceful, where people led an easy, smooth, listless life, had become all of a sudden the scene of continual changes. The republic, composed of the wrecks of seven or eight old principalities, was like a new building constructed with old and ill-assorted materials, and which disclosed on every side flaws and gaps, which time alone could fill or bolster up. The Italians being called to establish a republic, a form of government of which they had no other idea than that which they had learned at school of Sparta, Athens and Rome, made a strange jumble of ancient and modern, and fell into the most incongruous anachronisms. Italians of various provinces, who knew not each other even by name, found themselves, as if by magic, collected into one city; hence arose sudden gusts of enthusiastic friendship, patriotic embraces, meetings and recognitions, similar to those of which we read in the enchanted palace of Ariosto. Every thing was new,—men, names, dress, language, emblems. It was a change of scenery like what we find in the Arabian Nights. It was the resurrection of a whole people from a political death which had lasted three centuries; a sort of intoxication prevailed in the social life. The words *country*, *liberty*, *glory*,—words little understood, but yet flattering and inspiring, unknown for ages, struck the ears of a susceptible race of men, on their first awakening from a long trance."—pp. 40—42.

But what was Foscolo doing amidst this strange, this giddy scene?

"Foscolo, with a temper irascible and misanthropic, contemplated this republican vortex with the disdainful eye of a Juvenal: he could not conceive that from this confusion of discordant elements a free and happy state of civil society could arise."

And was young Foscolo so very wrong in his incredulity, especially with the recent memento of Venice before him, as his biographer seems to think? Did "a free and happy state of society" arise out of the chaos? We might seek for an answer, not in the pages of Foscolo alone, but in those of his fellow-spectators of the great drama, of Monti, Pindemonte, Fantoni, Grossi, Calvo, Cuoco, Barzoni and Botta. But we prefer quoting the biographer himself in another of his works:

"I have omitted speaking of the financial administration during the period of the Cisalpine republic and of the commission of government. That period belongs to military history. *Foreign generals were our legislators*, and a military invasion was qualified, in the language of treacherous irony, by the name of an independent and national government. It would be unfair to recall to mind disorders in which the nation had no part, except as an instrument of foreign despotism. It would be cruel to reproach us for the wounds and the humiliation which the hands of foreigners inflicted upon us. Where is the people that, while under the sway of foreign armies, can appear without blushing before the tribunal of history? Our political existence only begins in 1802."—Pecchio, *Saggio Storico sull' amministrazione finanziaria dell' ex-Regno d' Italia*.

Foscolo, however, derived one advantage from this disjointed state of society; he could observe and study men who had thrown off their masks, and he had also an opportunity of making the acquaintance of several distinguished literary characters, Monti, Parini, Pindemonte and others. In the midst of the tumult of passions he felt a deep veneration for virtue, wherever he saw it, and a sincere and ardent love of study; which last, as Pecchio justly observes, "was the polar star that kept him from sinking throughout all the storms of life."

At Milan he fell desperately in love with a young lady from Rome; circumstances, however, opposed his passion, and she became the wife of another: the disappointed lover gave vent to his grief in a series of letters, which were first published under the title of "*Lettere di due amanti*." But he publicly disavowed this edition, of which it seems only some of the letters were his; the rest were written by a young man at the request of the publisher. Foscolo afterwards made alterations in the plan of the work, and re-produced it under the title of "*Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*.\*" He took the name from a young student who

\* The first authentic edition of *Ortis* was privately printed by a gentleman at Venice in his own house, and bears the date of *Italia*, 1802. The impression was small and distributed secretly to friends and libraries. A second edition was published at Milan shortly after in the same year, with the consent of Foscolo, but several passages and whole letters were necessarily left out, not to excite the umbrage of the government. From this Milan edition, all the successive reprints have been taken, until, at last, the author published at Zurich in 1814, with the imprint of London, the complete and correct edition which we have taken as our text.

had killed himself at Padua, it is not known from what motive. It appears also that one of his own brothers destroyed himself about that time, and this might have led him to the contemplation of suicide which he has so powerfully portrayed. But the great and lasting attraction of these celebrated letters lies in the political strictures and the patriotic sentiments, in the living picture of the extraordinary epoch in which they were written, in the sarcastic exposure of the republican mimics of the time, the pungent satire on the corruptions of Italian society, the glow of indignation against injustice, hypocrisy and oppression, from whatever quarter they came, and in the lofty though desponding aspirations towards a better order of things, towards real and not nominal liberty—a liberty never to be found in a profligate state of society, amidst the indulgence of selfish passions, or under the deadly influence of infidelity. It is, however, highly creditable to Foscolo, that at so early an age, he could distinguish between sincerity and professions, between truth and hypocrisy, between liberty and licentiousness.

The language of the *Ortis* is impassioned but natural; full of life, and well suited to the times whose form and pressure it bears. It was a specimen of a new prose style, of which Italy had no model in her classic writers. The amatory part of the story has been considered a counterpart of *Werther*, but it differs from the latter in several essential particulars; though equally objectionable in its moral tendency and in its catastrophe, yet its principal character has more redeeming points about him than *Werther*. Teresa is also a more interesting person than Lolotte; and even the gloomy and unreasonable murmurs of Jacopo against the dispensations of Providence assume a less selfish and more generous tone than the maudlin sentimentality of his German prototype. As a work of fiction, there is, however, more unity in *Werther*, in which the single passion of love produces the catastrophe: whilst *Ortis*, the representative of his age and country, is agitated by a tumult of feelings, and wishes, and disappointments, until he sinks under their accumulated weight.

But, as we have already said, it is in its national aspirations, and its descriptions of characters and events, that Foscolo's work bears the palm. The conversation of Jacopo with the venerable Parini under the shadowy trees of the Porta Orientale; the "dignified eloquence" of the sage, who, on the verge of the grave, with a body bent down by age, poverty and infirmity, but with a mind generous and firm in the purpose of virtue, looked with equal aversion on "ancient tyranny and modern licentiousness;" his deep toned lamentations over his country's blighted hopes, his grief at seeing "letters prostituted,—all the passions fast merging

into one slothful channel of corruption and selfishness,—hospitality, benevolence and filial love discarded,—and despicable sciolists scared at the shadow of their own petty guilt;”—all these, terminating in the bitter memento—“the history of all ages teaches us that no liberty is ever to be expected from strangers, and that whoever meddles in the affairs of a conquered country works only for the public evil and his own infamy,”—exhibit a living picture of that remarkable man, whose modest worth Foscolo knew, and could appreciate. And when Ortis, imbued with the doctrines of Pagan Rome, hints at suicide, as the ready, the only means of escaping from so much misery and humiliation: “If thou neither hopest nor fearest aught beyond these terrestrial bonds,” said the old man, pressing my hand earnestly, “but I—never! and he lifted his eyes to heaven, and his severe countenance became softened by a ray of celestial hope.” These are moral touches, which show that the author’s mind, even amidst the storms of passion and the general wreck of principle, had not altogether lost sight of the polar star of eternal truth.

The letter dated 17th March, 1798, though evidently written about that time, is only to be found in the private Venice edition, and in that of Zurich, having been omitted, for obvious reasons, under the reign of Napoleon. It is the only one in which Foscolo frankly expresses his opinion of that extraordinary man.

“Many put their trust in this young hero begotten of Italian blood, born where our language is spoken. But I can never expect any useful or magnanimous resolve in our favour from a base and cruel nature; it matters little his being gifted with the vigour and the fury of the lion, if he has at the same time all the low cunning of the fox, and exults in it. Yes, I repeat it, *base* and *cruel*, nor are these epithets exaggerated. Since he wanted to ruin or sell Venice, why not do it openly with the bold ferocity of a Selim I. or of a Nadir Shah. *I saw with my own eyes a democratic constitution postilled in the margin with his own hand, and forwarded by him from Passeriano to Venice, to be there accepted by the representatives, and this, several days after the treaty of Campoformio had been signed and ratified, by which Venice had been bartered to Austria.* Let others flatter themselves and say, ‘he was born an Italian, and will one day deliver his mother country;’ my answer always shall be, ‘his natural disposition is that of a tyrant, and a tyrant has no country.’”

The letter dated Florence, 25th September, 1798, opens with a felicitous burst of classic enthusiasm, fresh drawn from the author’s recent short visit to that favoured land.

“In these blissful regions, the sacred Muses and the elegant letters awoke from the long sleep of the barbarous ages. Wherever I turn my steps, I meet with the modest dwellings in which the great Tuscan



fathers were born, and the pious tombs in which they repose; at every step I tremble lest I should tread irreverently over their dust. Tuscany is a garden, the people are naturally gentle and refined, the sky is serene, and the air replete with health and life.—I have peregrinated over all Tuscany; the fields and the mountains are famous for the fraternal wars and battles of four centuries since; heaps of Italian bodies became the foundations on which the thrones of Emperors and Popes are built. I ascended to Monteperto, still infamous from the memory of the defeat of the Guelphs. Methought I saw the grim shades of the ancient warriors who fell in that battle, hovering about the desolate and precipitous sides of the mountain, looking truculent, as if ready to tear open afresh each other's wounds. And for whom all this slaughter? For kings, who, while you were destroying each other, came to terms, and quietly divided your lands and your towns among themselves."\*

We must notice the solemn sneer in the following letter dated Milan, 11th November.

"I inquired of a bookseller for the life of Benvenuto Cellini—he had it not. I asked for another work, when he peevishly replied that he sold no Italian Books. People of education speak elegant French, but they do not understand Italian. The public documents and the new laws are written in a sort of bastard idiom, which equally proclaims the ignorance and the servitude of the compilers. Our Cisalpine Demostheneses have held a warm debate in their senate house, on the proposed law for banishing from the republic the Greek and Latin languages.† They have also made a law for the express purpose of depriving the mathematician Fontana, and Vincenzo Monti, of every employment‡: I know not what these two may have written against liberty, before the goddess came to prostitute herself in Italy; but I know that they are ready to write also for her. . . . Old Parini expects to be turned out of his professor's chair, and to be reduced to beggary, after a seventy years life of study, and of immaculate fame. I inquired for the Halls of the

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\* Manzoni has beautifully expressed the same idea in the chorus of his *Carmagnola*.

Giù dal cerchio dell' Alpi frattanto  
Lo straniero gli sguardi rivolge,  
Vede i forti che mordon la polve  
E li conta con gioia crudele

• • • • •  
Vincitor siete deboli e pochi:  
Ma per questo a sfidarvi ei discende,  
E voglioso a quel campi v' attende  
Ove il vostro fratello peri.

† See Foscolo's sonnet "on the capital impeachment proposed in the great council of the Cisalpine republic, against the Latin language." *Prose e versi*. p. 119. This same hatred of classical learning has been manifested by fanatical levellers in France and elsewhere.

‡ This was a retrospective law, excluding those who had formerly written in favour of the Church or the Empire, from all situations under the republic. Monti came within the letter of this law on account of his *Basvilliana*, a poem, which, with all its faults, is by far the finest of his works, and that by which his name as a poet is sure to live to future ages.

Legislative Councils—few understood me, fewer still made any answer, and no one would or could inform me.”

While on the extreme western frontier of Italy, looking at the Alps which overhang the valley of the Roja, he exclaims:

“These are then thy boundaries, my Italy! trespassed though they be on all sides by the inveterate cupidity of strangers. Where are now thy sons, where the former dread of thy name? Alas! we are for ever prating about the freedom and glory of our ancestors, the splendour of which only serves to show our present servitude in all its deformity. . . . Thus I rave when I feel rising within me the pride of the Italian name, and then turning round I seek—but no where find—my country. But again I say, we reason as if men were the agents of their own calamities, but these spring from the universal order of things, and the human species obeys blindly the laws of fate. We reason on the events of a few centuries, but what are these to the immeasurable lapse of time? . . . There is a balance kept in the events of the world. . . . Looking down from these summits on the prostrate regions of Italy, I shed tears of grief and anger, I invoke vengeance on the invader; but my voice is lost amid the groans of nations gone by, whom the Romans invaded and plundered, seeking beyond mountains and seas for fresh food to their desolating ambition, binding in fetters free tribes and independent princes, and making captives even of the gods of the vanquished, till at last, finding no more strangers to slaughter, they turned their swords against the breasts of their own countrymen. . . .”

We have given this last extract, to which there are in these letters many passages similar in spirit, because it discloses the character of the author's philosophy, which was of a morbid, fretful and ill regulated kind, now working itself up to an extravagant pitch of enthusiasm, and then falling into the lowest depth of as unprofitable a despondency; a philosophy in no degree practical or serviceable either to its disciple, or to those who look up to him for consolation and advice.

While Foscolo was thus employed at Milan in recording the pangs of disappointed love and offended patriotism, he was called upon to serve his country in the Lombard legion which was then being formed. The fears of an approaching invasion from the North became every day more pressing, and the wretched policy of the French directory (Bonaparte was then in Egypt,) was such as could neither inspire its allies with confidence, nor its enemies with fear. Foscolo and many others who shared his sentiments, although they might deprecate the manner in which public affairs were managed under the republic, yet felt that a fresh invasion of absolute power must be resisted at all events. Young men of the first families of Lombardy volunteered their services, and it was in the ranks of this Lombard legion, that some of the best officers of the subsequent Italian army, Pino,

Tullié, Fontanelli, the brothers Lecchi, and others served their apprenticeship. Foscolo was made an officer in it. The storm that had been gathering on the Noric Alps, came down at last with sweeping violence in the spring of 1799.\* Austrians and Russians, Croats and Cossacks, under the command of the redoubtable Suwarrow, defeated the French at Verona, Cassano, La Trebbia, and Novi, and reconquered Italy in one campaign. The Cisalpine republic was extinguished, and its partisans either retired to France, or were sent prisoners to the fortresses of Dalmatia. The reaction was dreadful, as the war was carried on, on both sides, with all the violence of political and religious fanaticism. The Lombard legion followed the French in their retreat to Genoa, the last strong-hold of the republicans in Italy. During that memorable siege, the subject of our article acted his part as a soldier as well as an orator; for he used at times to harangue the Genoese, stimulating them to defend their city against their old enemies the Austrians, and pointing at the sculptured mortar, the memorial of their former triumph over them. His military and patriotic duties however, allowed him leisure to frequent the society of the Genoese fair, who are deservedly reckoned among the most bewitching of the daughters of Italy. He there wrote a fine ode to Luigia Pallavicini, a celebrated beauty of the day, on the occasion of her falling from her horse while riding along the sea-shore. This accident awakened his mythological fancy, and his ode is a highly finished imitation of Greek or Horatian lyrics.

Genoa surrendered on the 4th June, 1800, and the garrison was removed to Antibes by the English squadron. There the Italian emigrants, and Foscolo among the rest, soon learned the astounding change which the re-appearance of Bonaparte had operated. The field of Marengo was won,† Milan retaken, and the Cisalpine republic restored to life for a time. Foscolo returned to Milan, where, peace being soon after concluded between France and Austria, he resumed his literary lucubrations. In

\* Monti has beautifully painted this new catastrophe, placing the words in the mouth of Parini who died just about the time. "The measure of guilt," he says, "was full and the hour of retribution came."

Colmo era in somma di delitti il sacco,  
In pianto il giusto, in gozzoviglia il ladro,  
E i Bruti a desco con Ciprigna e Bacco.  
Venne il Nordico *nambo*, e quel leggiadro  
Viver sommerse, ma novello stroppio  
N'ebbe la patria e l'ultimo soquadro.—*Mascheroniana*, Canto I.

† " . . . . la Franca lancia  
Ruppe gli Ungari petti, e si percosse  
Il fero Scita per furor la guancia."—*Mascheroniana*, Canto II.

In which Monti gives a highly poetical description of Bonaparte's return to Europe.

1802, the *Ortis* was published as we have mentioned. He wrote another classical ode "all'Amica risanata," a new fair object of the poet's flame. This lady was married, but a consummate coquette; and Foscolo, years after, meeting her one day in her carriage at the promenade, and being asked by Pecchio whether he thought she had ever felt the passion she had excited in so many bosoms, answered, "I think not,—she has a heart made of brains." It is added, that she was a daughter of the Marchesina F. the meeting with whom, coming out of the concert at Milan, Sterne describes with so much humour in his "Sentimental Journey."

But a much graver task than ode-writing was now laid on our author. The Cisalpine republic was administered, *pro tempore*, by a commission of government, composed of three members, appointed by Bonaparte, but which gave no satisfaction to the people. A congress of Italian deputies was called together at Lyons, in January, 1802, to devise a new constitution for the country. Their resolutions were to be submitted to the First Consul of France, for his final decision. Meantime, two of the triumvirs engaged Foscolo to write an address to Bonaparte, to be delivered at the congress. Probably knowing that they had many enemies, and not without reason,\* these functionaries hoped to justify themselves by means of Foscolo's eloquence before the great umpire. If so, they could not have chosen an orator less suited to their views. Our author, independent and uncompromising, drew a frightful picture of the disorders, the malversations, the depredations that had been practised on the people of Italy, by the various administrations which had succeeded each other since the revolution, the indecent and impolitic persecutions of the clergy, and the factious and mischievous outcry against the so-called aristocrats, which led afterwards to reaction and bloodshed. Nor did he treat the French better than his own countrymen. Whilst he rendered full justice to the valour of the French troops, he spoke of

"the overbearing insolence of foreign proconsuls, of the iron rule of French captains, of the miserable condition of the Italian cities, where a permanent foreign armed power, mocking the people with the name of freedom, violated all the existing laws, and prevented new ones being

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\* In giving up their authority into the hands of the Vice-President Melzi, some months after, the commissioners expressed their regret at the unpleasant but unavoidable measures they had been obliged to take, in order to provide for the necessities of the state. "We have been obliged to injure the private economy of the citizens in order to support the public finances, to shear them to the quick, and to re-open wounds that were beginning to heal."—*Storia dell' amministrazione del Regno d' Italia sotto il dominio Francese*, published under the assumed name of Coraciini, p. 12.

enacted, which might have operated as a check to its own will, and by assuming all the authority, and acting as if they inherited the despotism, of the former absolute rulers, equally oppressed all classes and parties, and then threw the blame on the Italians, because they did not exert themselves to attain a state of independence which it was predetermined they should not enjoy."

Foscolo could not refrain from alluding to the fate of wretched Venice.

"I hear the voice of Italy cry aloud. 'The shadow of my name still hovered over the sea-built city; the last legatee of the proud destinies of Rome. Time, the arbiter of events,—the policy of powerful nations,—and perhaps the vices of its own government, overthrew that venerable commonwealth, but future generations will hear, amidst the ruins of its palaces and halls, the plaintive echo repeating the name of *Bonaparte!*'"—*Orazione à Bonaparte*, p. 35.

The oration ended by entreating the First Consul to be the saviour of the Italian republic, the founder of its *real* and not nominal independence, from which he would derive more glory than from all his splendid military achievements.

This monitory address was of course never read to the personage to whom it was addressed, the author, as Pecchio states, remaining at Milan the whole time the congress of Lyons lasted. It was published, however, some time after, with the following note at the end: "This oration was concluded before the new Italian constitution was proclaimed; it would now require many explanations *which the times do not admit of.*"

We value this piece, not so much for its style, which is too ambitiously classical, but as an interesting document of the history of the times, written by an impartial spectator of passing events. Some of the sketches it contains are worthy of Tacitus, whose pen our author would seem to have borrowed for the occasion. He is no deceived or deceiving partizan,—no flexible eulogist of popular license or factious despotism; he is as inexorable as Dante, and as plain-speaking as Alfieri. Such men, although they may be wholly unfit in troubled times, to "direct the storm," are useful in checking violence, in exposing hypocrisy, and in opposing the perpetual disposition of mankind to follow headlong the designing and the ambitious. Raised above the mists of political passion, their voice is heard by honest men, and applauded at last by the many, who find to their cost, that in the scramble between the powers that are and the powers that would be, the welfare of individuals has been utterly lost sight of.

Foscolo had, by his conduct, made himself some enemies, but he had also acquired many friends. He was allowed to live after his own fashion, during the mild and equitable administration of

Melzi. This was a time of peace, and he had retired on half pay. As he had no means of his own, he was led to try his fortune at the licensed faro-table adjoining the theatre of la Scala. Fortune appears to have treated him better than the generality of young gamblers; he would at times come home with his pockets full of gold. Next day he used to emerge from his obscure lodgings, and take handsome apartments in some fashionable street, purchase horses, and live and dress like a young man of fashion. This lasted until a new turn of the wheel obliged him to sell all and bury himself again in a garret, with his books and MSS., whence he would not again emerge for many a day. He was at the same time, as usual with him, always in love, though not always with the same object, and his biographer states that Foscolo's taste was in this particular remarkably refined. He preferred, it seems, the dark-haired and dark-eyed. In that country of licensed gallantry, a man of Foscolo's reputation as a successful author, a character much more scarce then in Italy than it is in England in our days, was not a lover to be despised by a fashionable belle.

It was at this period that he made an Italian version of the Hymn of Callimachus, *de coma Berecynthiæ*, accompanied by a volume of erudite comments. He was remarkably fond of this sort of labour, a taste rather unusual for a poet. He read continually, and had a most felicitous memory. But another interruption to his studies and his gallantries he was now to meet with. The conscription was extended to Italy. The Italian army was formed, and the Italian troops were now to follow the fortune of their ambitious chief. The "army of England" was collected on the shores of the channel, and Foscolo joined it with an Italian division under the command of General Pino. He held the rank of captain, and was attached to the staff of General Tullié. We find him in 1805 at St. Omer, where the Italian troops were stationed. Every road leading to the sea-coast was marked "road to London." Foscolo, however, was not to see *London* this time, but being in sight of the English coast, and having abundant leisure in his cantonments, his early partiality for the English language revived; he found in the family with whom he lodged at St. Omer the assistance he required, and then conceived the idea of translating Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* into Italian, a task rather hazardous, but which, as we shall see, he afterwards most successfully executed.

When the camp at Boulogne was broken up, and the French troops marched into Germany for the third Austrian war, he returned to Milan, where he became acquainted with General Caffarelli, who was then minister at war of the kingdom of Italy; for

the new metamorphosis had taken place during his absence. Foscolo by this time had grown more indifferent as to forms of government; but he was still anxious that his country should become a nation, and he hoped that Napoleon's warlike genius might be turned to account for the purpose. With a view to revive the study of military science among his countrymen, he proposed to bring out a new and correct edition of the works of Montecuccoli, the celebrated Italian captain of the 17th century. The edition was splendidly got up, under the auspices of General Caffarelli, and enriched with notes and illustrations; but it was too expensive for common use, and it was also criticised as deficient in the correctness of the text. Another edition was subsequently published by Grassi, at Turin, in 1821, which is now preferred.

Through General Caffarelli's friendship, however, Foscolo obtained a very valuable privilege, that of being allowed to live where and how he pleased, retaining his rank and pay of captain in the Italian army. In truth his temper and disposition were not well adapted to the routine and discipline of service. It is reported that the viceroy, Eugene Beauharnois, one day observed laughing, that the three poets he had in his army, Gasparinetti, Ceroni, and Foscolo, gave him more trouble than all the rest of the officers put together. Foscolo now removed to Brescia, a fine town, in a most pleasant and healthy country, at the foot of the mountains, and between the beautiful lakes of Iseo and Garda, a situation far superior to that of flat thick-aired Milan. The people of Brescia are among the most lively, active and intelligent of Northern Italy. The place has produced more men of letters and science than any other town in Lombardy. The gentlemen of Brescia, unlike those of most other Italian cities, spend the greater part of the year at their country houses, and are fond of rural sports and pastimes. The youth of Brescia are fine, healthy, robust subjects, and supplied the army of Italy with its best soldiers.

"Foscolo took up his abode at a small country house, on an eminence, a short distance from the town. There he used to spend the day until sunset in study, now reciting from memory passages of the ancient poets, now trying the harmony of his own verse. His house was frequented by numerous visitors of every class, rank and party; all admired, all liked him. Even the clergy, notwithstanding his doubtful reputation both in religion and politics, esteemed and respected him. . . Often did he sit under a wide-spreading fig-tree in his garden, and there, surrounded by a numerous audience, he discoursed *impromptu* by the hour on a hundred different topics. He possessed the art of exciting and electrifying the minds of youth. His abrupt sentences, which he scattered about like

the Sybil's leaves—his moral apophthegms, which he held forth now in a Stentorian, now in a sepulchral tone of voice—his literary celebrity—the adventures of his life, which he, perhaps designedly, involved in a certain mystery—all these circumstances captivated the eyes, the ears, and the hearts of his youthful auditors. His house was a sort of Lycæum, and he, who was habitually clamorous in conversation, met there with interlocutors who vociferated as loudly as himself; so that his dwelling might be compared at times to the cave of Æolus. Towards the dusk of the evening, he used to walk into town, and he might often be seen at the theatre, sitting quietly and gravely, like a crouching lion, at the feet of a handsome and witty lady of Brescia. Any woman with dark eyes was an lole that made him spin.”—Pecchio, *Vita di Foscolo*, p. 138.

It was in this delightful retirement, probably the happiest period of his life, that Foscolo composed his poem *dei Sepolcri*, which was published in 1807, and upon which his poetical fame will mainly rest. A law had been promulgated about that time in the kingdom of Italy, directing all burials to take place in cemeteries without the towns, thus superseding the old and noxious custom of burying the dead under the pavement of the parish churches, by which the atmosphere was poisoned to a degree that sometimes made persons faint while at prayers.\* This salutary provision, however, was, like most enactments of Napoleon's reign, accompanied by harsh and arbitrary restrictions; namely, that no inscription should be affixed to the tombs, no distinction made between one grave and another, and no one admitted to visit the burying ground. These unfeeling regulations, quite worthy of those who had proclaimed some years before that “death was an eternal sleep,” were actually enforced in the cemetery of Verona and other places. Foscolo's ardent imagination, imbued with the classical veneration for the *jura sancta manium*, took fire at what he considered sacrilege against all poetical as well as pious feelings. The poem commences in a lofty and pensive strain on the mysterious sympathy between man and the dust of the departed.†

“The shady cypress rear; and, oh! afford  
The refuge of the carv'd and o'erwept urn,

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\* Non sempre i sassi sepolcrali ai tempi  
Fean pavimento, nè agl' incensi avvolto  
De cadaveri il lezzo i supplicanti  
Contaminò. . . .

“Not in wise times the cemeteries dank  
Were laid beneath the churches' floors,  
and gorged  
Till the believers shudder'd at the stench,  
Strangling the incense-fumes, and kneel'd  
in terror.”

† In the few extracts here given from this poem, we shall avail ourselves of a spirited translation of it into English blank verse, (the first that has been made,) which recently appeared in the tenth number of Mr. Caupbell's *Metropolitan*.



To charm the sleep of death, soon as yon sun  
 For me no more shall quicken earth, with all  
 Her goodly family that breathe and bloom.

\* \* \* \* \*

What guerdon for the past, that graven stone  
 Distinguish mine from the unnumber'd bones  
 Wherewith the spectre sows the earth and sea?  
 True, Pindemonte, is it, that even Hope,  
 Never inconstant, flies the sepulchres:  
 There comes oblivion; and o'er strewn remains,  
 And marr'd resemblances of earth and heaven,  
 Time strides, and mocks man and his monuments.

But why should man behold it like a vision—  
 The thought that cheers him at the gates of death?  
 Doth he not live, though laid in earth, wherein  
 The music of the day is ever silent,  
 If he can wake death's sleep with soft remembrance  
 In kindred bosoms? It is from on high  
 This binding sense of sympathy and love,  
 This amulet for sorrow's heirs, whereby  
 The quick hold commune with the voiceless dead;  
 For the dead answer, if the sacred soil  
 That nurs'd and gladden'd them in infant days,  
 Yielding its mother lap for their long rest,  
 Keep their white bones unscatter'd and secure  
 From feet irreverent, with a decent stone  
 That speaks for whom; and a green waving tree  
 To soothe with flower and odour and sweet shade.

He that leaves nothing in surviving hearts  
 Hath darkness in his urn: and though there be  
 A life beyond, his spirit shall be one  
 Whose cry is piteous in the surge-like wail  
 That echoes through the halls of Acheron,  
 Or creeps, it may be, under the great wings  
 Of God's forgiveness; but the unhonour'd sod  
 Profits the weed-bed of the desert soil:  
 There woman prays not with her tears of love,  
 Nor hears the solitary passenger  
 The sigh that nature wafts us from the tomb.”\*

After deprecating the obnoxious law which “forbade a name to the grave,” he turns suddenly round upon the Milanese, and upbraids the “Lombard Sardanapalus” (the Prince Belgiojoso),

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\* Sol chi non lascia eredità d'affetti  
 Poca gioja ha dell'urna; e se pur mira  
 Dopo l'esequie, errar vede il suo spirto  
 Fra 'l compianto de' templi Acherontei,  
 O ricoversi sotto le grandi ale

Del perdono di Dio; ma la sua polve  
 Lascia alle orliche di deserta gleba;  
 Ove nè donna innamorata preghi,  
 Nè passeggiar solingo oda il sospiro  
 Che dal tumulto a noi manda Natura.

whose soul rejoices in the sight of his sleek cattle that pasture on the banks of the Ticino, and the city which, wallowing in idleness and plenty, lavishes its wealth on emascuate singers and lewd dancing-girls, whilst it leaves without a stone or inscription the remains of the good Parini. This burst of invective, more violent perhaps than suited the occasion, failed not to produce its effect; for several busts, monuments and inscriptions were soon after raised to the memory of the Milanese poet. Foscolo's constant and affectionate remembrance of that virtuous and venerable man, one who was in many respects so different from himself, is a very amiable trait in his character.

He proceeds to describe the various rites by which antient nations honoured the obsequies of the dead, and then descending to modern times, he alludes in a feeling strain to what other foreigners have also admired—the country church-yards of England. "But the tombs of great men stir the hearts of the beholder to generous deeds!" He describes his own impressions when he first stood in Santa Croce, the Florence Pantheon, in the presence of the tombs of Machiavelli, Michelangelo and Galileo; and, in a splendid apostrophe, he extols the Tuscan Athens for the care she has bestowed on the only remaining glories of Italy, the dust of her mighty dead!

" ————— Near these marbles oft  
 Alfieri linger'd in the trance of thought;  
 Indignant with his country's gods, he paced  
 The desert walks of Arno, and look'd round  
 In mute request upon the field and sky;  
 And when the face of nature had no smile  
 To soothe his cares, his stern brow rested here,  
 Bearing the wanness with the hope of death.  
 With them he dwells for ever! Here his bones  
 Still murmur of their country."\*

This is a striking portrait of Alfieri in his latter days, which he passed at Florence, where he terminated his career in October, 1803.

Foscolo dedicated his poem to Ippolito Pindemonte, one of the best and most amiable of the modern Italian writers.† Pindemonte had himself begun another on the same subject, and he now returned the compliment in congenial verse, though in the milder spirit of his own wise and well-regulated philosophy.

\* ————— E a questi marmi  
 Venne spesso Vittorio ad ispirarsi,  
 Irato a' patri numi, errava muto  
 Ove Arno è più deserto, i campi e il cielo

Desio mirando, e poi che nullo  
 Umano aspetto gli molcea la cura,  
 Qui posava l'austero, e avea sul volto  
 Il pallor della morte e la speranza.

† Of this excellent man's character and writings a short sketch was given in No. IX. of this Review.

Whether it was in consequence of these effusions, or from some other cause, it is certain that the offensive regulations were soon afterwards abolished. Another consequence of Foscolo's poem, it is reported, was the resolution of the government to establish at Milan a Pantheon for the monuments of illustrious Italians. But the bard of the sepulchres himself lies forgotten in an obscure country church-yard, in a foreign land.

This poem, of only 300 lines, made a strong sensation in Italy, and added greatly to the author's reputation. Literary men applauded, commented, and tried to imitate it. Professor Borgno, of Brescia, translated it into Latin hexameters; and Torti, as well as Pindemonte, wrote a poem on the same subject.

While at Brescia, Foscolo published a version of the first book of the *Iliad*, and dedicated it to his rival Monti, who had already published several cantos of another translation. Foscolo chiefly aimed at fidelity, conciseness, and as near an approach as possible to the energy of the original. Besides the great superiority which he possessed over Monti as a scholar, he had the advantage of being familiarly acquainted with the modern Greek from his earliest years. The latter knew little or nothing of Greek when he began his translation, but he had the assistance of several learned Hellenists, and greatly surpassed his rival in the fluency and harmony of his Italian versification: he used to say that he had inherited from Virgil an utter aversion to lines destitute of numbers, alluding to some of Altieri's composition. But Foscolo understood the harmony of Homer's poetry better than any man living—a gift rather surprising, as his biographer remarks, in one who had no ear for music, and who, when he attempted to repeat a tune from the opera, could only squeak instead of singing. It was an observation of his, that "no poet modifies as Homer does the harmony, the march, the colouring of his words according to his various arguments; and in no other work is passion, that most essential element of poetry, so generally diffused as in the *Iliad*." Monti, however, completed his version, which is indisputably the best that Italy possesses; while his competitor only published the first and third cantos, although it is said that he had proceeded as far as the twelfth at the time of his death. He always spoke of Monti in terms of deference and respect, even after the latter had cooled towards him. It was never his habit to slander real talent, however little mercy he showed to quacks and pretenders.

It was somewhere about this period of his life that Foscolo met with an unpleasant occurrence. His appearance had always been marked by an air of singularity at first somewhat startling: his features were not regular, and his bushy, curling, reddish hair, his thick eyebrows, the enormous whiskers which covered the

lower part of his face, his sandy complexion, his deep-set, quick-darting grey eyes, his high cheek bones and protruding lips, made him upon the whole a strange looking being. Add to this the gloomy, dark-brooding look which he often assumed, and he became really frightful. A Frenchman told him one day, in a flip-pant, half-joking tone, "*vous êtes bien laid, monsieur.*" "*Oui, monsieur, à faire peur,*" sharply replied Foscolo, fixing his eyes upon him. This seems to have effectually silenced the jester. But another time, as the poet, in one of his most savage moods, entered the dining-room of a restaurateur at Milan, a friend of his, a Dane, who was already seated at table, stared at him as if he did not know him, and then, on Foscolo drawing near, pretended to apologize by saying he had mistaken him at first for an ourang-outang. Foscolo, who was not without his share of personal vanity,\* grew furious at the comparison; high words followed, and a challenge was the consequence. They fought with pistols, and Foscolo broke his antagonist's knee. "He never in after life," says Pecchio, "alluded to this or any other duel, though I believe this was not the only occurrence of the kind in his life."

In 1808, Foscolo, from a captain in the army, became professor in the University of Pavia. The chair of eloquence, which had been some years before filled by Monti, and afterwards by Ceretti, became vacant through the death of the latter. The government offered it to Foscolo as a suitable homage to his literary merits. The choice was generally applauded: he would now, people thought, be in his proper element. But those were not times of freedom in Italy, any more than the present; and our author was not a man to speak against his conviction. Almost every writer had burnt incense before the great *Jupiter tonans*, but Foscolo's hands were unstained with the prevalent idolatry. While he was preparing his inaugural oration, Count Vaccari, who was then minister of the interior, and Foscolo's friend, suggested to him that he ought to say something laudatory of Napoleon, according to the received custom in such cases, adding that these forms of oratory, if even exaggerated, were like the concluding compliments of a letter, which never affect the independence of the writer. The minister hinted that by so doing he would obtain the decoration of the legion of honour. Foscolo, however, remained unmoved; he merely replied that he thought it a greater distinction to have deserved a decoration

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\* We have heard that in his younger days he affected a sort of effeminate dandyish mode of dress, which made one of his acquaintance compare him to Alcibiades—rather a strange similitude, considering our author's personal appearance. Foscolo, like Alfieri, has left us a portrait of himself, both physical and moral, in a sonnet, which is given by Pecchio, p. 123.

without having it, than to receive one without deserving it. A handsome Milanese lady joined her entreaties to the friendly suggestions of the minister; but all the eloquence of her lips and of her *large black eyes*, so influential in general with Foscolo, was on this occasion exerted upon him in vain.—*Pecchio*, p. 155.

The new professor took for the subject of his introductory oration, "the origin and the objects of literature," on which he made a most elaborate dissertation. In the first part he went over a vast field of metaphysical speculation and science, discussing the origin of words and speech, the necessity which man feels of communicating his ideas, the progress of early society, the first religious notions and rites of mankind, the combined effects of the physical laws of the world and of the moral nature of man, which constitute the two elements of society, religion and laws, the abuse of these by designing individuals, the errors of scholastic philosophy and theology, the corruption of eloquence by the rhetoricians, and the necessity of freeing literature from the trammels of grammarians and sophists. When he afterwards came to descant on the noble office and sacred duties of literature, of its independence of power, the orator rose to the loftiest key of eloquence. In his peroration to the Italian youth, after unfolding as it were before them, the beauties, the gifts, the charms of their common country, he recommended to them "to study above all the lives and the works of Dante, Machiavelli, Galileo, and Tasso; to learn from the history of those illustrious men how they kept alive the sacred fire of genius through persecutions, torments, and exile, in the depth of dungeons, or amidst the pangs of domestic poverty; to bend over their tombs, to interrogate them how they became both great and unfortunate, and how they were supported in all their trials by the love of their country, of fame and of truth, so as to enable them to bequeath us the rich legacy of their works, and the benefit of their example." This splendid burst of pathos, delivered in Foscolo's very best manner, seems to have thrilled to the inmost hearts of his audience, and loud bursts of applause, even from grave personages present, marked the termination of his lecture. Not a word had he said about prince or government, emperor or minister. Whether it was on account of this stubbornness, of the boldness of his speculative theories, and the unequalled freedom of his language, or of all these causes combined, the result was, that within the year the chair of eloquence was suppressed, under pretence of a reform in the scholastic system.\*

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\* The professorship of Italian eloquence was suppressed, not only at Pavia, but also at Padua and Bologna. Napoleon's ministers feared the effect of oratory over the minds of youth.

Of the other lectures delivered by Foscolo during the few months he filled this chair, we find no notice taken by his biographers, although we have now before us several interesting extracts which were taken down at the time in short-hand, and have been printed since his death by the Lugano publishers of his other works.\* They consist of two lectures, one on eloquence, and the other on the Italian language, and of an oration, *extra cathedram*, which he pronounced on the occasion of the laurea being conferred on some students of the faculty of law. This last contains some propositions which must have startled the ears of the graver part of the audience. He begins by saying, that most doctrines of universal use in this world are taught in a manner very different from their practice, which discordance keeps mankind in a state of schism and uncertainty. He asserts that equity may prevail within each respective society or commonwealth, but not between one commonwealth and the others, not between government and government, not, in short, among the universal aggregate of the human race. He sees no certainty or stability in the *jus gentium*, but finds those qualities in the *jus civile*, which is derived from the force of necessity. Justice, patriotism, state reason, appear to him one and the same thing,—they all merge into one principle: *lex populi salus est*. That system of legislation and government is best which best conciliates the respective interests of the citizens, as well as maintains the concord and strength of the nation, in order that it may dictate, and not be dictated to, by other people.

After the suppression of his chair at Pavia, Foscolo repaired to Borgo di Vico, on the shores of the lake of Como, a delightful retreat, where he had the advantage of the society of Count Giovio, a nobleman amiable, hospitable, and fond of erudition and poetry.† There he used to spend his days in study, or in rambling about that romantic neighbourhood—now to the solitary halls of the Villa Pliniana, and now up the hill crowned by the old feudal towers of Baradello, whence there is a splendid and most extensive view. When he returned from these rambles, at times in a more thoughtful and melancholy mood than usual, the young Countess P., one of the daughters of Giovio, used to rally him on his singularities, saying, that “he looked like the very genius of the place.” When he declaimed aloud some sonnet of Petrarch; “My dear Ugo,” she would say, “you are a sentimental

\* Alcuni scritti e trattati inediti di Ugo Foscolo, Lugano, 1829.

† He has written several works, illustrative of the history and antiquities of Como, besides a volume of miscellaneous prose compositions, letters, essays, and scattered thoughts, published by Silvestri, Milan, 1824. Count Giovio died in 1814.

thunder." (*Pecchio*, p. 173.) Ugo grumbled occasionally at these interpellations, but soon became pacified; he was easily tamed by the voice of a handsome and clever woman. At Borgo he applied himself to polish his favourite *Hymn to the Graces*, which he afterwards completed at Florence. He also wrote another tragedy, *Ajax*. The subject is the dispute for the arms of Achilles between Ajax and Ulysses, which Agamemnon decided in favour of the latter. This play not only did not add to Foscolo's fame as a dramatist, but became the source of infinite future vexation to him. It was performed at La Scala at Milan, after having been duly read to several agents of the government. The house was crowded to excess, as Foscolo had numerous friends, and also not a few enemies. But the plot was destitute of interest, the dialogue cold and declamatory, and an unlucky double-entendre at last sealed the fate of the play. The word *Salamini*, meaning the people of Salamis who had followed their king Ajax to Troy, but which in vulgar Italian has a low signification as well as a contemptuous application,\* occurs pretty often through the play. The audience bore this with tolerable composure, until at last when, towards the end, Teucer exclaims, "O Salamini, you wretched remains of a host of heroes," a general burst of laughter ran through the house, and the play was doomed for ever. It was a fate similar to that of Thompson's *Sophonisba*. But this was not all: a more mischievous interpretation was given to Foscolo's plot, by his enemies, the pedants and the courtiers, who envied his reputation for stubborn independence as much as his talents; and they went about whispering, where they knew such whispers would be caught and registered, that Foscolo had intended to expose, in the character of Agamemnon, the immoderate ambition and overbearing policy of Napoleon; in that of Ajax, to shadow the exiled General Moreau; and in Ulysses, Fouché, the police minister. And some of the ministers of the kingdom of Italy did not disdain to take notice of such puerile malignity. The printing of the play was forbidden, and the whole city of Milan, says *Pecchio*, was put in an uproar about this miserable gossip, and the evil interpreters and the police informers were as busy inquiring, listening, and reporting, as if poor Foscolo with his *Salamini* had attempted the overthrow of Napoleon's empire. The dramatist might easily have refuted the intention imputed to him, and obtained a full acquittal; but by denying the allusions he

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\* *Salamini* is a vulgar diminutive of *salame*, a sausage; a word that is also used figuratively to imply a gull, a man easily duped. Some of the spectators might apply it to themselves for having listened so long and so patiently to a dull play. The humour is perfectly Italian.

would have given up what now constituted the principal interest of his play, and his vanity, ever eager to attract public attention upon himself, made him prefer encountering the unpleasant consequences of a suspicion, which he encouraged by his affectation of mystery. The consequence, however, was merely a temporary exile from Milan. An academic coterie, hostile to Foscolo, for which he had expressed his contempt, carried their petty persecution and *loyalty* so far as to declare in the *Poligrafo*, a literary journal of that time, that "whoever throws ridicule on the labours of professors, librarians and academicians, taxes with ignorance the monarch who protects them, and becomes *guilty of less-majesté*." We doubt whether any thing equal to this specimen of servility has been written since the restoration.

Foscolo selected Florence, then an appendage of the French empire, and under a separate administration from that of the kingdom of Italy, as the place of his retreat, and there he sojourned in peace for a considerable time. He continued to work at his poem of the Graces, of which some detached parts only have been published, and dedicated it to Canova. It is full of mythological images; but there are also some fine passages in it descriptive of realities, such as the one in which he represents Galileo (in whose former habitation he himself was then lodging), contemplating the pure Tuscan sky, and the magnificent horizon from the hill of Camaldoli. At Florence he also completed and published his translation of the *Sentimental Journey*, which is a masterpiece of its kind. The perfect ease and freedom of the style, the fidelity with which every thought and allusion of the original is rendered; the quaintness, the satire, the playfulness of Sterne, turned into genuine and current Italian humour, without ever appearing constrained or licentious; the sympathy of feeling that seems to have existed between the English traveller and his Italian translator; the short but lively and apposite notes which Foscolo has added to his version,—all these have combined to render the *Viaggio Sentimentale di Yorick* one of the most entertaining, we had almost said *original*, books in the language. It affords a complete refutation of the charge brought against it of being too stiff and formal for light entertaining prose. Foscolo has more than any of his contemporaries the merit of displaying the capabilities of Italian prose for every species of composition, when managed by a man of genius. He and Manzoni have now fully demonstrated that it has been the fault, not of the language, but of the censors, the pedants, and the academicians, if Italy has remained till lately without a novel, without almost a book of



travels, of sketches of manners, of lively correspondence, without, in short, what may be styled an "entertaining library." The sketch of "Didymus the Clerk," which accompanies the "*Viaggio Sentimentale*," is a double of Foscolo himself in the mid-day of his life. The portrait is of course coloured; some features are altered for the sake of effect; but it gives a pretty correct idea of his temper, peculiarities, and favourite fancies.

Foscolo, persisting in his dramatic attempts, in spite of former failures, wrote a third tragedy, *Ricciarda*, a subject from middle age history. It has the same faults as the other two, poverty of invention, monotony of tone, and want of dramatic interest. The language is fine, and the verse harmonious. But his literary fame will not rest on his dramas.

In 1813 he again returned to Milan, and continued there unmolested and immersed in his studies. During that memorable year, while the fate of Europe was being decided in the hard contested fields of Germany, he remained indifferent and unmoved, says Pecchio, like Archimedes amidst the storming of Syracuse. Probably he had become sick of politics, and as he had been long disappointed in Napoleon, he was not sorry to see his ambition checked and his pride humbled. At last the Colossus fell, and Foscolo himself awoke, as it were, at the report of his fall. In April, 1814, he entered warmly into the views of the Independents, who were anxious that Northern Italy should form a state, free from either French or German tutelage. He was appointed by the Milan regency to the rank of major. On the day of the cruel murder of Prina, he tried to save that unfortunate man, and harangued the people from the window of the house in which Prina had concealed himself. But his efforts were vain; the mob would have blood, and were led and excited by designing individuals. At last the Austrians entered Milan, when the regency was dissolved, and the patriots were obliged to submit, after having delivered a protest, claiming their rights of independence as a constitutional kingdom, to the English general (Macfarlane), to be laid before the Allied Powers. This paper was written by Foscolo. No prospect now remained for the latter at Milan, except that of obtaining a small pension from the Austrian government, as an officer of the late Italian army. Foscolo never had possessed any property. Some of the Austrian men in office, it appears, who knew his abilities and his literary influence, were anxious to engage him as editor of a new literary journal, which they then proposed to establish in Lombardy. They began by requesting him to write a prospectus of the intended journal. Foscolo complied, and drew it upon an enlightened and liberal

basis;\* but he refused the editorship which was offered him, with six thousand francs annual salary. This correspondence, however, could not but be attended with the interchange of common courtesy between the parties, and this was immediately noticed by those who wished, absurdly enough, that the Italians should keep themselves in a state of complete interdict from the Austrians. Foscolo was not enthusiast enough for this, but he was grieved to perceive that slander was busy at work against him. Pecchio gives us the following particulars of his sudden disappearance from Milan:—

“ One afternoon I met Foscolo outside of the Porta Orientale, in the poplar avenue which leads to Loreto; his brow was more clouded than usual, and we walked a long while in silence; at last he broke it by saying, ‘ You that are wont to tell the truth both to friends and enemies, tell me candidly what do people say of me in Milan ? ’ ‘ If you continue this intercourse with the Austrians,’ I answered, ‘ your enemies will say that you are one of their spies.’† This seemed to strike him like a thunderbolt; he quickened his pace, and spoke not another word. The following day I heard that he had left Milan without taking leave of his friends, without a passport, and without money.”—p. 194.

It was reported by some, that he was implicated in the military conspiracy discovered about that time, in which Lecchi and other officers were concerned. But we are inclined to think that the above affords the best clue to Foscolo’s conduct in this particular, and is more consistent with the character of the man. He took refuge in Switzerland. From thence he addressed a sort of farewell to his countrymen, which was inserted in the *Gazette of Lugano*, and contained the following passage:—

“ Let the minister of the Austrian police spare himself the trouble of watching and annoying me in my exile, for I am henceforth dead to all political questions. I have no wish to excite the hopeless passions of my countrymen. . . . We were once in want of arms,—France gave them to us,—and Italy again obtained a name among nations. This was at the cost of many sacrifices, it is true, of many disappointments; but yet the death of a single man would, one day or other, have brought

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\* Perhaps this plan led to the establishment of the *Biblioteca Italiana*, which was begun in 1816, under the direction of Acerbi, (now Austrian Consul in Egypt,) with the assistance of Monti, Giordani, and Breislak, and which continues to this day.

† There is, and always has been, a deplorable spirit of personality and fanaticism in Italian politics. It destroys the charities of common life, and renders society in Italy truly irksome to a man who thinks for himself, and is uninfluenced by parties. Any one who does not go the whole length of the violent liberals, who does not subscribe to their exaggerations, who expresses the least doubt about the propriety and wisdom of their plots and insurrections, is liable to be stigmatised as an *Austrian*. Thus Botta has been violently assailed for speaking boldly and frankly of all parties; and even the excellent Manzoni has been censured by liberal critics for having in his novel, *I Promessi Sposi*, praised the Christian conduct, as recorded in history, of certain prelates and monks of the 16th century.

about changes favourable to all Italians who had the spirit to seize the opportunity. It was, however, otherwise ordained. The destinies of the world have turned into a new and unexpected channel. The actual disease of Italy is a slow lethargic decline; she will soon be nothing but a lifeless corpse. Let the generous among her sons grieve in silence—without degrading themselves by querulous and impotent outcries, or by servile recriminations.”

These sentiments are characteristic of the man and of the times. Because things did not turn out as he had wished, he gave up all as lost; he exaggerated the evils of his country, and despaired of the future. With regard to his notions about Italy recovering her independence by the natural death of Napoleon, it was at best a consolatory illusion, to which many real patriots, especially among the military, clung as a last hope. Faithful to classical precedents, they thought of Alexander's unwieldy empire falling to pieces at his death, but they forgot that the inheritors of Alexander's spoils were his own Macedonian captains. A foreign military despotism is but an unfit preparative for the attainment of national independence.

At Zurich or in its neighbourhood Foscolo remained for nearly two years. There he published the correct edition of his *Ortis*, with an appendix of comments and strictures, to which we have already alluded. There also he fell in love, according to custom, and we have heard from persons there who knew him, that the object of his passion was the original of the portrait placed as a vignette to the edition of *Ortis*. He wrote several letters from thence to his friends in Italy, especially one from a little island on the lake of Zurich, near Rapperschwyl, called Huttonsgrab (Hutton's grave,) which was spoken of in an Italian journal as deeply affecting. At Zurich, he became acquainted with several of the Swiss men of letters, among others, with Professor Orell: by these his talents were admired, and his eccentricities excused. His scepticism gave pain to the moral and religious. He was no professed infidel, and spoke of religion with respect, but his mind seemed to be cankered by doubts on all and every moral subject. He admired the Bible, and yet on a sudden he would wander into the most absurd dreams of pantheism. Perhaps there was in this a little acting, in order to puzzle his good Swiss auditors, but he would at times maintain that every material object was animated. He could not bear the creaking of doors; “Shut that door softly,” he would say, “deal tenderly with that chair,—who knows, perhaps, but that it is endowed with feeling?” At Zurich he also published a satire in Latin prose, and in a sort of biblical style, entitled “*Didymi Clerici Prophetæ Minimi Hypercalypseos*,” in which he lashed his

Milanese enemies of the literary and courtly coteries who had annoyed him about his *Ajax*. He printed but a few copies, to some of which he added a *Key*. The principal persons alluded to were then fallen, and in disgrace. This was a piece of puerile and paltry revenge, quite unworthy of him.

In Switzerland, however, there were no sources of literary employment open to him, and it is difficult to conceive how he managed to live there so long. He resolved at last to go to England. Having been refused a passport in the first instance, he applied directly to Lord Sidmouth, then the Home Secretary, who answered him courteously, and sent him one as a native of the Ionian Isles. He arrived in England about the end of 1816. The full tide of emigration from the continent had not yet set in towards this country; he was one of the first that came here as a voluntary exile, and as his reputation as a scholar and as a writer preceded him, and his independent character was justly appreciated, he became at first a sort of fashionable lion. But Foscolo possessed intrinsic merits to command a more lasting regard than the mere capricious patronage of fashion. He was introduced to the principal literary and political characters in London; and he secured some real friends, who continued firmly attached to him to the last, through good and through evil report, in spite of all his extravagancies and aberrations. At the end of two years he got tired of the fashionable world, withdrew from it, and retired to a cottage at South Bank, Regent's Park. In truth, he had been too long accustomed to play the despot in his own Italian circle, where his good lungs availed him, at least, as much as his arguments, to feel otherwise than out of his place in refined English society. He was too boisterous, passionate and overbearing in argument, and seems at times to have forgotten the decencies of polite education. Contradiction on political and literary subjects absolutely infuriated him; he raved like a madman, regardless of all present. Of his ungovernable temper, some curious specimens are given by Mr. Stebbing, in the biography of Foscolo, lately appended to that gentleman's "*Lives of the Italian poets*," which is full of information and anecdote relative to his residence in England, derived from persons who enjoyed his intimacy.

In the spring of 1823, some of those friends to whom we have alluded, proposed to him to deliver a course of lectures on Italian literature, and they took upon themselves to find him subscribers. The lectures were given in his own eloquent style and impassioned manner, and produced him somewhere about a thousand pounds. But this seasonable supply appears to have had the effect of encouraging his expensive propensities;

we have heard that he drew for a considerable part of this sum in advance, in order to defray the expense of a splendid dejeuner at his cottage, to which he invited a numerous company, including some of his distinguished and kind friends, who expected merely to spend an hour or two in friendly chit-chat, and were amazed and grieved when they saw the magnificent style of the entertainment, which exhibited a lavish supply of all the delicacies of the season. But a still greater folly was his building the Digamma cottage (so called from a learned article which he wrote for the *Quarterly Review*, on the origin and vicissitudes of that lost letter of the Greek alphabet). This cottage he furnished in a style of classical luxury, with statues in the vestibule, a hot-house with choice plants, &c. He was waited upon by three young and comely damsels, who were nicknamed by some of his Italian friends, "the three Graces." Of the story of these three sisters, Pecchio has given a broad version with no very favourable comments, while Mr. Stebbing has left it open to more charitable doubts. We shall not venture to express any opinion on the subject; one thing is certain, that Foscolo, as Pecchio himself states, (and he appeals to the testimony of numerous Italian friends,) never betrayed in his language, his writings, or his manners, the propensities of a libertine; and in his general mode of living was remarkably frugal and abstemious. Yet his partiality for the sex was great; and his adventures with them in Italy are hinted at pretty freely by his Italian biographer. Such a man, a bachelor, past the middle age, and not meeting in England with the resource of *serventism*, might fall into occasional fits of licentiousness; it is not probable, we think, that he had given himself up entirely to the grovelling habit. But the disorder of his economy was with him a long rooted evil, and in this instance it gave him a blow from which he never recovered. He became insolvent, and in consequence was obliged to give up the Digamma cottage, its costly furniture, hot-house, &c. to his creditors; the "three Graces" were dismissed, and poor Foscolo took shelter under an assumed name, first at Kentish Town, then at Hampstead, from whence he changed his lodgings, as some new locality captivated his diseased fancy, to Hendon, to Totteridge, and afterwards to several places within the bills of mortality. This was in 1825. His self-importance had been stung to the quick, by the compulsion of renouncing his expensive establishment, on which he prided himself. He was weak enough to be ashamed to meet his former acquaintances, and several times threatened (though we believe not seriously), to destroy himself. He had analyzed too well the horrors of suicide, and had described them too eloquently in his *Ortis*, ever to realize them in his own person. But his ideas of the

dignity of a man of letters were preposterous. He told a friend in a letter written at the time his embarrassments were pressing upon him, that "he could not live for less than 400*l.* a year." And he talked about "dying like a gentleman, surrounded by the Venuses, the Apollos, the Graces, and the busts of great men, nay even among flowers, and while music is breathing beside me.—So far I am indeed an epicure. In all other things I am the most moderate of men: I might vie with Pythagoras for sobriety, and even with the great Scipio for continence."\* Shades of Samuel Johnson and Goldsmith, of Camoens and Cervantes, of Dante and Tasso, what would ye have said to this?

In the midst of these difficulties and wanderings, Foscolo was not left altogether without resources or prospects for the future. Besides the generous assistance of several friends, he had already in 1824 entered into engagements with a publisher for an edition of the five great Italian poets, beginning with Dante, with ample notes, and an introductory discourse to each poem, for a liberal remuneration.† He had already written an introduction to an edition of Boccaccio for the same publisher. He only completed the Dante, of which, however, the "Introductory Discourse" alone was published in one vol. of 435 pages, but for which he received the full amount stipulated.

In 1827 Foscolo removed to a furnished cottage at Turnham Green, where he worked very hard; but his spirits were gone, and his health had undergone a visible alteration. Symptoms of dropsy were not long in manifesting themselves, and the last closing scene of his agitated career visibly approached. A few friends, English as well as Italian, and a Spanish ecclesiastic, the canon Riego, cheered his bed-side; and he had also the company of a young Englishwoman about twenty years of age, whom he introduced to his acquaintance as his natural daughter. The whole of this story, as related by Mr. Stebbing, is involved in much obscurity, and we have ourselves heard persons who knew him, doubt its truth. Pecchio does not say a word about it. At last, on the 10th of October, 1827, Foscolo breathed his last. He died calm and composed, and quitted this world almost without a struggle, and seemingly without regret. His remains were buried decently, but without ostentation, in Chiswick churchyard, attended by five friends, English, Italian, and Spanish. Mr. Hudson Gurney, of Norwich, had a plain slab placed over his grave, with the simple inscription of his name, age, and day of

\* We have quoted these passages from Mr. Stebbing, who saw the original letters.

† See No. IX. of this Journal, p. 335, about this transaction. The remuneration agreed upon for the whole of the poets was 1134*l.*, and not 600*l.* as Pecchio says. Foscolo received the full portion agreed for Dante, 420*l.*

his death. Strange to say, the two last are both erroneous, the first being stated as fifty-two, while at most he was but fifty; and the latter being given as the 14th of September, instead of the 10th of October.

Foscolo wrote while in England, his "Essays on the Love, Character and Writings of Petrarch"—a work which we consider one of his best. It was published in English, and has since been translated into Italian. His "Historical Discourse on the Text of the Decamerone," which was prefixed to Pickering's edition of that work, is, like all his critical works, full of curious and uncommon erudition, illustrative of the manners of Italy during the middle ages, and exhibiting an impartial judgment on the too servilely worshipped Boccaccio, of whose style our author was by no means an admirer, whilst at the same time he did full justice to his talents and learning. That judgment he had already recorded in one of his University Lectures above-mentioned, wherein he says—

"Boccaccio, imbued with the newly recovered classical learning, strove to imitate in his Italian prose the Ciceronian period, by means of transpositions, without reflecting that the Italian is not suited to the Latin syntax. How can a long period, thickset with a forest of articles unknown to the Latins, read clear and smooth with the governing verb at the end? In the fifteenth century, Machiavelli, rejecting Boccaccio's inverted order, wrote the first pure and fluent Italian prose. It is said that Machiavelli knew little of Latin; perhaps this very ignorance served to keep him clear of Boccaccio's defects. In the sixteenth century, Della Casa and Bembo, both prelates of the Court of Rome, again brought into fashion Boccaccio's style, which was followed by the academies. The French language afterwards spread to Italy, and our writers endeavoured to combine the style of Machiavelli with that of the French vocabulary. Cesarotti himself has encouraged the use of the French syntax. Roberti and Bettinelli were the heads of another school, which, from its champions, may be called the Jesuit. They strewed their periods with superfluous ornaments, as well as truncated the terminations of words, which is an absolute error, especially in the plural number. Alfieri alone, with his free and fearless genius, spurning equally the academical, the French, and the Jesuit schools, has written true Italian, reviving the style of Dante and Machiavelli."

Foscolo's last work, the "Discourse on the Text of Dante, and on the various Opinions concerning the History and the Corrections of the Divina Commedia," is by far the best introduction to the study of that wonderful poem. It is of course a book of erudite research, intended for scholars—a book to be studied, and not merely run through; but at the same time it is wholly free from that dullness and languor which generally pervade the pages of ordinary commentators. The style of the author is lively, rapid

and comprehensive; and when he occasionally indulges in long digressions, he has the art of rendering his narrative entertaining. He illustrates with great accuracy and judgment many disputed points of Dante's adventurous life; his political conduct, so variously interpreted; the character of his several patrons, and the state of parties in Italy at that interesting period; in the course of which he displays his deep acquaintance with that part of the history of the middle ages, with the unostentatious ease of a man to whom such matters were familiar. We cannot, therefore, agree with Pecchio, who compares it to "the labour of a man condemned to the mines," and calls it a book full of refutations and controversies about MSS. and dates, "of rancid opinions," as if there were nothing else in it. It is certainly not a book for a lady's drawing-room, nor is it so entertaining as a novel or a book of travels, though perhaps much more instructive. But there are one or two passages in this Discourse in which poor Foscolo has sinned against liberal orthodoxy. Before we comment on these, we must once more observe that a refined scholar like him, with a mind deeply stored with the mementos of history, and having a natural tendency to the investigations of contemplative philosophy, was little calculated for an active politician and partisan. He perceived too keenly the errors and the sophistry which are more or less mixed up with all political systems, and saw doubts on every side. While the busy party-man rushes into the fiery gulph of political excitement, the fastidious man of letters turns away from the brink, and sighs after the quietness and the freedom of his study. This is in the end more profitable to society, than if all men were indiscriminately thrust *volentes volentes* into the cauldron of daily politics. Foscolo, in his exile, after having abjured, in 1814, Italian politics, merely alludes from report to the revolutionary attempts of 1820-1, and says that

"they borrowed a foreign constitution from the west, before they had cleared their country of the foreign armies from the east, and when they ought to have been exerting themselves in defending their liberty against the league of hypocritical princes, they were all the while busily disputing about alterations to be made in the constitution. They wanted to found a theoretical liberty, where there was neither country nor independence."—p. 8.

And in another place, alluding to the times of Dante:—

"Perhaps, then as now, in order to re-constitute Italy, it would have been requisite first to take it to pieces. This was also the opinion of Machiavelli. It would require a new Moses, with a mission from heaven, to destroy in one day thousands of worshippers of idols. I thank, therefore, my exile, which has saved me from being a witness of present evils,

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and I know that the grave will save me from witnessing future remedies."—p. 224.

This is the language of a man entirely weaned from politics, and who has turned the current of his thoughts into other channels. Nor can we blame him, after the melancholy experience he had had of Italian affairs for a period of thirty years. Most men of deep feelings and lofty and unfettered judgments, have felt at some period of their lives a sentiment of lassitude at the turmoil of the social and political world, and a longing after peace and retirement; and when unable to find these on earth, they have wished even for the repose of the grave. Such must have been, in his latter years, the ruminations of our author, when looking back at the fantastic vista of the scenes he had passed through, and reflecting on the lame and impotent conclusion of so much agitation, calamity and crime.

We cannot award Foscolo the merit of originality as an author. The few characters he drew were so many versions of his own. As a dramatist he utterly failed; but he was a most eloquent writer, an acute observer, an elegant poet, and a profound scholar and critic. He certainly did more to assert the independence of Italian literature than any writer for ages before.

"His inexorable silence in the midst of the general servility and flattery will be remembered in future history. Foscolo's may be said to have been the only instance of opposition to the oriental servitude and idolatry towards Napoleon. He alone, amidst a crowd of men of letters who prostituted their character and the honour of their profession—he alone, after Alfieri, collected the generous youth round his name, and without madly provoking a power which was irresistible, by his example and his principles inspired others with sentiments of dignity and firmness—thus raising a wall of resistance to future tyranny. Neither sarcasm, neglect, nor poverty could move him, any more than promises or flatteries. As long as despotism finds an obstacle in minds of this stamp, all is not lost, and we need not despair of the republic."—*Pecchio*, p. 264.

Foscolo, we understand, left a considerable mass of papers behind him, consisting chiefly of scattered notes and comments on the classics, especially on Homer, and translations of several cantos of the *Iliad*; but no original work, nor materials for one, as had been surmised. His compositions seem to have cost him much labour; he was extremely fastidious, and corrected, interlined, and re-wrote, until almost every trace of the original writing was obliterated. Of his Dante, which still remains unpublished, the *Inferno* is said to be the portion most elaborately finished. We wish we could see it in print, for it was a subject on which he worked *con amore*.

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**ART. IV.—1. PARIS, ou le Livre des Cent-et-Un.** Paris, chez Ladvocat. Tom. i. ii. iii. 8vo. 1831-2.

**2. Feuilles d'Automne.** Par Victor Hugo. 8vo. 1832.

**3. Romans et Contes Philosophiques.** Par M. de Balzac. 2nde Edition.

THE first of the prefixed works is interesting on several accounts; its origin, its subject, and the great array of names which it numbers among its contributors. It is a voluntary association of almost all the literary talent of France, for the benefit of an individual who, by his enterprise and liberality, had rendered essential services to literature, but whose affairs have, it seems, fallen into the sere, since the commercial embarrassments following on the revolution, Ladvocat the Bookseller. A hundred and one authors of all ranks and political opinions, philosophers, academicians, journalists, deputies, poets, artists, have combined in these volumes to do for the Paris of the present day what Mercier, in his *Tableau de Paris*, did, or attempted to do, for that of 1783; to pass in review before us its humours, follies, and opinions, painted in colours gay or grave, sketchy or elaborate, according to the manner or mood of the artist. Such a subject, even tolerably well executed, can never be destitute of interest. And we advert to it with the more pleasure, because it affords us an opportunity of briefly noticing some of those names which have lately been rising into literary celebrity in France, in the field of poetry or novel writing.

Whatever benefits the revolution may have conferred, or may yet have in store, in other matters, its influence on literary taste has not been favourable. The productions of the day seem rather to have become more ephemeral, their aim less dignified, their manner more theatrical and exaggerated than before. Nothing wears an aspect of permanency; nothing seems to address itself to posterity, or to have any higher object in view than that of amusing, exciting, astonishing—if any thing could astonish—the present generation. Every thing seems hurried up with the coarse rapidity of scenes for the theatre; the temples and fairy grotts, and gloomy caves, are only made to be viewed under the glitter of gas, and after attracting for a few weeks, to be washed out and superseded by some newer but not more substantial pageant. Periods of perplexity and change, in fact, are not those in which men labour for eternity; in the suspense, the all-engrossing interests of the present, the future, like the past, is scarcely thought of. Let us eat and drink, is then the watchword of literature, for to-morrow we die. For the creation of those enduring works, which appeal, not to the present century, but to all,

there must be confidence, tranquillity of mind, sequestration from the anxieties, and struggles, and shifts of party. There must be one clear, decided, overruling bar of public opinion to appeal to, not an endless babble of conflicting judicatories. There must be a morality fixed and immutable, based in religion, felt in its beneficent effects, not a morality of economy and expediency, always vacillating with the last theory. There must be some general recognition of religious principles, binding mankind into one, supplying some stay and leaning place, in this incessant motion of all things around, and harmonizing all those discords of society which are at present obtruded in such jarring tones upon the general ear.

Is this to be found in France as a feature of the national mind? We fear not, and the literature of the day bears traces sufficiently evident of the chaos of opinion which prevails. Its most salient and characteristic feature is its aimlessness, its contradictory nature. It is not a professedly infidel literature, like that of the 18th century, possessing a certain grandeur even from the unity, the combination with which it accomplished its evil work; nor is it one of general faith and positive convictions, like those of the 16th and 17th. In truth, it seems to have no general aim. The efforts, like the opinions of its members, contradict each other; seldom indeed is any one long consistent even with himself. No commanding tone is heard above the rest, but only a babylonish gibbering among the workmen, all labouring away, as one would think, with much seeming energy on the edifice of social and moral improvement, but in truth doing little or nothing to advance the work. The royalist, the republican, the middleman, each presses forward, anxious to make his own block the corner stone of the building; while the St. Simonian ever protests that all their attempts will crumble to pieces, because they build on the old foundations, however they may attempt to vary the superstructure; that society must be reconstructed from its very elements, that there must be a new heaven as well as a new earth, and that he, the disciple of St. Simon, is the man to give us both.

Meantime literature every where bears the stamp of this prevailing excitation, suspense, conflict, and fear of change. Nothing in it seems calm, majestic, simple, classical; at best the model which it selects is the convulsive action of the Laocoon, not the divine dignity of the Apollo. In poetry, generally, what monstrous exaggeration of colouring! what diseased pictures of feeling! what audacity of speculation! what extravagance of diction! As if the language would break down under the thought—all the contortions of the sybil in truth, but how little of her inspiration! What chance has the voice of a Lamartine or a Victor Hugo

pouring forth their inspirations from a loftier and more sequestered seat, to be heard in the din produced by the sickly whining of a Joseph Delorme,\* the rancorous tirades of the Nemesis and the Gorgone, or the impious and licentious vulgarities of a Barbier? What chance, in short, has any thing pure, subdued, consistent, beside the dazzling, the diseased, the gigantic, the inconceivable?

It is delightful, however, for those who can still appreciate the better part of poetry, to turn from this lunatic vehemence of tone to the quiet and simple strain which Victor Hugo has lately uttered in his *Feuilles d'Automne*. Growing calmer in his feelings, as life advances, more still as the noise about him increases, he has published a volume worthy of the better days of poetry: tender, domestic, chastened both in its mournfulness and its mirth; filled with the unstudied expression of youthful hopes, recollections, sorrows, friendships and loves. If our time permitted, we would quote largely from this delightful volume; as it is, we must limit ourselves to one of his pictures of infancy, in which there seems to us a wild charm, which we fear our readers may not discover in our translation, but which we think can hardly escape any one who peruses the original.

" In the dusky court,  
Near the altar laid,  
Sleeps the child in shadow  
Of his mother's bed:  
Softly he reposes,  
And his lids of roses,  
Closed to earth, uncloses  
On the heaven o'erhead.

" Dans l'alcôve sombre,  
Près d'un humble autel,  
L'enfant dort à l'ombre  
Du lit maternel.  
Tandis qu'il repose,  
Sa paupière rose,  
Pour la terre close,  
S'ouvre pour le ciel.

" Many a dream is with him.  
Fresh from fairy land,  
Spangled o'er with diamonds  
Seems the ocean sand;  
Suns are gleaming there,  
Troops of ladies fair  
Souls of infants bear  
In their charming hand.

" Il fait bien des rêves.  
Il voit par momens  
Le sable des grèves  
Plein de diamans,  
Des soleils de flammes,  
Et de belles dames,  
Qui portent des ailes  
Dans leurs bras charmans.

" O! enchanting vision!  
Lo, a rill up-springs,  
And, from out its bosom  
Comes a voice that sings.  
Lovelier there appear  
Sire and sisters dear,  
While his mother near,  
Plumes her new-born wings.

" Songe qui l'enchanté!  
Il voit des ruisseaux.  
Une voix qui chante  
Sort du fond des eaux.  
Ses sœurs sont plus belles.  
Son père est près d'elles.  
Sa mère a des ailes  
Comme les oiseaux.

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\* A work published under that fictitious name by M. Sainte-Beuve. We have a high esteem for the talents of the author, and are very far from meaning to convey any reflection upon his compositions generally.

" But a brighter vision  
Yet his eyes behold ;  
Roses all, and lilies,  
Every path enfold ;  
Lakes in shadow sleeping,  
Silver fishes leaping,  
And the waters creeping,  
Through the reeds of gold.

" Slumber on, sweet infant,  
Slumber peacefully ;  
Thy young soul yet knows not  
What thy lot may be.  
Like dead leaves that sweep  
Down the stormy deep,  
Thou art borne in sleep,  
What is all to thee?

" Thou canst slumber by the way ;  
Thou hast learnt to borrow  
Nought from study, nought from care ;  
The cold hand of sorrow,  
On thy brow unwrinkled yet,  
Where young truth and candour sit,  
Ne'er with rugged nail hath writ  
That sad word, ' To-morrow !'

" Innocent! thou sleepest—  
See the heavenly band,  
Who foreknow the trials  
That for man are planned ;  
Seeing him unarmed,  
Unfearing, un-alarmed,  
With their tears have warmed  
His unconscious hand.

" Angels, hovering o'er him,  
Kiss him where he lies.  
Hark! he sees them weeping,  
' Gabriel!' he cries ;  
' Hush!' the angel says,  
On his lip he lays  
One finger, one displays  
His native skies."

" Il voit mille choses  
Plus belles encor ;  
Des lis et des roses  
Plein le corridor ;  
Des lacs de délice  
Où le poisson glisse,  
Où l'onde se plisse  
A des roseaux d'or !

" Enfant, rêve encore !  
Dors, ô mes amours !  
Ta jeune ame ignore  
Où s'en vont tes jours.  
Comme une algue morte  
Tu vas, que t'importe !  
Le courant t'emporte,  
Mais tu dors toujours !

" Sans soin, sans étude,  
Tu dors en chemin ;  
Et l'inquiétude  
A la froide main,  
De son ongle aride,  
Son ton front candide  
Qui n'a point de ride,  
N'écrit pas : Demain !

" Il dort, innocence !  
Les anges serains  
Qui savent d'avance  
Le sort des humains,  
Le voyant sans armes,  
Sans peur, sans alarmes,  
Baisent avec larmes  
Ses petites mains.

" Leurs lèvres effleurent  
Ses lèvres de miel.  
L'enfant voit qu'ils pleurent,  
Et dit : Gabriel !  
Mais l'ange le touche,  
Et berçant sa couche,  
Un doigt sur sa bouche  
Lève l'autre au ciel !"

To turn from these pure and touching strains to the field of novel writing, is like passing from one of the Cupids of Albano into a gallery filled with the gloomy martyrdoms of Caravaggio, or the diableries of Callot and Breughel d'Enfer. The taste for the revival, in fiction, of other times, seems to have passed away, or to have been transferred, at least in its more sombre point of view, to the stage. It has been succeeded by fictions which better reflect the fermentation, the relaxation of established principles which characterize society ; a literature which delights in the studious agitation of those moral problems from which men are generally anxious to shrink ; in speculations upon " all fearful,

all unutterable things;" in attacks upon all the connecting principles of society; in details of the most frightful atrocities; in the most singular alliances between the ludicrous and the terrible, between voluptuousness and horror; in the prevalence of a fatalism, which urges man to live and die like the beasts that perish, or of a despair venting itself in impiety or exhaled in sarcasm.

No where is there repose, no where a principle of consolation,—all is wild merriment or gnashing of teeth. A dazzling picture of the splendours of the palace is succeeded by the misery of the hovel, the loathsomeness of the dungeon or the hospital, a drunken revel, a licentious orgy, the guillotine, or the *Morgue*. We are perpetually treading on the confines of decency, often plunging into undisguised licentiousness. There are scenes in the *Peau de Chagrin* of Balzac, such as the revel which follows the acquisition of the talisman, and the situation in which the death of the hero takes place, which would in this country have attracted the notice of the Attorney-General. In the fortunes of *Michel Raymond*, (a tale of adultery, one of the most favourite topics of the day), in his *Daniel le Lapidaire*, in the *Confession*, and *La Femme Guillotinée* of Janin, scenes are perpetually occurring which few would have the courage to read aloud in English, and few even we would hope in French society. You lay down the book with a conviction like that of Alceste, after reading Oronte's sonnet—

Qu'un homme est pendable apres les avoir faits.

Yet the scope or intention of the author may not be to corrupt; these outrages seem as often to be the result of insensibility as of intention. The style, of course, partakes of the wild incongruous character of the incidents. It moves in galvanic jerks and frantic gambols, with incoherent images like a madman's dreams; metaphors, similes, illustrations drawn from the most revolting departments of the physical, or the most sacred of the moral, world, and paradoxical maxims of morality, dazzling for a moment and confounding the understanding. The feeling, on laying down the strange imbroglio, is one of exhaustion, as if we had been gazing on the jets and stars, and snaky convolutions of a fire work; our eyes ache in attempting to follow its windings, our ears are stunned by its discharges, and we gladly escape after the exhibition from the sulphureous atmosphere we have been breathing, to the "breeze of heaven fresh blowing," the tranquil glories of nature, and the silent steady lustre of the moon and stars.

This character, it may be objected, is too indiscriminately applied; and undoubtedly many examples might be pointed out in the lighter literature of the last two or three years of a more sub-

duced and natural cast. But what we mean is, that the leading talent of the day has taken the direction to which we have alluded; that the dissection of the body social and the body politic, sometimes by the coarsest instruments, and with the most needless parade of its morbid anatomy, in the guise of philosophical romances, calculated to leave the most humiliating and desolating impression on the mind, seems to have almost superseded those more comprehensive, more indulgent, and, after all, truer pictures of life, that humour gently blending with pathos, and even producing it, which presented themselves to a Lesage or a Cervantes, that disposition to find good in every thing which colours nature in the pictures of Scott.

It would be unjust, however, to this literature, whatever may be thought of its accordance with taste or morality, to deny it the praise of a seductive vivacity of movement, great variety, intense force, and a perfect command of those means of effect, which, though of coarse material and speedily worn out, are perhaps the best instruments for making an impression on minds which the strong excitement of the time has rendered callous to slighter emotions. We would point to two names in particular, out of the crowd of writers of the *convulsive* school as deserving peculiar attention, Balzac and Janin.

Balzac is a French Hoffmann, a master of the fantastic and the horrible, dealing however with a more daring phantasmagoria than the German, not losing himself or turning the brain of his readers by a labyrinth of mazy images, born of the mingled fumes of French tobacco and the nervous excitement of dissipation, but bringing his fantastic world into direct bearing upon the actual, making it, in fact, only an embodied and palpable representation of the good and evil principles which divide the mixed nature of man. His *Peau de Chagrin* is a philosophical romance, of which the moral, if it has one, seems to be embodied in one sentence of the work—"Tuer les sentiments pour vivre vieux, ou mourir jeune en acceptant le martyre de passions, voilà notre sort." His hero Raphael has chosen the latter alternative. A talisman has been confided to him which gratifies every wish, but every wish, according to its magnitude, cuts off a portion of existence: as the talisman shrivels, the span of life contracts with it. Yet he rushes on through a delirious round of passions and pleasures, agonized in the midst of all by the consciousness that his fate is approaching, that he is accelerating it, yet unable to resist; till at last he dies the miserable victim of his own unbridled passion. The reader is drawn as by a whirlwind through the chapters of the work, as through a series of chambers; some

odour-breathing, sun-illuminated, bright with lovely forms floating in voluptuous dance; some giving vent to the roar of intoxication, and ribaldry, and licentiousness; some vast empty halls, in which the lamps are dying out, the music gone, the goblets overturned, echoing only to the groan of solitary remorse; some, through whose half-opened and jealously unclosing doors, we catch momentary glimpses of domestic happiness; a long vista leading to a burial vault, over which no angel of consolation or pity keeps watch, but only a spirit of impious mockery or comfortless despair. Many other tales in his *Romans Philosophiques* abound in the same fascination, as we may call it, for it is analogous to the influence of the rattle-snake. Such is the *Elixir de longue Vie*, a tale of parricide, so extremely forcible that it can hardly be read without a shuddering belief of its probability; and the *Enfant Maudit*, a picture of a being left to the brutalizing influence of savage nature, and sinking by degrees to a level with the inanimate world, with which alone his mind has been conversant. His later work, *Contes Bruns, par une tête à l'envers*, in which he has been assisted by Rabou and Philarete Chasles, more resembles the *Diable Amoureux* of Cazotte, or Washington Irving's Dance of the Furniture in the old Flemish inn. These are only a series of frightful grotesques, dancing before the eyes of the spectator, like

The fancied lights, that flitting pass  
Over shut eyes at midnight, when  
Fever begins upon the brain.

But here, even though in a less striking degree than in the *Romans Philosophiques*, the talent of Balzac is evident.

Janin we should be inclined to place next to him: in many points they resemble each other closely. In both there is the same wild vigour of conception, the same rapid brilliancy of execution, the same hardihood of speculation. But Balzac seems to us to study his details better, and to give more consistency and unity to his conceptions. Janin's first work, *L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée*, puzzled the town. Whether it were a parody on Victor Hugo's raw-head and bloody-bones scenes in *Bug Jargal* and *Hans of Iceland*, or a *bona fide* attempt to beat him at his own weapons, no one seemed to know. If it were a parody, it certainly did not produce the usual effect of one, namely, laughter. On the contrary, it fulfilled most literally the condition which the author, in his preface, avowed he had in view in writing it,—that it should be a work which the reader should throw down a dozen times in disgust, and yet should feel himself forced, as by a spell, to take it up again and finish its horrors.



The *Confession*, which followed, was a picture of mental agony and remorse in a mind having a natural tendency to insanity, a brief but overpowering production like Hugo's *Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*. More lately Janin has tried his hand on a more elaborate and regular work, the story of *Barnave, a Tale of the Revolution*; but though this production is at once more natural and more varied than its predecessors, it has not attracted the same attention. It treats too plainly the crimes of the revolution and the motives of its actors, and manifests too strong a sympathy with the suffering party, to be exactly to the taste of the *Mouvement*. If Janin wishes to be popular, he must betake himself again to the Lazar-house and the Place de Grève.

The time would fail us were we to attempt to say any thing of the monstrosities of Eugene Sue,\* with his tales of pirates and planters, negroes with hearts blacker than their faces, and serpents that strangle heroines on their wedding night; of Raymond's dashing but gloomy sketches of the Life of Paris in the *Maçon, Les Intimes, Contes de l'Atelier*; of Rey Dusseuil's *Samuel Bernard*, and *La Fin du Monde*; of Drouineau's *Manuscrit Vert*; or the many other names which the course of the last few years has added to the ever-changing roll of popularity. We must turn at once to *Paris, ou le Livre de Cent-et-un*.

The nature of the subject—the morals and manners of Paris—exclude, of course, much of that exaggeration which in works of pure fiction we have mentioned as the most remarkable feature of French literature at the present moment. And, perhaps, it is owing to this check upon the natural tendencies of many of the authors, that there is, on the whole, in this work so much that is common place, second rate, inferior to the usual standard of periodical essay writing both in France and among ourselves. The average of the compositions of the "Hundred and one" does not rise above, if it even equals, the general ability of the essays in Jouy's *Hermîtes*, while the inferior ones are a thousand degrees beneath those of that graceful and, on the whole, amusing series. Considering that the work is a labour of love, that the highest names in France are to be found in the list of collaborateurs, it is, in fact, surprising how little is contained in the three volumes already published, which is less likely to be quoted, or less known three months hence. We shall, however, enable our readers to judge of the merits of some of the better articles by liberal quotations.

The first we shall extract is a very clever contribution from the pen of Charles Nodier, a gentleman who must be known to our

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\* "Plik et Plok," and "Atar Gull."

Scotch, and particularly our female Scotch readers, by his amusing "*Promenade de Dieppe aux Montagnes d'Ecosse*," in the course of which he discovered, among other things, that such is the inherent propensity of Scotch ladies to walk without shoes and stockings, that they never lose an opportunity, when by themselves in the country, of indulging in the amusement of a run on the grass, without these trammels. M. Nodier was, in fact, a little mystified now and then, by the Children of the Mist, whom he came to visit; but he is really a man of great talent, liberal and yet moderate views, a playful yet often deep humour, and great powers of conversation. His soirées at the Arsenal form a reunion of all the talent of Paris. The subject of his meditation on this occasion is one of the most solemn importance, as our readers will by and by see.

" PUNCH.

"Punch is one of those personages, entirely beyond the range of private life, who can be judged of only by their exterior, and with regard to whom opinions, more or less erroneous, are in circulation, in consequence of the want of any intimacy with his domestic habits. This is a fatality attached to the high destiny of Punch. All human grandeur has its compensations.

"Since I first knew Punch, as all the world know him, by meeting him in his portable mansion in the public street, I have never passed a day without wishing to know him better; but my natural timidity, and perhaps some difficulty inherent in the thing itself, have hitherto prevented me from succeeding. I often feel deeply the inconsolable grief it would occasion to me, if I should die without a familiar conversation with Punch, at a private audience. What secrets of the soul, what curious revelations as to the mysteries of genius and sensibility, how many true and profound philosophical observations might be collected from an interview with Punch, if Punch were in the vein. But Punch resembles the great men of all ages; he is capricious, fantastic, shy. Punch is profoundly melancholy. A bitter experience of the perversity of the species, which at first rendered him hostile to his fellows, and which afterwards changed into a disdainful and insulting irony, has disgusted him with the frivolous relations of society. He will hold no communication with it, but from the top of his oblong mansion, and he laughs at the vain curiosity of the crowd which would pursue him without being able to find him, behind the old curtain with which he shrouds himself at will. Philosophers have seen many things, but I do not believe there exists a philosopher who has seen behind the curtain of Punch. In the midst of multitudes who flock together at the sound of his voice, Punch has formed for himself the solitude of the sage. A stranger to the universal sympathies he excites, his heart, deadened by experience or suffering, has no sympathy with any, except it may be occasionally for his fellow, of whom I shall speak another time. I am at present too much occupied with Punch himself, to attend to his accessaries. An ingenious episode may keep its place in ordinary histories, but it would be idle, out of place, I may say profane, in the history of Punch.

"If I ever live to finish my great work on Punch, its importance, I hope, will be estimated by a single trait which I may refer to without vain pride, as without false modesty. Bayle adored Punch. Bayle passed the happiest hours of his laborious life before Punch's house, his eyes fixed on those of Punch, his mouth opened with a gentle smile at his gibberish; his hands in his pockets like the rest of Punch's audience. That Pierre Bayle, whom ye know; Bayle, the advocate-general of philosophers, the prince of critics; Bayle, the biographer of the whole world, in four volumes folio—even he has not dared to write the biography of Punch. I do not mean, by this allusion, to insinuate my own praise. Civilization was then in its progress, but its advent had not come. It was the fault of civilization, and not of Bayle. Punch required a century worthy of himself. If the present be not the right one, I despair of it.

"Our ignorance as to the more private points of Punch's life was one of the necessary conditions of social supremacy. Punch, who knows all things, had long reflected on the instability of our political and religious faith. It was he undoubtedly who suggested to Byron the idea, that systems of belief did not last more than 2000 years, and Punch was not the man to be satisfied with 2000 years of popularity as a legislator or founder of a sect. Punch, whose motto is "*Odi profanum vulgus*," perceived that solemn subjects demanded a corresponding reserve, and that their authority declined in proportion as they stooped to vulgar capacities. Punch thought, like Pascal, (if indeed it was not Pascal rather who thought like Punch) that the weak side of the highest historical reputations was, that they touched the earth with their feet. Punch, logician as he always is, has never touched the earth with his feet; he never shows his feet. It is from tradition only, and from ancient monuments, that we know, with any certainty, that he wears shoes. You will not meet Punch in coffee-houses and ball-rooms, like an every day great man, nor at the opera, like a patronizing sovereign who comes complaisantly once a week to satisfy the multitude of his material identity. Punch understands better the duty of a power which exists only by opinion. He wisely confines himself to his lofty eminence; and none would wish to see him elsewhere, so well is the locality adapted for the convenience of the public, so happily exposed to the action of the visual rays of the spectator. Punch aspires not proudly to occupy the capital of a pillar, he knows too well how easily a man may fall; neither will he descend, like Peter of Provence, to the ground floor: for Punch upon the pavement, he knows, would be little more than man. So important is this lesson of Punch's philosophy, that in consequence of its neglect, he has seen empires crumble into dust; and that at this moment there are no well established political systems save those in which it has always been an axiom, that of the Emperor of China,—that of the grand Lama—and that of Punch.

"There are sophists (for such are never wanting in these days of paradox) who will boldly maintain to you that Punch perpetuates himself from age to age in the shape of the grand Lama, under forms always similar, in individuals always new, as if the prodigality of nature were sufficient for the constant reproduction of a Punch! It is now, to my

great regret, nearly half a century since I first saw Punch. Since then I have seen nothing, meditated on nothing but Punch, and I declare in the sincerity of my conscience—there has never been but one Punch. I have yet to learn, indeed, how the world could contain two.

Punch's secret, so long sought after, consists in adroitly concealing himself under a curtain, which can be raised only by his familiar, like that of Isis; in covering himself with a veil pervious only to his priests; and, in fact, more than one point of resemblance presents itself between the priests of Isis, and the high priest of Punch. His power lies in mystery, like that of the talismans, which lose their charm the moment the secret is communicated. Punch, palpable to the senses like Apollonius of Tyana, like St. Simon, like Debruaie, would have been merely a philosopher, a rope dancer, or a prophet. But the Punch of the imagination occupies the culminating point of modern society. He shines in the zenith of civilization, or rather the perfection of civilization expresses itself entirely in Punch; or if it be not there, I know not where it is. . . .

"I have already stated that Punch is eternal, or rather, I have merely reminded you of it, the eternity of Punch being, thank Heaven, one of those dogmas which have been the least contested within my knowledge. I have read at least all the works of religious polemics which have been written, and I have not met with a word which could throw a doubt on the unquestionable eternity of Punch, which is attested by monumental, written, and oral tradition. As to the first, his image has been found, a striking resemblance, among the excavations in Egypt. How, in fact, could any one be deceived as to the likeness of Punch? The authenticity of the portrait is at least as well attested as that of the autographic Testament of Sesostriis, which has lately been picked up somewhere, to the great satisfaction of people of taste, who could no longer have done without the Testament of Sesostriis. In regard to written tradition, it does not ascend so high; but we know that Punch existed by name at the date of the creation of the Academy, which shares with him the privilege of immortality by letters patent from the king. It is true that Punch was not a member of the Academy, and that he is spoken of rather slightly in their Dictionary; but that is easily explained by the irritation of feeling produced by competition among these illustrious rivals. As to oral tradition, you will meet with no man old enough to recollect Punch younger than he is at this moment, or who heard his great grandfather even speak of another Punch. The cradle of Jupiter has been found in the Island of Crete, but never yet the cradle of Punch. We grow old for ever round Punch, who flourishes in immortal youth. Dynasties pass; kingdoms fall; peerages, with more vitality in them than kingdoms, are swept away; the newspapers which have destroyed them will be destroyed themselves for want of subscribers.—What do I say? Nations are effaced from the earth; religions disappear in the abyss of the past, following after religions which have preceded them; the *Opera Comique* has been twice shut up—but Punch, never: Punch still flogs the same infant—Punch still beats the same wife—Punch shall hang to-morrow the hangman whom he hanged to-day. This, however, in no way justifies the accusations of cruelty which have been thrown

out against his character. His innocent severity is exercised only on beings of wood.

"Punch is invulnerable. The invulnerability of the hero of Ariosto is less clearly proved than that of Punch. I know not whether his heel remained concealed in his mother's hand when he was plunged into Styx: but what matters it to Punch, whose heels no mortal ever saw? What, at least, is certain, and what all the world may satisfy themselves of at this moment on the *Place de Chatelet*, if there are still some noble spirits who take an interest in such enquiries, is, that Punch, thrashed by policemen, assassinated by bravos, and carried off by the devil, reappears infallibly a quarter of an hour afterwards, in his dramatic cage, as gay, gallant and frisky as ever, dreaming of nothing but clandestine amours and tricks upon travellers. '*Polichinelle est mort—Vive Polichinelle.*' This is the phenomenon which suggested the idea of legitimacy. Montesquieu would have mentioned it if he had known it, but one cannot know every thing.

"To proceed. Punch, eternal and invulnerable, has also the gift of languages, which has been three times given, first, to the Apostles; secondly, to the Asiatic Society; and thirdly, to Punch. Traverse the habitable globe, if you have time and money; go as far from Paris as you can—and I wish you well, I am sure, from the bottom of my heart; seek Punch—and what will you find? I defy you to suspend your hammock in any corner of the globe where Punch has not been before you. Punch is a cosmopolite. What you take at first for the hut of a savage is Punch's house under its canvas canopy. Punch still asleep, his head upon his arm, his arm on the edge of his pulpit, in the open air, like the Aurora of La Fontaine, has not yet wakened up at the rough summons of his keeper, or the chink of the coin, which rattles harmoniously at his ear; but soon you will see him leap, skip, gambol, dance; you will hear him give vent to his feelings, like a native, in the idiom of the country. I myself, a wanderer in all the regions of the old world, have never travelled twenty leagues without meeting Punch, without finding him 'native and to the manner born:' if I had not, I should have fled the spot—I should have said—

'*Hic tandem stetimus nobis ubi deficit orbis.*'

Punch's box is the pillar of Hercules in modern civilization."

There is a little more in the same strain, but the long passage we have quoted will be sufficient to show the gay, lively wit of this essay, which, in its way, is unique—if we except another piece of irony, or rather whimsical exaggeration, by the same author—*Le Bibliomane*. It is an amusing sketch of the absurdities of the bibliomaniac, by one who it is pretty plain has a lurking sympathy for those whom he is playfully satirising; but we must leave room for one or two others of a graver cast.

The Bibliomania naturally suggests the recollection of the Bibliophile Jacob, who is the contributor of some observations on the public libraries. Most of our readers, we presume, know something of the author of the *Soirées de Walter Scott*, *Les*

*Deux Fous*, and the *Roi de Ribauds*—works in which the accumulations of great antiquarian reading were ingeniously combined with no inconsiderable talent in the delineation of character and the construction of plot. They wanted, no doubt, a vivifying principle of life—something to fuse all the materials into unity; but they were decidedly superior to most imitations of the kind, and entitled their author to the praise of being one of the most distinguished as well as earliest disciples of that school in France. More lately he has published another work, in which (though not with great success) he has exchanged his antiquarianism for a picture of the feelings of the day—*Une Divorce*. His observations in this paper on the libraries, are judicious rather than striking. He complains particularly, very likely from experience, of the annoyance which frequently results from all the books upon a particular subject being engrossed by some man of letters engaged in a literary work; and gives some advice which we doubt not may be useful to those more immediately concerned, but which could have little interest beyond Paris.

Not so the article entitled *La Conciergerie*, by Philarete Chasles. It bears the sombre inspiration of reality; “*quorum pars magna fui*” speaks in every line of this striking and touching picture of imprisonment. Its author, arrested when a mere boy in 1815, almost without a shadow of suspicion, thrown among the lowest horde of Parisian ruffians in the police, is afterwards transferred to the dreary prison of the Conciergerie, the den which had witnessed so many of the horrors of the revolution, but which has been swept away by a more modern building.

“The carriage stopt before the Palais de Justice. Here then was the Conciergerie. Near the vast staircase which leads up to the Palais de Justice you discovered in a corner, on the right, sunk under ground, concealed by a double railing, crushed as it were by the building which rose above it, the subterranean vault of which I speak. The weight of the superincumbent building pressed on it, as society presses on the prisoner, be he innocent or guilty. Was it a prison, a sewer, or a cellar? No one could have said, so completely was its entrance, so small, so low, so narrow, so black, buried in the shadow projected from the surrounding buildings. At the gate stood a centinel; in front a lamp was burning, which enlightened with a bloody glare this funereal avenue. Now all is changed; but in 1815 the oldest of French prisons resembled the *oubliettes* of feudal times. I entered, preceded and followed by a gendarme.

“My first thought was of death and of the tomb. Afterwards, however, (let me confess my sins of boyish pride,) this flagrant iniquity gave me courage, and I found that the men who could lower themselves so far as to tremble at my infancy, and to thrust me into their dungeons, elevated me to the precocious dignity of a man and a martyr. The con-

sciousness of the pure and simple occupations in the midst of which the adjutant of police had surprised me, the consciousness of my innocence, the disgust with which this foolish and wanton barbarity inspired me; perhaps, the strange pleasure of tasting at so early a period of life its most poignant and bitter sensations, strangely supported me; I felt as if I could rise to the level of any suffering, any cruelty; I threw down the glove of defiance to the world. Alas, it has taken it up!

"I was *registered*. The word is degrading, terrible—like a chain which is placed upon you, a weight attached to you, a physical burden; by this compact of strength against weakness, you belong to the prison: you are the *thing*, the puppet, the furniture of the keeper. You descend from the condition of man to that of an insensible and brute being, classed, ticketed, like a faggot torn from the forest and laid up in its order to be burnt, in the storehouse of its proprietor.

"The lantern at the gate cast but a dim and feeble light upon surrounding objects. I caught a glimpse of the rags of a robber seated on the same bench with myself, also waiting his registration. A man in a brown dress laid hold of me by the hand. We climbed up stairs, we crossed galleries; the wind blew moist and cold through these dismal passages; my eyes unaccustomed to this new world discerned nothing but red stars as it were burning here and there; they were the lamps attached to the wall.

"'I am sorry, young man,' said my guide, 'that such are our orders; but you are, *au secret*.'

"What does that mean?

"'It is a cell which you are not allowed to leave, and where you are allowed to see no one.'

"We had descended several stories: a long passage with chinks admitting air and light spread before us; several wickets opened to allow us to pass, and fell again. The third door in the passage was that of my prison; a massive door of iron, covered with bolts, of which there is a great profusion in that quarter.

"'There,' said the jailor, after raising his enormous bars of iron, and making the key grate three times in the lock. The cell was about eight feet long, five broad, and twelve high; involved in the thickest darkness; the wall on the one side dripping with lime water, on the other a wooden partition, the floor paved like a cellar; in the farther end, about ten feet above the floor, an opening of about three feet in height and one in breadth, through which a fragment of the sky might be discernable; within an iron barrier obstructing this mockery of a window, and without a screen of wood which prevented all prospect within. In one corner on the left, fronting the door, some bundles of straw littered the ground: beneath the window a pitcher: near the door another filled with water, and a wooden bowl. I trembled, partly with cold, partly with fear. This was the condemned cell, a prison in all its horrors,—and I, its victim, was not even suspected.

"Though the authors of melo-dramas have abused this means of producing effect, I am tempted to believe in the commiseration of jailors. They see in fact so few deserving of pity, that when chance does present them with the prospect, these souls so habituated to the sufferings

of others, tired of this obduracy, indulge with eagerness in the pleasure of compassion—the rare relaxation of charity. Jacques took pity on me and served me well. His wooden figure seemed to soften and relax when I spoke to him; he was kind to me, he would linger five minutes to talk to me in my cell. This man, in his brown coat and with his girdle loaded with keys, had more pity in his heart than the inquisitor, the man of the world, who dined in town, wore breeches of black silk, and gossiped with the ladies.

“His menace had been accomplished. This was the ‘Cul de basse-foisse,’ with which his wounded self-love had threatened me. I knew not what phantasmagoria was passing about me; nor how, arrested in the house of a printer, conducted to the police, interrogated by its agent, transferred to the Conciergerie, I underwent the fate which Desrues and Mandrin had already endured. In all this series of cruelties I see nothing but a mournful scene of magic. At the present day I can understand but too well this concatenation of sufferings; I understand it only to execrate it, not through vengeance or resentment, but as a man, as a citizen, as a being penetrated with profound *rancour*, to borrow the expressive phrase of our ancestors, against those insults to humanity, the use of which the police permits with impunity, in the midst of a society which calls itself legal, and would fain call itself free.

“There I remained. A loaf was brought me, a prison loaf, so black, so bitter, so disgusting to smell and taste, even hunger revolted from it.

“Would you prefer ‘La Pistole?’ asked the jailor. I dried my tears. I inquired of him what the word meant. For a hundred francs a month, he told me, I might have a bed, white bread, food, a table and a chair. I was only uneasy about my family. I asked Jacques if I might communicate with them.

“‘I will send some one,’ said he, ‘to your mother, to tell her how you are; but you are not permitted to write or to receive letters.’

“I gave Jacques to understand that my father would not fail to pay the allowance, and to recompense him for any kindnesses he might be inclined to show me. I begged of him to tell my parents that my health was good, and that I was very comfortable. He went away; and at night, when his usual rounds, the closing of the gates, and the usual duties of the prison, brought him back to my cell, he told me that my mother had remained a long time in the parlour, and had begged of him to bring me some fruits. Maternal sorrow had produced its effect on the heart of Jacques; he brought me a rickety table of plain deal, a chair, of which the stuffing was gone, some moist sheets, and a gray camp bed, which I still see, upon the back of which was legible . . . . *M. de Labedoyere slept here the . . . .* The rest was rubbed out . . . .

. . . The first time that the iron gates opened, clattered, shook, prolonged their echoes through the vaulted passages, a secret terror seized me; my isolated situation stared me in the face,—I was like a dead man, rising suddenly to see his tomb shut upon him. The next day they brought me a pitcher of milk; I could not contain my tears—it was so different from my cheerful breakfast at home. Sometimes I heard a heavy vehicle stop; the locks grate, the gates roll back, the bars fall; a



bustle for a moment in the prison, then again repose—silence. These were fresh prisoners brought to the place of confinement.

“My dungeon was situated immediately beneath a court, on which the windows, or rather the orifices, intended for the admission of a little light and air to the *souricière*, looked out. The *souricière* is, I believe, a sort of provisional prison, where criminals are heaped together till their respective destinations can be more definitively arranged. The female division of the prison was close enough to my cell to allow me to hear, occasionally, portions of the conversation of its inmates. They consisted of love songs howled out by hoarse voices, fearful blasphemies repeated by mild and youthful ones; obscene stories told by young girls; narratives of robbery and murder in slang terms; ballads, *barcarolles*, and *vau-de-villes*, sung in chorus by these depraved females, mixed with parodies, jokes, imprecations, and shouts of laughter. The most unmelancholy part of the whole scene was its wild gaiety; all sorrow, all remorse, every thought of morality and of the future had deserted these beings, who had wallowed in the kennel of society till they had become filth themselves. Pardon these details; they are frivolous only to the frivolous. I was forcibly struck with this crowning instance of human depravity. I had never been initiated in crime. I knew crime only from history, through the dim veil of a distant perspective. A childhood passed in romance and mental activity had not prepared me for revelations such as these. When I heard one of these women singing the popular melody of *Ca-truffo*, ‘Portrait Charmant,’—my heart seemed to break: the contrast was too great, the dissonance too hideous. Even now I cannot bear to listen to that air.

“One day there was a more than ordinary bustle in the prison; the bells sounded longer; the tramp of regular steps echoed through the passages; the clattering of bayonets terrified me. The chamber next to mine opened and shut several times. I heard from it the sound of weeping and lamentation. Jacques, when he visited me, was dressed in his suit of uniform. The sobs from the adjoining cell grew louder—the women of the *souricière* sang on as usual. I learned from the keeper that the cell was occupied by one who had been condemned to death; that the day of execution was come, the hour about to strike; that the sobs I heard were those which accompanied the rude confession of the criminal—that the priest was with him; that the prisoner on his knees, half drunk, half despairing, was in the act of receiving absolution,—that in ten minutes he would be numbered with the dead. Suddenly all the bells began; the noise of wheels on the pavement shook the building; murmurs of distant voices accompanied the death procession, and the tumult was succeeded by the stillness of the prison.

“Confinement triumphed, as might be expected, over a frame which had seen only sixteen summers. Those scenes of terror produced an irradicable impression on my mind. The privation of air and exercise, the vexation of not seeing those I loved, the damp atmosphere in which I lived, made me ill. A month passed away—the physician applied for leave that I might walk in the court. I was conducted by Jacques to an oblong court, ten or twelve feet below the level of the surrounding streets,

surrounded by lofty edifices, and all bordered with iron spikes. Naked and dirty feet were moving over the sand; rough and savage voices asked who I could be; men with arms covered with hair surrounded me; others in their shirts, with no other article of clothing but pantaloons of grey sail-cloth, were stretched upon the ground amusing themselves at play; others were working at those little articles in straw, the delicacy of which is so surprising. I recognized there vice as I had seen it in the Police, but still more hideous. There it had preserved a semi-social garb and language, some of the habits of civilization; but here it was delineated in all its beauty, in all its vigour. Its only dialect was slang; self-contempt, and contempt for every thing else was painted on every feature. A wild cupidity sparkled in the eyes of the gamblers. By the side of society attired in its decent garb and subjected to restraint, here was one composed of savages, who, from that very civilization have borrowed their artifices, their resources, to turn them against civilization itself. I was more terrified at their figures, their questions, their looks, their unintelligible jargon, than I should have been by the scaffold itself.

"I was only twice taken into this court; my third promenade was in another much smaller, of an oblong form, and, from the extreme height of the buildings above it, not unlike the bottom of a well. In the cells, the air-holes of which opened in this little court, were several prisoners accused of political offences; among others a lieutenant of cavalry, always gay, lively, with an iron constitution, and who, even behind his iron barriers, used constantly to amuse me with pleasant stories.

"As my health got better, I was recommitted to my darkness. I had breathed the fresh air three times in eight days—that was enough. My imprisonment continued for two months."

From the Conciergerie it is a natural transition to the *Morgue*. The paper by Leon Guzman, which bears that name, is a very powerful one, though rather unscrupulously availing itself of the horrible, and even the physically disgusting, as an engine of effect.

After describing the exterior, the *Salle de l'Exposition*, which is the only portion of the building, of course, with which the public are acquainted, the writer conducts us into the inner recesses of this house of death, the apartments of the superintendent.

"M. Perrin is a little old man, who coughs incessantly. When I explained to him the object of my visit, he very politely offered to show me all the details of his administration, regretting much, as he said, that there was not so much variety as could be desired. 'But I will show you what I have—be pleased to walk up.'

"As we were climbing the narrow stairs, and he was informing me that his establishment was connected both with the prefecture and the police, with the one on account of the local expenses, with the other from its connection with the public health, we were obliged to stand close against the wall to allow a troop of young girls to pass, well dressed, gay, but shivering with the cold, which blew from the river through the chink which lighted the stair.

"These are four of my daughters. I have eight children. François,

the keeper, has had four, and he has had the good fortune to get them all married. François is a kind father.'

" 'So,' said I, 'twelve children then have been born in the Morgue. Dreams of joy, and conjugal endearments, and parental delights, have been experienced in this chamber of death. Marriage with its orange flowers, baptism with its black robed sponsors, the communion and the embroidered veil, love, religion, virtue, have had their home here as elsewhere. God has sown the seeds of happiness every where.'

" 'Papa, we are going to a distribution of prizes. My sisters are sure to get a prize. Don't weary, we will be back in good time.'

" 'Go, my children,'—and all four embraced him.

" I thought of the body of the little Norman in the dreary room beneath, and of the mother who even now, perhaps, was anxiously looking for her from the window.

" 'This is the apartment of François.' François did the honours with the activity of a man who is not ashamed of his establishment. His room is comfortably furnished; two modern pendules mounted on bronze, a wardrobe with a Medusa's head, a high bed, and a handsome rose-coloured curtain. If the room was not overburdened with furniture, if there was not much of luxury, yet, to those not early accustomed to superfluities, it might even seem gay. It represented the tastes, opinions, and habits of its master. Vases of flowers threw a green reflection on the curtains, for François is fond of flowers. Among his gallery of portraits were those of Augereau and Kleber, both in long coats, leaning on immense sabres, with peruques and powder. Napoleon is there three times.

" 'Look at these jars,' said François, 'these are sweetmeats of my wife's making; she excels in sweetmeats.' I read upon them, 'gooseberries of 1831.' We left François's apartment, which forms the right wing of the Morgue, while the clerk's house is on the left, and entered the cabinet of administration of M. Perrin.

" If François is fond of flowers, M. Perrin has the same penchant for hydraulics and the camera obscura; he draws, he makes jets from the Seine, by an ingenious piece of machinery of his own invention; while he was retouching his syphon, I asked permission to turn over the register, where suicides are ranged in two columns.

" The fatal 'unknown' was the prevailing designation; 'brought here at three in the morning, skull fractured, *unknown*;'—'brought at twelve at night, drowned under the Pont des Arts, cards in his pocket, *unknown*;'—'young woman, pregnant, crushed by a fiacre at the corner of the Rue Mandar, *unknown*;'—'new born child found dead of cold, at the gate of an hotel, *unknown*.'

" I said to M. Perrin that he must weary here very much occasionally during the long nights of winter.

" 'No,' replied he good humouredly, 'the children sing, we all work, François and I play at draughts or piquet; the worst of it is, we are sometimes interrupted; a knock comes, we must go down, get a stone ready, undress the new comer and register him: that spoils the game; we forget to mark the points.'

“ ‘And this is the way you generally spend your evenings?’—‘Always, except when François has to go to Vaugirard at four o’clock; then he must go to bed earlier. Perhaps you do not know that our burying ground is at Vaugirard: as that burying ground is not much in fashion, we have been allowed to retain our privilege of having a fosse to ourselves.’

“ ‘I understand,—it is a fief of the Morgue.’

“ ‘You saw that chariot below near the entrance gate, in which the children were hiding themselves at play,—that is our hearse.’

“ ‘And rich or poor, all must make use of your conveyance? If for instance a suicide is recognised, his relations or friends may reclaim him, take him home, and bestow the rites of sepulture on him at his own house?’

“ ‘No, the Morgue does not give back what has been once deposited here. It allows the funeral ceremonies to be as pompous as they will, but they must all set out from hence; one end of the procession perhaps is at Notre Dame, while the other is starting from the Morgue. The Archbishop of Paris may be there; but François’ place is fixed. It is the first.’

“ ‘And the priests of Notre Dame, do they never make any difficulty about administering the funeral rites to your dead?’

“ ‘Never!’

“ ‘Not even to the suicides?’

“ ‘There are no suicides for Notre Dame; one is drowned by accident, another killed by the bursting of a gun, a third has fallen from a scaffold. I invent the excuse, and the conscience of the priest accepts it. That’s enough.’

“ ‘So, thought I! Notre Dame, which formerly witnessed the execution at the stake of sorcerers, alchymists, and gipsies on the Grande Place, has now no word of reprobation for the carcase of the suicide, once allowed to rot on the ground, or be devoured by birds. She asks not here what was his faith. The priest says mildly, ‘Peace be with you.’

“ ‘We walked down, and François opened the first room, that which contains the dresses; habits of all shapes, all dimensions, hideously jumbled together; gaiters pinned to a sleeve, a shawl shading the neck of a coat; dresses of peasants, workmen, carters and brewer’s frocks, women’s gowns, all faded, discoloured, shapeless, flap against each other in the current of air which entered through the windows. There is something here appalling in the sight and sound of these objects, soulless, bodyless, yet moving as if they had life, and presenting the form without the flesh. Your eye rests on a handkerchief, the property of some poor labourer, suddenly seized with the idea of suicide, after some day that he has wanted work.

“ ‘François, who followed the direction of my eyes to see what impression the picture produced on me, sighed heavily.

“ ‘Does it move you too,’ said I? ‘Are you discontented with your lot.—Unhappy?’

“ ‘Not exactly! But Sir, formerly, you must know, the dresses, after being six months exhibited, became a perquisite of ours; we sold them. Now they talk of taking the dresses from us.’

"I reassured François as to the intention of government, and assured him there was no talk of taking away the dresses.

"The second room, that which adjoins the public exhibition room, is appropriated for the dissection of those, the mode of whose death appears to the police to be suspicious. Its only furniture is a marble table, on which the dissections take place, and a shelf on which are placed several bottles of chlorate. This room is immediately above the room of M. Perrin. The dissecting table above just answers to the girls' piano below.

"In this room, which I crossed rapidly to avoid as much as possible the sight of a body extended on the plank, I saw the little girl, who had been stifled the night before in the diligence; she was a lovely child. The other figure was frightfully disfigured; scarcely even would his mother have recognized him.

"There remained only the public room; it is narrow, ill aired; ten or twelve black and sloping stones receive the suicides, who are placed on it almost in a state of nudity; the places are seldom all occupied, except perhaps during a revolution. Then it is that the Morgue is recruited; two more days of glory and immortality in July, and the plague had been in Paris.

"'It is true,' said M. Perrin, 'we worked hard during the three days, and we were allowed the use of two assistants. Corpses every where, within, without, at the gate, on the bank.' . . .

"'And your girls?'

"'During these days they did not leave their apartment, nor looked out to the street, nor to the river; besides, you are mistaken if you think the spectacle would have terrified them. Brought up here, they will walk at night without a light in front of the glass, which divides the corpses from the public, without trembling; we become accustomed to any thing.'

"Methought I heard the poor children, so familiar with the idea of death, so accustomed to this domestic spectacle of their existence, asking innocently of the strangers whom they visited,—as one would ask where is your garden, your kitchen, or your cabinet,—'where do you keep your dead here?'

"These were all the facts I could gather with regard to the establishment. I was opening the glass door to breathe the fresh air again, when the entrance of the crowd drove me back into the interior; they were following a bier, on which lay a body, from which the water dripped in a long stream. From one of the hands which were closely clenched, the keeper detached a strip of coloured linen, and a fragment of lace. 'Ah!' said he, 'let me look, 'tis she!'

"'Who is it?'

"'The nurse who was here this morning; the nurse of the little Norman girl. Good! they may be buried together.' And M. Perrin put on his spectacles, opened his register, and wrote in his best current-hand—*unknown!*"

Passing over many respectable and some eminent names, who, however, have not on this occasion exactly fulfilled the expectations which might have been formed beforehand, we come to the paper

contributed by Al. Dumas, intitled *Le Cocher de Cabriolet*. No one who has read his *Henri III. et sa Cour*, or his *Antoine*, or *Térèse*, will doubt his power of imparting the most vivid and intense dramatic interest to any scene, on which he may exercise his powers. This is the point of view in which he has taken up the subject. The sketch of a cabriolet driver, with which the paper opens, will have little interest to one who recollects Irving's admirable sketches of English Coachmen; but it leads to a narrative of deep interest, and some sketches of more than ordinary power. The duel with which it concludes, reminds us of the ferocity of the encounter in *Matthew Wald*. The coachman has informed Dumas, that he had formerly been in the service of a M. Eugene. He goes on to describe a nocturnal incident, in which he had been his companion.

" ' We had reached the bridge, where there are statues, as you know. There were none then. We met a woman sobbing so loud, we could hear it notwithstanding the din of the cabriolet. Stop, said my master; ere I could turn my head he was on the ground. It was pitch dark: I could see neither the ground nor the sky. The woman went before, my master followed; suddenly she stopped about the middle of the bridge, leapt upon it, and then I heard a plunge. My master sprung up after her; he followed, he could swim like a fish.

" ' I said to myself—if I remain in the cabriolet, I can do no good; on the other hand I cannot swim a stroke; if I throw myself over, there will be two to draw out instead of one. I said to that old horse who had then four years less on his back, and two measures of oats more in his belly; stand still, Coco. You would have thought he understood me. He stood still.

I ran on, I reached the river side; there was a little boat: I leapt into it, it was fastened by a rope. I pulled and pulled; I felt for my knife, I had forgotten it. And all the time I heard my master diving like a cormorant.

" ' I pulled so hard at last, that crack!.. the rope gave way, and I found myself sprawling on my back in the boat. I said to myself, this is no time to be counting the stars; I got up in a hurry.

" ' With the fall the boat had been launched into the stream; I sought for the oars; I could find but one. I tried to row with it; I spun round like a tetotum. I said, I may as well go whistle; all's over.

" ' I shall never forget that moment, sir, all my life: you would have thought the river was running ink, it looked so black. Now and then only, some little wave rose, and cast its spray into the boat; then for a moment would be seen the white robe of the female, or the head of my master, as he rose to the surface to breathe. Once only they came to the surface together. I heard M. Eugene cry, ' I see her now.' In two strokes he was at the place where her dress had been floating the moment before. Suddenly, I saw his legs in the air; he disappeared; I was not ten steps off, floating down the river with the current, clasping my oar in my hands, and crying ' My God, why can I not swim ?'

"He re-appeared again in a moment. This time he held her by the hair; she was senseless; it was time, and for my master too. His breast heaved; he had just strength enough left to raise himself out of the water, while she lay motionless as lead; he turned his head to see which bank was the nearest; his eye rested on me. 'Here,' cried he, 'Cantillon!' I leant on the brink of the boat; I stretched the oar to him; three feet more would have done it. 'Here, here;' cried he; I swore; I could not help it; 'Cantillon.'—A wave passed over him. I remained with my mouth open, my eyes fixed on the spot. He re-appeared; a mountain seemed to be taken from my breast; I stretched the oar out again; he had come a little nearer. 'Courage, master, courage,' I cried. He could not answer me. 'Let her drop,' I cried; 'save yourself.'—No, no;' cried he. The water rushed into his mouth. Every hair on my head was in a cold sweat. I stood stretching over the boat holding out the oar; every thing seemed to be turning about me. The Bridge, the Hotel de Gardes, the Tuilleries, all danced before us, and yet my eyes never quitted that head, which kept sinking and sinking, those eyes, now on a level with the water, still gazed on me, and seemed twice their usual size: now, nothing but his hair remained above; it sank like the rest; his arm only, with the fingers convulsively bent, rose above the water. I made a last effort; I stretched the oar out—Aha! ha!—I thrust it into his hand."

"Cantillon paused, and wiped his forehead. I drew breath, and he proceeded.

"You may well say that a drowning man would catch at a bar of red hot iron. He clutched the oar till his nails indented themselves in the wood, I leant the oar on the boat side, and raised him out of the water. I trembled so, at the idea of losing this devil of an oar, that I lay upon it as I drew it cautiously in. M. Eugene lay with his head back like one in a faint; I still pulled, he came nearer and nearer: at last I stretched my arm out; I caught him by the wrist,—Huzza—I was sure of my man. I held him like a vice. Eight days afterwards he had the marks of it still on his arms.

"He had never let go the female. I drew them both into the boat. They lay in the bottom. I called on my master. I tried to strike him on the palms of his hands, but he held them clasped, as if he had been cracking nuts. I could have ate my heart out with vexation.

"I caught hold of my oar again, and tried to gain the bank. I am no great boatman with two oars, and with one, I might as well have flown. If I tried to go to one side, I was sure to go to the other. The current, in the mean time, swept us down. When I saw that we were fairly on the way to Havre, I said 'Faith, this is no time for false modesty; I must call for help;' so I screamed like a peacock.

"The men in the little station for the reception of the drowned heard me; they were with us in a moment. They fixed my boat to theirs, and, in five minutes after, my master and the young woman were both in a layer of salt, like a pair of pickled herrings.

"They asked me if I was drowned too? I said, 'no; but that it made no difference; they might give me a glass of brandy, and I would

be all right in a moment,' for my legs were tottering beneath me all the time.

"My master first opened his eyes. He threw himself upon my neck. I sobbed, I laughed, I wept. My God! what fools folks do make of themselves sometimes!

"M. Eugene turned round. He saw the young girl, to whom they were administering some applications. 'A thousand francs,' said he, 'shall be your reward, if you save her.' 'And you, Cantillon, my noble fellow, my friend, my saviour, quick, bring hither the cabriolet.'

"'Ah, true,' cried I, 'and Coco!' You need not ask, if I plied my legs well. I came to the spot where I had left him. No cabriolet, or horse was to be found. Next day they were found for us, however, by the police. Some amateur had taken them home with him.

"I returned and told him. 'Quick then—a fiacre'—'And the young girl?'—'She has sprained her foot,' said he. I brought the fiacre; she had come completely to herself, but she could not yet speak. We lifted her in. 'Coachman, quick, to the Rue de Bac, No. 31.'

The female, as may be inferred in such cases, is the victim of perfidy. She is restored to her father, and Eugene makes a vain attempt on the feelings of her seducer, Alfred. The father, who has been left in the adjoining room, watching the issue of their conference, rushes on the seducer, and nearly strangles him in his agony.

"M. Alfred rose, pale, his eyes fixed, his teeth clenched; he did not even look at Mademoiselle Marie, who had fainted. He stepped up to my master, who waited for him with his arms folded. 'Eugene,' said he, 'I did not know that your apartment was a place for cut-throats. Next time, I shall enter it with a loaded pistol in each hand. You understand me?' 'It is in this way I expect you,' said my master. 'If you came in any other, I should request you to begone.'

"'Captain,' said M. Alfred, as he went out, 'you will not forget that I have a debt to settle with you too.'

"'Which shall be paid this instant,' said the Captain; for I will not leave you.'

"'Be it so.'

"'Day begins to dawn,' said Captain Dumont; 'so provide yourself with arms.'

"'I have both swords and pistols,' said my master.

"'Put them in the carriage.'

"'In the Bois de Boulogne, an hour hence, at the Porte Maillot,' said M. Alfred.

"'In an hour,' replied my master and the captain, at the same moment. 'Go provide your seconds.' He went out.

"The captain bent over his daughter's bed. M. Eugene proposed to call assistance. 'Nay; not so,' replied the father; 'it is better she should not know it. Marie, dear child, adieu. If I am killed, M. Eugene, you will avenge me; will you not? You will not abandon the orphan.' 'I swear it,' said my master, embracing him.



" 'Cantillon ! a fiacre.'—' Shall I go with you, sir ?'—' You may.'

" The captain again embraced his daughter. He called in the nurse. 'Take care of her, now,' said he. 'If she ask for me, say I shall return.' 'Come, my young friend, let us go.'

" They went into M. Eugene's room. When I returned with the fiacre, they were waiting me below. The captain had the pistols in his pockets, and M. Eugene the swords under his cloak. 'I have no friend but you ; no relative but my daughter. You and she to follow my coffin, and it is enough.'

" A cabriolet followed us a few steps behind. M. Alfred stepped out of it, with two seconds.

" One of them approached us. 'What are the captain's weapons?' 'Pistols.'

" 'Remain in the cabriolet, and hold the swords,' said my master ; and they went deeper into the wood.

" Ten minutes had hardly elapsed when I heard two pistol shots. I started, just as if I had not been expecting it. It was all over with some one ; for ten minutes more elapsed without any repetition of the sound.

" I had thrown myself back in the carriage, not daring to look out. Suddenly the door opened. 'Cantillon, the swords,' said my master.

" I gave them to him. He extended his hand to take them. I saw on his finger the captain's ring.

" 'And the father of Mademoiselle?' said I.

" 'Dead !'

" 'The swords, then ?'—

" 'Are for me.'

" 'In the name of heaven, allow me to follow you ?'

" 'As you will.'

" I leapt out : my heart was small as a grain of mustard seed. I trembled in every limb. My master entered the wood, and I followed him.

" We had not gone ten steps, when I perceived M. Alfred standing and smiling in the midst of his seconds. 'Take care,' cried my master, drawing me to one side. I stepped back ; I had almost trod upon the body of the captain.

" M. Eugene cast one glance on the body, then, advancing towards the group, he threw down the swords, and said, 'See, Gentlemen, whether they be of the same length.'

" 'Cannot matters be delayed till to-morrow ?' said one of the seconds.

" 'Impossible !'

" 'Be easy, my friends,' said Alfred, 'I am not tired, I want nothing but a glass of water.'

" 'Cantillon ! go fetch a glass of water for M. Alfred,' said my master.

" I would almost as soon have been hanged ; but my master beckoned to me again, and there was no help for it. I went to a restaurant's, who was near,—I was back in a moment. I handed him the glass, and said to myself, 'May every drop be poison !' He took it, and his hand did not tremble ; only as he gave it me back, I saw that he had ground it with his teeth till he had cracked the edge.

"I threw the glass over my head, and saw that during my absence my master had got ready. He had kept on only his pantaloons and shirt, the sleeves of which were tucked up. I drew near. 'Have you any orders for me?' I said. 'No,' replied he, 'I have neither father nor mother. If I die' (and he wrote a few words on paper) 'you will deliver this paper to Marie.'

"He gave one other look at the body of the captain, and advanced towards his adversary, saying 'Come, Gentlemen.'

"'You have no seconds,' said M. Alfred.

"'One of yours will do.'

"'Ernest, step over to the gentleman's side.'

"And one of the seconds came over to my master's side. The other took the swords, placed the combatants opposite to each other at the distance of four steps, placed the hilt in their hands, crossed the blades, and drew back.

"At that moment each made a step forward. The blades were locked at the guard.

"'Draw back,' said my master.

"'I am not accustomed to break off,' said M. Alfred.

"'Tis well.' M. Eugene drew back, and placed himself again on guard.

"Ten frightful minutes followed: the blades flew round each other like snakes at play. M. Alfred alone made thrusts. My master followed his sword with his eyes, and parried as calmly as if he had been in the fencing-room. I was in an agony of rage. If M. Alfred's servant had been there, I could have strangled him.

"Still the fight went on; M. Alfred smiled grimly. My master was calm and cold.

"'Ah!' said M. Alfred.

"His sword had touched my master on the arm, and the blood flowed.

"'It is nothing,' replied he, 'proceed.'

"I perspired with anxiety.

"The seconds approached: M. Eugene motioned to them to withdraw. His adversary profited by the occasion; he made a feint. My master was too late with his *parry en second*, and the blood flowed from his thigh. I sat down on the grass,—I could not stand.

"M. Eugene, however, remained calm as ever; only when his lips parted, I could perceive how his teeth were clenched. The moisture flowed from his opponent's brow; he was growing weaker.

"My master made a step forward. M. Alfred broke off.

"'I thought you *never* did so,' said my master. M. Alfred made a feint,—M. Eugene parried it with a force that made his adversary's weapon fly as if he had been saluting—his breast was exposed—my master's sword disappeared in it: up to the hilt.

"M. Alfred spread his arms out—dropped his sword. He stood erect, only because he was supported by the blade which transfixed him.

"M. Eugene drew his sword out, and he fell. 'Have I conducted myself,' said my master, 'like a man of honour?'

"The seconds made a sign in the affirmative."

We shall conclude with an extract in a different strain, from a paper of Jouy's, on "Political Ingratitude." It possesses his usual good sense and quiet elegance of style; but we quote it rather on account of its independence, and the lessons of prudence and moderation which in these days of violence on all sides it inculcates. Of the ingratitude of princes we have all heard enough; that side of the question has of late been fully argued. M. Jouy has thought it right that we should hear something also of the ingratitude of the people, the instant that those who have pleaded the cause of rational liberty, firmly and consistently, choose to stop short at the limit of prudence instead of blindly following the march of innovation, and thus come in collision with those factious organs by whom the opinions of the public are so easily guided or perverted. He looks to the history of the revolution: he asks, what has France done for those who shed their blood or wasted their best years in her defence? What for those who have exhibited the noblest instances of passive fortitude, of unalterable devotion? What stone marks the tomb of Bailly, of Charlotte Corday, of Philippine Roland, of Elizabeth of France, of Manuel? From the past he makes a transition to the present, and inquires what treatment the friends of constitutional liberty have met with at the hands of those for whom they have consistently laboured.

"There is one, in particular, against whom the ingratitude of faction has been more than usually active—I mean Dupin. I shall allow facts to speak for themselves.

"Of every branch of national liberty, that which a government, but not without forecast, feared the most, the liberty of the press, found in M. Dupin its most indefatigable defender. Writers, whose patriotic views were the most opposed to arbitrary government, never demanded his support in vain. This is a homage which most of those who, having nothing more to expect from him, have now declared themselves his enemies, have rendered to him again and again. We never meet with more ingratitude than at the moment when we cease to have the power to cause it.

"M. Dupin has constantly professed and supported the principles of liberty restrained within constitutional bounds; he has lent his whole efforts to the establishment of a popular government, when Paris, the organ and mandatory of France, raised a citizen to the throne. How, then, has this old friend of liberty, one of the authors of our political regeneration, become all at once an object of anxiety, of persecution to the men of July? He has ventured to differ in opinion, on some points of political doctrine, with the leaders of a systematic opposition, to which he had ceased to be a party. M. Dupin may have erred with the majority of the Chamber in 1830, when, from respect to the principle that judges should be irremovable, he voted against the proposed alterations in the magistracy; he may have erred with Voltaire in holding that the

more the people were enlightened the more they would be free, in opposition to those who thought that the more they were free the more they would become enlightened ; but as it is certain that these differences of opinion, in questions of pure theory, could never account for that torrent of hatred and abuse with which he has been assailed, its real cause must be sought in this simple observation :—he, a man of superior abilities, has found his place in the new order of things, and the others, his competitors, are still in search of theirs.

“ What I have said of Dupin, I might repeat nearly in the same terms of MM. Barthe and Merilhou ; a year ago their names could not be mentioned in Paris, without awakening ideas of superior talent, unshrinking devotion, incorruptible patriotism : their eulogy was in every one's mouth. The revolution took place ; they took a most active share in it, and government yielded to the wish of public opinion which pointed them out as its choice. Scarcely had they reached the seat of power, when the most unjust clamours were raised around them ; already their patriotism is suspected ; soon will they be accused of intrigue, malversation, connivance with the enemies of the state. And what have they done to lose, in a few days, that popularity which it had taken twenty years to acquire ? They have accepted the portefeuille which others were ready to seize. . . .

“ If it be true, as is said by the most illustrious of English Chancellors, that censure and satire are the tax which every man in place must pay to the public for his elevation, certainly no one, not even he whose words I have quoted, has ever been assessed for a larger share than the present president of the ministerial council.

“ No one denies the distinguished services which M. Casimir Perrier has rendered to the cause of constitutional liberty ; all the world are agreed as to the talent and courage he displayed in the national tribune, during the struggle he sustained for ten years against the men of the restoration.

“ If, in order to justify this eulogium, I required other authority than that of facts, I would appeal to the present enemies of this minister ; I would ask them where is the patriot who did not subscribe to the praises which, in 1824, were lavished upon him by the public journals, those purest and most sonorous organs of public opinion.

“ Every publication of the day repeated that M. Casimir Perrier was one of the best citizens, one of the greatest orators, one of the most irreproachable characters that modern France had to boast of : no one rallied with more courage and promptitude under the banner of July ; it was under the most trying circumstances that he accepted the responsibility of the eminent post he occupies, and which he had previously refused. Am I not entitled, then, to accuse of ingratitude and injustice those same men, who are now endeavouring to injure and degrade, in public opinion, the man who formerly stood so high in their own ?

“ This is not the place to attack or defend the system of administration adopted by this minister, or to inquire whether he is wrong in setting out with the principle that the government, as a necessary result of the

revolution of July, should be placed at an equal distance from absolutism and anarchy. M. Casimir Perrier is a statesman in the noblest sense of the word, a great orator, a patriot above suspicion;—and for my purpose that is enough.

“Until it can be proved to me that the misfortune of being a king is a sufficient title to the ingratitude of the people, I shall continue to see in Louis Philip the man of regenerated France, the crowned representative of the two revolutions of 1789 and 1830.

“But I pause: for the first time I hear resounding in my ear the cries of ‘ministerialist,’ ‘royalist.’ To me what matter such cries? Is not my life the guarantee of my opinions and my sentiments? My career is over. I expect nothing more from men or from courts; not even the repose of solitude; not even that degree of public consideration to which I think I might plead some solid claims.

“Reserve, I would say to my detractors, for your rivals in ambition and renown, attacks which now fall harmless on me. Whom do you expect to persuade, that one who did not bend to the glory of Napoleon, who rejected the favours of Louis XVIII., who for forty years has been always on the breach to defend the independence and liberty of his country with sword and pen; who has sacrificed his whole fortune and that of his children in defence of that sacred cause; whom the three immortal days of July found in arms among the ranks of the people, or on the perilous chair of magistracy—whom, I say, will you persuade that an old champion of liberty has sunk at last into a courtier of fortune, a flatterer of power?

“I have branded political ingratitude as one of the flagrant vices of the age. I have pointed out its principal victims, but I have in their defence stated nothing but facts, before that tribunal at which they are arraigned.

“These lines are perhaps the last which may issue from my pen; I regard them as my public testament, without prejudice, perchance, to the addition of some farther codicils, should death forget me for a few years longer.”

The picture here exhibited of the state of society is not encouraging—but we fear it is true. It is only one of the numerous features that indicate a deep rooted moral disease, manifesting itself in this and in many other forms. The prospects of literature, while such a condition of society prevails, are gloomy enough. A vast mass of talent and genius is at work, but with little concert, with scarcely any sense of the real dignity of literature, toiling for their daily bread, or the scarcely nobler wages of daily popularity. Even the better spirits seem to feel the evil influence of the times. Their productions want that sterling force, that real grandeur, that reference to the future more than to the present, which always stamps with the seal of immortality the productions of the highest order of genius. When is a better order of things to commence? When will men, after sweeping away governments and institutions, as unsuited to the temper of the times, and recon-

structing all, as they think, on a basis more consistent with the general happiness, learn, in its full practical extent and comprehensiveness, the truth, how little all this can do to relieve misery, to place society on a firmer basis, to reconcile the governor and the governed, unless they can *first* cultivate a principle within, which produces a true equality, makes all physical evils comparatively light, and cements the classes of society, not by the coarse and iron links of a worldly expediency, but by the invisible yet adamant chain of an eternal and immutable obligation? Already, we should say, the want of the cementing principle of society is felt. Nothing but this feeling of destitution, this growing conviction how little is to be effected for human happiness in its widest bearing by the steam processes of political machinery, could account here for the notice which the wild visions of the St. Simonians (on which we propose by and bye to speak more at length) have already attracted in France. They see the evil plainly; they have even a dim conception of the remedy; but pride, folly, enthusiasm, self-interest, licentiousness, artifice, mingle with and prevent their views; and the result is an insane, impious, impracticable dream. This moral anarchy, however, cannot last for ever. The mind cannot always live on doubts and negatives, nor be whirled round without end in the eddies of political commotion. The swell must at last subside; the great land-marks of society and morals, sooner or later, re-appear. This consummation may be promoted, though it cannot be produced, by co-operation. If men can combine for evil, they can do so also for good; returning from the field in which they have battled so long, and where so many have fallen unprofitably, the better spirits of literature may warn others back from the fatal conflict. They may lend their aid to strengthen the growing conviction, that happiness is more from within and from above, than from without and from beneath, and that the first step to true and rational freedom lies in the cultivation of the heart and of the affections, more than in the exercise of barren intellect, or the industrious manufacture of constitutions. Then might we hope that Europe, now shaken like the still vext Bermoothes, might find a breathing time; then might we expect that the stream of literature, which always runs side by side with the course of society, and reflects on its surface every volcanic movement that troubles the waves of the other, subsiding into tranquillity, again might roll down its single current calmly to the ocean, through scenes of domestic peace and fertility, instead of hurrying in a thousand petty channels, through blasted heath and rocky defiles, and wasting its waters unprofitably on parched and desolated sands.

ART. V.—1. *Codicis Theodosiani Fragmenta inedita: ex Codice palimpsesto Bibliotheca R. Taurinensis Athenæi in lucem protulit atque illustravit* Amedeus Peyron, Linguarum Orientalium Professor. Augustæ Taurinorum, 1824, 4to.

2. *Theodosiani Codicis genuini Fragmenta: ex Membranis Bibliotheca Ambrosiana Mediolanensis nunc primum edidit* Waltherus Fridericus Clossius, Phil. et J. U. Doctor, et Juris Professor Publicus Ordinarius in Regia Universitate Tubingensi. Tübingæ, 1824, 8vo.

3. *Codicis Theodosiani libri V. priores: recognovit, additamentis insignibus a Walthero Friderico Clossio et Amedeo Peyron repertis aliisque auxit, notis subitaneis, tum criticis tum exegeticis, nec non quadruplici appendice instruxit* Car. Frid. Christianus Wenck, Antecessor Lipsiensis. Lipsiæ, 1825, 8vo.

A MERE inspection of these titles will be sufficient to convince our readers that in some countries at least the Theodosian Code is an object of no inconsiderable interest or curiosity; but, with a safe conscience, we could not add that we believe it to be familiarly known to the great lawyers of this great metropolis. Sir Edward Sugden, if we rightly guess at his meaning, supposes it to be partly a code of the public laws of the empire, partly a digest of the opinions of private lawyers. "Rome began," as he avers, "with the laws of the twelve Tables, and in the time of Justinian, many camels would have been required to carry the codes and laws of the empire, and the comments upon them.\* Amongst the Roman lawyers, many individuals left behind them hundreds of books of their own composition on the laws. These

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\* The writer who speaks of the *ἀρχαὶ καμύλων πολλῶν* is Eunapius, who lived, not in the time of Justinian, but in the time of Arcadius and Honorius. (Fabricii Bibliotheca Græca, tom. vii. p. 536, edit. Harles.) The passage may be found in Eunapii Vitæ Sophistarum, recensuit notisque illustravit Jo. Fr. Boissonade, accedit annotatio Dan. Wytenbachii, tom. i. p. 42. Amst. 1822, 2 tom. 8vo. This passage appears to have been misunderstood by Heineccius and other writers, who have misled Sir Edward Sugden. "Atque nexus ipse verborum," says Wytenbach, "ostendit hæc dici de pragmaticorum scriptiunculis, quæ in testamentis, emtionibus, venditionibus, stipulationibus, similibus argumentis versantur: hæc Latinis dicuntur *libelli*, Græcis *βιβλίδια*, de quibus docuit Brissonius De Verborum Significatione, p. 546, 547: et est versus Juvenalis, allatus ab Arnaldo, Satir. vii. 107:

Dic igitur, quid caussidicis civilia præsent  
Officia, et magno comites in fasce libelli.

Si veterum jurisconsultorum libros significare voluisset, honestiori eos nomine *συγγραμματα, συντάγματα, συντάξεις*, et simili modo, vocasset." (Tom. ii. p. 140.) See likewise G. d'Arnaud, Variarum Conjecturarum libri duo, p. 204. Franequeræ, 1738, 4to. This explanation of a passage which is so frequently quoted, and so frequently misunderstood, has not escaped the notice of a very learned English lawyer. (Cooper, Lettres sur la Cour de la Chancellerie, et sur quelques Points de la Jurisprudence Anglaise, p. 17, edit. Paris, 1830, 8vo.)

overwhelming masses rendered a methodical collection and digest of the laws necessary. This was all that was attempted by the Theodosian Code.\* Of the origin and nature of the Theodosian Code, this is certainly a very learned and satisfactory exposition. But, says Mr. Humphreys, "for the digest, as well as for any selection from individual commentators, I have searched the *four folios of my Codex Theodosianus* in vain [which copy appears to want two entire volumes]; while, on the other hand, the numerous novels of Theodosius II., which both authenticate and form a supplement to his code, exhibit an attempt (using your own expression) to effect something beyond a mere compilation of anterior laws."† As this same code is not written in Arabic, or even in Greek, it was reasonably enough to be expected that such individuals as these might have found means of acquainting themselves, if not with its tenor and contents, at least with its history and external form; and we will venture to affirm that there is scarcely a notary public in all Germany, who, if he had thought it incumbent upon him to write, would thus have written about the Theodosian Code. We are induced to hope that we may perform an acceptable service to many of our readers, our classical as well as juridical readers, if we endeavour to exhibit a succinct and intelligible account of this code, and of the most material circumstances attending its transmission to our times. Of such a disquisition, our notices of the respective publications of Peyron, Clossius, and Wenck, will form an appropriate conclusion.

This code of laws, which is sometimes erroneously ascribed to Theodosius the Great, derived its origin from his grandson Theodosius the younger. On the decease of the first Theodosius, the Roman empire was divided between his two sons, the provinces of the east being allotted to Arcadius, those of the west to Honorius. From the sovereign of the east descended Theodosius the Second: after the death of his father and of his uncle, he again united the dominions which had thus been partitioned; but conferring the titles of Cæsar and Augustus upon Valentinian the Third, who married his daughter Licinia Eudoxia, he assigned to him the western provinces of the empire. This son-in-law, who became his successor at Constantinople, was likewise his cousin, being the son of Constantius Cæsar, and of Galla Placidia, the daughter of Theodosius the Great.‡

\* Sugden's Letter to James Humphreys, Esq. p. 53, 3d edit. Lond. 1827, 8vo.

† Humphreys's Letter to Edward B. Sugden, Esq. p. 7. Lond. 1827, 8vo.

‡ In illustrating the history of Galla Placidia, the celebrated Ruhnkenius exhibited the first public specimen of his erudition. (Opuscula, tom. i. p. 1. Lugd. Bat. 1823, 2 tom. 8vo.) He was then a *Magister Legum* in the university of Wittemberg, and, although a very young writer, he afforded an ample promise of that profound and



The character of the Roman lawyers had now degenerated. Their chief splendour is to be traced from the reign of Augustus to that of Alexander Severus, and the last name of great celebrity is that of Herennius Modestinus.\* With this pupil of Ulpian, the oracles of the civilians became mute;† the succeeding lawyers are only known as compilers or expounders; and although the law was long afterwards taught at Rome, Constantinople, and Berytus, we cannot in those declining annals discover any vestiges of ancient genius. The reign of Constantine was not conspicuous for legal science; and by fixing the seat of empire at Byzantium, he diminished all the chances or probabilities of further improvement. To the great body of those who inhabited the new metropolis, the language of the law was a foreign language; nor was this the only circumstance unfavourable to the cultivation and progress of jurisprudence.‡

Of the state of judicial administration during the fourth and fifth centuries, much knowledge is to be gleaned from the Theodosian Code. The first book contains three constitutions, which are too characteristic to be overlooked in an enquiry of this nature. Two of these, discovered by Clossius in the Ambrosian manuscript, are of the following tenor.

“*Imp. Constantinus A. ad Maximum Pf. P.*

“Perpetuas prudentium contentiones eruere cupientes, Ulpiani ac Paulli in Papinianum notas, qui, dum ingenii laudem sectantur, non tam corrigere cum quam depravare maluerunt, aboleri præcipimus. Dat. iv. Kal. Oct. Constantino II. et Crispo II. CC. Coss. (321.)”

“*Idem A. ad Maximum Pf. P.*

“Universa quæ scriptura Paulli continentur, recepta auctoritate firmanda sunt, et omni veneratione celebranda: ideoque Sententiarum libros, plenissima luce et perfectissima elocutione et justissima juris

various learning by which he was afterwards so much distinguished. The first of his two disputations was held *præside J. D. Rittero*. Ritter was professor of history, but he likewise read lectures on law. (Wytttenbachii Vita Ruhnkenii, p. 14.) To his connexion with this learned and able man, we may ascribe his relish for the study of jurisprudence. Twelve of his letters to Ritter have been published, and many portions of them relate to juridical subjects. (Opuscula, tom. ii. p. 767. 862.)

\* The fragments of Modestinus have been illustrated by many different civilians, and, among others, by Breukman, in a work entitled “*De Eûrematicis Diatriba: sive, in Herennii Modestini Librum singularem Paûl Eûgenianum, Commentarius.*” Lugd. Bat. 1706, 8vo. See Bachii Hist. Jurisprudentiæ Romanæ, p. 506.

† “Atque hic jurisconsultorum finis est, hic oracula jurisconsultorum obmutuere; sic ut ultimum jurisconsultorum Modestinum dicere vere liceat, cessim et retro colapsam jam jurisprudentiam.” (Gothofredi Hist. Juris Civilis, p. 14.)

‡ “Sæpe nostra clementia dubitavit, quæ causa faceret, ut tantis propositis præmiis, quibus artes et studia nutriuntur, tam pauci raroque exstiterint qui plena juris civilis scientia ditarentur, et in tanto lucubrationum tristi pallore, vix unus aut alter receperit soliditatem perfectæ doctrinæ.” (Novell. Theod. tit. i.)

ratione succinctos, in judiciis prolatos valere, minime dubitatur. Dat. v. Kal. Oct. Treviris, Constantino Cæs. V. et Maximo Coss. (327.)" \*

It is well known that the decisions of certain lawyers obtained the force of law;† and here we find the highest authority ascribed to the opinions of Julius Paulus, who flourished at the close of the second and the commencement of the third century. After an interval of nearly one hundred years, appeared another imperial constitution, intended to regulate the number and weight of legal opinions. In the judges themselves very little confidence seems to be reposed, nor is it difficult to imagine that their general merits are not undervalued: they are bound to decide points of law according to the number of accredited opinions; when the numbers are equal, and the decision of Papinian can be produced on one side of a question, his authority must be allowed to preponderate, "qui, ut singulos vincit, ita cedit duobus;" and it is only in the case of a perfect equilibrium of legal opinions, that they are left to the full exercise of their own discrimination. This arrangement is so entirely mechanical, that it is manifestly adapted to the lowest standard of attainment in those intrusted with the administration of the law.

*"Imp. Theod. et Valentinianus AA. ad Senatam Urbis Romæ.*

"Post alia:—Papiniani, Paulli, Gaii, Ulpiani, atque Modestini scripta universa firmamus, ita ut Gaium quæ Paullum, Ulpianum, et cunctos comitetur auctoritas, lectionesque ex omni opere recitentur.‡ Eorum quoque scientiam, quorum tractatus atque sententias prædicti omnes suis operibus miscuerunt, ratam esse censemus, ut Scævola, Sabini, Juliani, atque Marcelli, omniumque quos illi celebrarunt, si tamen eorum libri, propter antiquitatis incertum, codicum collatione firmentur. Ubi autem diversæ sententiæ proferuntur potior numerus vincat auctorum, vel, si numerus æqualis sit, ejus partis præcedat aucto-

\* Clossius, p. 35. Wenck, p. 24.

† "Responsa prudentium sunt sententiæ et opiniones eorum, quibus permissum est jura condere: quorum omnium si in unum sententiæ concurrant, id quod ita sentiant, legis vicem obtinet; si vero dissentient, judici licet, quam velit sententiam sequi; idque rescripto divi Hadriani significatur." (Gaii Institutiones, lib. i. § 7.) This is one of the numerous instances in which the Institutes of Gaius reflect a strong light on the history of the Roman law. Before their discovery, this rescript of Hadrian was totally unknown to modern civilians.

‡ The common reading of the passage is this: "ita ut Gaium, atque Paulum, Ulpianum, et cæteros, comitetur auctoritas lectionis, quæ ex omni opere recitatur." The reading given in the text is confirmed by the authority of the Würtzburg and Ambrosian MSS. "Quæ tamen lectio," says Ritter, "locum habere nequit: etenim lex non in Gaii solum favorem data, sed et jurisconsultis reliquis, quorum mentio facta, auctoritatem conciliat." But, as Wenck suggests, the object of the clause is to place Gaius upon the same footing with the other lawyers who are mentioned: "videtur autem Gaii antea minor auctoritas fuisse." The meaning of the passage evidently is, that the same authority may belong to Gaius, as belongs to Paulus, Ulpian, and other lawyers of the first name.

ritas, in qua excellentis ingenii vir Papinianus emineat, qui, ut singulos vincit, ita cedit duobus. Notas etiam Paulli atque Ulpiani in Papiniani corpus factas, sicut dudum statutum est, præcipimus infirmari. Ubi autem pares eorum sententiæ recitantur, quorum par censetur auctoritas, quod sequi debeat, eligat moderatio judicantis. Paulli quoque Sententias semper valere præcipimus. Dat. vii. Id. Novemb. Ravennæ, DD. NN. Theodosio XII. et Valentiniano II. AA. Coss. (426.)”\*

Three years after the date of this constitution, Theodosius declared to the senate his intention of compiling two different codes of laws. The document in which he communicates his plan, is interesting in itself, and as it has only been brought to light by Clossius and Peyron, it must be totally unknown to most of our readers.

*Imp. Theodosius et Valentinianus, AA. ad Senatum.*

“Ad similitudinem Gregoriani atque Hermogeniani Codicis, cunctas colligi constitutiones decernimus, quæ Constantinus inclytus, et post eum divi principes nosque tulimus, edictorum viribus aut sacra generalitate subnixas. Et primum tituli, quæ negotiorum sunt certa vocabula, separanda ita sunt, ut, si capitulis diversis expressis ad plures titulos constitutio una pertineat, quod ubique aptum est, collocetur; dein quod in utramque dici partem faciet varietas, lectionum probetur ordine, non solum reputatis consulibus et tempore quæsito imperii, sed ipsius etiam compositionis operis validiora esse quæ sunt posteriora monstrante; post hæc, ut constitutionum ipsa etiam verba quæ ad rem pertinent reserventur, prætermittis illis quæ sancientiæ rei non ex ipsa necessitate adjuncta sunt. Sed cum simplicius justiusque sit, prætermittis eis quas posteriores infirmant, explicari solas quas valere conveniet, hunc quidem codicem et priores diligentioribus compositos cognoscamus, quorum scholasticæ intentioni tribuitur, nosse illa etiam quæ mandata silentio in desuetudinem abierunt, pro sui tantum temporis negotiis valitura. Ex his autem tribus codicibus, et per singulos titulos cohærentibus prudentium tractatibus et responsis, eorundam opera qui tertium ordinabunt, noster erit alius, qui nullum errorem, nullas patietur ambages, qui, nostro nomine nuncupatus, sequenda omnibus vitandaque monstrabit. Ad tanti consummationem operis, et contexendos codices, quorum primus omni generalium constitutionum diversitate collecta, nullaque extra se, quam jam proferri liceat, prætermittis, inanem verborum copiam recusabit, alter, omni juris diversitate exclusa, magisterium vitæ suscipiet, diligendi viri sunt singularis fidei, limatioris ingenii; qui, cum primum codicem nostræ scientiæ et publicæ auctoritati obtulerint, aggredientur alium, donec dignus editione fuerit, pertractandum. Electos vestra amplitudo cognoscat. Antiochum, virum illustrem, ex-quæstore et præfecto, elegimus, Theodorum virum spectabilem, comitem et magistrum memoriæ, Eudicium et Eusebium, viros spectabiles, magistros scriniorum, Joannem virum spectabilem, ex-comite nostri sacrarii, Comazontem atque Eubulum, viros spectabiles, ex-magistris scriniorum, et Apellem, virum diser-

\* Wenck, p. 24.

tissimum, scholasticum. Hos, a nostra perennitate electos, eruditissimum quemque adhibituros esse confidimus, ut communi studio, vitæ ratione deprehensa, jura excludantur fallacia. In futurum autem, si quid promulgari placuerit, ita in conjunctissimi parte alia valebit imperii, ut non fide dubia nec privata assertione nitatur, sed ex qua parte fuerit constitutum, cum sacris transmittatur affatibus, in alterius quoque recipiendum scriniis, et cum edictorum solemnitate evulgandum: missum enim suscipi et indubitanter obtinere conveniet, emendandi vel revocandi potestate nostræ clementiæ reservata. Declarari autem invicem oportebit, nec admittenda aliter, *et cetera*. Dat. vii. Kal. April. Constantinopoli, Florentio et Dionysio Coss. (429).”\*

The codes mentioned at the beginning of this document appear to have been compiled by two private lawyers, Gregorius or Gregorianus, and Hermogenes or Hermogenianus, for their respective names are not completely ascertained.† From the order in which those codes are mentioned by ancient writers, it is to be inferred, that the labours of Gregorius preceded those of Hermogenianus. Some fragments of both codes have been preserved by Anianus.‡ Gregorius appears to have collected the imperial constitutions belonging to the intermediate reigns, from Hadrian to Constantine the Great: Hermogenianus is supposed to have formed a supplementary collection; and the remaining fragments consist entirely of the constitutions of Dioclesian and Maximinian. Of the former of these compilers, the personal history is involved in complete obscurity: according to the conjectures of modern civilians, the latter must have flourished in the reign of Constantine; and he is supposed to be the same Hermogenianus whose works are quoted in the Pandects. Both compilations are apparently to be considered as the undertakings of private individuals: the ancient commentator on the Theodosian Code has indeed averred that their authority is confirmed by a law, “sub titulo de Constitutionibus Principum et Edictis,”‡ and Gothofredus has reasonably relied on this averment; but the commentator probably alluded to the newly-discovered constitution which we have just quoted, and which certainly affords no adequate support to such an opinion. The emperor merely declares his resolution of forming a collection of imperial constitutions, “ad similitudinem Gregoriani atque Hermogeniani Codi-

\* Peyron, p. 21. Clossius, p. 7. Wenck, p. 13.

† Gothofredi Prolegomena ad Codicem Theodosianum, cap. i. Schultingii Jurisprudentia Ante-Justiniana, p. 683. Menagii Juris Civilis Amœnitates, cap. xi. Reinoldi Opuscula Juridica, p. 404. C. F. Pohlil Dissertatio de Codicibus Gregorianis atque Hermogeniano. Lipsiæ, 1777, 4to.

‡ Schultingii Jurisprudentia Ante-Justiniana, p. 681. Lugd. Bat. 1717, 4to. Jus Civile Ante-Justinianum, tom. i. p. 263. Berolini, 1815, 2 tom. 8vo.

§ Cod. Theodos. lib. i. tit. iv. l. i.

cis:" he thus acknowledges the propriety of such a model, but is silent with respect to any public sanction of those antecedent codes. It is however more than probable that they obtained some degree of authority in the forum\*. This circumstance may naturally be imputed to the intrinsic value of such a collection of laws; and we may conceive the two codes to have obtained the same degree of authority as might belong to the publication of an English author, who had prepared a collection or an abridgment of the Statutes. In either case the credit of the compiler must depend, not upon any formal sanction, but upon the fidelity with which he is generally believed to have executed his undertaking.

From the same document it appears to have been the original intention of Theodosius to compile two codes, arranged according to different plans. "*Noster erit alius, qui nullum errorem, nullas patietur ambages, qui, nostro nomine nuncupatus, sequenda omnibus vitandaque monstrabit.*" But his second code was never completed; nor is it easy to conjecture, from this description, what specific plan he contemplated. The emperor had thus divulged his intention in the year 429, and the Theodosian Code received his sanction on the fifteenth day before the calends of March 438. Of the compilers, who were eight in number, the names and services are enumerated in the following terms:

"*Longum est memorare quid in hujus consummationem negotii contulerit vigilis suis Antiochus, cuncta sublimis, ex-præfecto et consule; quid Maximinus, vir illustris, ex quæstore nostri palatii, eminens omni genere literarum; quid Martyrius, vir illustris, comes et quæstor, nostræ clementiæ fidus interpres; quid etiam Sperantius, Apollodorus, Theodorus, viri spectabiles, comites sacri nostri consistorii; quid Epigenius, vir spectabilis, comes et magister memoriæ; quid Procopius, vir spectabilis, comes, ex-magistro libellorum, jure omnibus veteribus comparandi.*"

All these dignities, as Gothofredus has remarked, were such as required an acquaintance with the laws. Antiochus, who was placed at the head of this important commission, has been confounded by him, as well as by Heineccius, with Antiochus the eunuch, and likewise with a third individual of the same name.†

By another constitution, recently discovered, and bearing the date of 435, the emperor had invested the compilers of his code with power to retrench what was superfluous, to add what was necessary, to change what was ambiguous, and to correct what was incongruous. "*Quod, ut, brevitate constrictum, claritate*

\* Heineccii Hist. Juris Civilis, p. 478. edit. Ritter.

† See Ritter ad Novell. Theod. p. 6.

luceat, aggressuris hoc opus et demendi supervacanea, et adjiciendi necessaria, et mutandi ambigua, et emendandi incongrua tribuimus potestatem." Justinian afterwards invested his commissioners with more ample powers: they were even authorized to consolidate several constitutions into one; and we may presume that neither of the two codes exhibited the imperial laws, or at least a large proportion of them, in their original state. In the novel which sanctions the Theodosian Code, the emperor evidently admits that the compilers whom he had employed were not mere copyists: "Manet igitur, manebitque perpetuo, elimata gloria conditorum, nec in nostrum titulum demigravit nisi lux sola brevitatis."

The Theodosian Code contains the edicts and rescripts of sixteen emperors; and its chronology extends from 312 to 438, thus embracing a period of 126 years.\* It commences with the reign of the first Christian emperor, and there is a systematic exclusion of the constitutions issued by the military adventurers who, during that interval, were finally unsuccessful in their attempts to usurp the government; but the selection is not limited to the constitutions of the Christian princes, for here we find the apostate Julian among other imperial lawgivers. The code is divided into sixteen books, and the laws which compose each title are arranged in chronological order.

The body of laws thus prepared by the emperor of the east, was immediately adopted by the emperor of the west. A very curious document, containing the "*Gesta in Senatu Urbis Romæ de recipiendo Theodosiano Codice*," has been discovered by Clossius.† At this period the Roman senate only exhibited a shadow of its former greatness: the stern and dignified republicans had long been supplanted by the minions of an imperial court; and a senate, possessing a very slender remnant of authority, was embodied in each of the two great divisions of the empire.‡ The senate of Rome having assembled on this occasion,

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\* "Si species constitutionum quæras, hic occurrunt non edicta tantum, sed et rescripta varia ad consultationes magistratuum emissa; epistolæ item, seu litteræ ad magistratus, orationes ad senatum pragmaticæ, acta habita in consistoriis principum, itemque in principiis, mandata denique data rectoribus provinciarum, censoribus, prææquatoribus missis, cognitoribus futuris in collatione de religione. Huc inquam congesta omnia illa, quæ aliquam juris scientiam et definitionem continerent." (*Gothofredi Prolegomena ad Codicem Theodosianum*, cap. ii.)

† Clossius, p. 3. Wenck, p. 3.

‡ M. C. Curtii Commentarii de Senatu Romano post Tempora Reipublicæ liberæ, p. 206. Halle, 1768, 8vo. *Del Senato Romano opera postuma del Conte Antonio Vendettini*. Roma, 1782, 4to. The first chapter of the count's work treats "dello stato del senato Romano sotto gl' imperatori, ed i rè Goti;" the second, "del senato dall' anno 553 fin al secolo X.;" and the last, "delle mutazioni occorse ne' pontificati di Martino V. e di Eugenio IV."

one of the consuls, Anicius Acilius Glabrio Faustus, proceeded to address the fathers in the following manner:

"Æternorum principum felicitas eo usque procedit augmenti, ut ornamentis pacis instruat quos bellorum sorte defendit. Proximo superiore anno, cum felicissimam sacrorum omnium conjunctionem pro devotione comitaremur, peractis feliciter nuptiis, hanc quoque orbi suo sacratissimus princeps, dominus noster Theodosius, adjicere voluit dignitatem, ut, in unum collectis legum præceptionibus, sequenda per orbem sedecim librorum compendio, quos sacratissimo suo nomine voluit consecrari, constitui juberet. Quam rem æternus princeps, dominus noster Valentinianus, devotione socii, affectu filii comprobavit."

When he had proceeded so far, "*acclamatum est, Nove, diserte, vere, diserte;*" expressions which may be considered as equivalent to the *hear, hear, hear*, of the British senate, when this exclamation is used in a favourable sense. The illustrious consul thus resumed his speech:

"Vocatis igitur me et illustri viro, illius temporis Orientia præfecto, singulos codices sua nobis manu divina tradi jussit, per orbem sui cum reverentia dirigendos, ita ut inter prima vestræ sublimitatis notioni provisionem suam sacratissimus princeps juberet offerri. In manu est acceptus codex, utriusque principis præceptione directus. Constitutionarii præsentés sunt: si placet amplitudini vestræ, has ipsas leges, quibus hoc idem fieri jusserunt, amplitudo vestra relegi sibi jubeat, ut consultissimis æternorum principum præceptis consentanea devotione pareamus."

Such of your lordships as are of that opinion will say *Content*, and such of your lordships as are of a contrary opinion will say *Not content*. The contents have it. "*Acclamatum est, Æquum est, placet, placet.*" He then read the constitution, which has already been quoted, relative to the project of forming two different codes. This recitation was succeeded by many acclamations of

"Augusti Augustorum, maximi Augustorum. Deus vos nobis dedit, Deus vos nobis servet. Romani Imperatores, et pii felices, multis annis imperetis. Bono generis humani, bono senatus, bono reipublicæ, bono omnium. Spes in vobis, salus in nobis. Ut vivere delectet Augustos nostros semper. Orbe placato præsentés triumphetis. Hæc sunt vota senatus, hæc sunt vota populi Romani. Liberis cariores, parentibus cariores. Extinctores delatorum, extinctores calumniarum. Per vos honores, per vos patrimonía, per vos omnia. Per vos arma, per vos jura. Dispositioni vestræ gratias agimus. Constitutionum ambiguum removistis. Pii imperatores sic consulunt."

In the midst of various exclamations of kindness and regard for the consul, they afterwards hazard a few suggestions respecting the custody and transcription of this new code of laws; but we perceive no traces of free discussion, or of real deliberation, which always implies the power of adopting either the one or the

other of two conflicting opinions. They might presume to regulate certain matters of detail, but were without any real influence in the administration of public affairs. In the instance now before us, their chief functions were manifestly confined to the ready approval of what the consul informed them was the will of the emperor. The business concludes with the subsequent address from the consul:

"Erit nunc meæ diligentia, secundum dominorum præcepta, et desideria culminis vestri, ut hic codex fide spectabilis viri Veroniciani, quem amplitudinis vestrae mecum consensus elegit, nec non et fide Anastasii et Martii, constitutionariorum, quos jam dudum huic officio inservire præter culpam probamus, per tria corpora transferatur, ut hoc, quem detuli, in officio prætoriani apicis remanente, parvis fidei viri magnifici præfecti urbis scrinia alterum teneant, tertium vero constitutionarii sua fide et periculo apud se, edendum populis, retinere jubeantur, ita ut nisi a constitutionariis, ex hoc corpore eorundam manu conscripta, exemplaria non edantur: siquidem erit meæ diligentia, etiam illam tractare partem, ut conscriptus per hos alius codex ad Africam provinciam pari devotione dirigatur, ut illic quoque par fidei forma servetur."

The Theodosian Code was thus promulgated in the western, as well as in the eastern empire. The Gothic conquerors of the west permitted their Roman subjects to enjoy the benefit and the protection of their own laws;\* and a compendium of those laws was even prepared under the auspices of Alaric, king of the Visigoths, whose dominions comprehended certain provinces of Spain and Gaul.† This collection contains an abridgment of the three codes of Gregorius, Hermogenianus, and Theodosius, together with some novels, or new constitutions, and an epitome

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\* Cassiodorus thus expresses the sentiments of Theodoric, king of Italy: "Delectamur jure Romano vivere, quos armis cupimus vindicare: nec minor nobis cura est rerum mortalium, quam potest esse bellorum. Quid enim proficit barbaros removisse confusos, nisi vivatur ex legibus?" (Variorum lib. iii. cap. xliii.) This passage, we may here remark, seems to contradict the following assertion of Meyer: "J'observe d'abord que sans rien vouloir diminuer de l'estime que mérite le droit Romain, et de la haute sagesse qui en a dicté les dispositions, il n'est pas du tout prouvé, il est même historiquement faux, que ce mérite ait jamais déterminé ou influencé le moins du monde l'adoption de ce droit." (De la Codification en général, et de celle de l'Angleterre en particulier, en une Série de Lettres adressée à M. C. P. Cooper, Avocat Anglais, p. 41. Amst. et Lond. 1830, 8vo.) The author of this work, who is very advantageously known for his *Esprit des Institutions Judiciaires*, is a declared and decided opponent of the historical school of jurisprudence, and it must be admitted that he has discussed the doctrines of Savigny with much ability; but his arguments, ingenious as they certainly are, we are inclined to consider as less solid than plausible. Among many other suggestions, he states that the Romans proscribed the historical method, partly as useless, "parcequ'il est impossible de rendre raison de toutes les lois;" and in support of this allegation he quotes the authority of Julianus: "Non omnium quæ a majoribus constituta sunt ratio reddi potest." But if we cannot discover the reasons of all laws, is it a necessary inference that we must investigate the reasons of none?

† C. G. Bieneri Commentarii de Origine et Progressu Legum Juriumque Germanicorum, part. i. p. 280. Lipsiæ, 1787-95, 2 part. 8vo.



of the Institutes of Gaius, extracts from the *Sententiæ* of Paulus, and from the books of Papinian. It was completed in the year 506, and, as we are expressly informed, was confirmed by the approbation of the bishops, who must have been consulted on account of their learning. The *auctoritas*, or sanction of the king, prefixed to this compilation, contains the following statement:

“Utilitates populi nostri propitia divinitate tractantes, hoc quoque quod in legibus videbatur iniquum, meliori deliberatione corrigimus, ut omnis legum Romanarum et antiqui juris obscuritas, adhibitis sacerdotibus ac nobilibus veris, in lucem intelligentiæ melioris deducta resplendeat, et nihil habeatur ambiguum, unde se diuturna ac diversa jurgantium impugnet objectio. Quibus omnibus enucleatis, atque in unum librum prudentium electione collectis, hæc quæ excerpta sunt, vel clariori interpretatione composita, venerabilium episcoporum, vel electorum provincialium nostrorum, roboravit adsensus. Et ideo subscriptum librum, qui in tabulis habetur collectus, Goiarico comiti pro distringendis negotiis nostra jussit clementia destinari, ut juxta ejus seriem universa causarum sopiatur intentio: nec aliud cuilibet aut de legibus, aut de jure liceat in disceptationem proponere, nisi quod directi libri et subscripti viri spectabilis Aniani manu, sicut jussimus, ordo complectitur.”\*

It is previously stated that this body of law was compiled, “regnante domino Alarico rege, ordinante viro inlustri Goiarico comite;” and we must apparently conclude that the superintendence of the work had been committed to Goiaric, who was doubtless an officer of the king’s court. But it has for several centuries been known under the title of ANIANI BREVIARIUM, or the Abridgment of Anianus. The different copies appear to have been attested by his signature; and, according to the opinion of Gothofredus, he presents himself, not as the compiler of the book, but merely as the king’s referendary.† “Anianus, vir spectabilis, ex præceptione D. N. gloriosiss. Alarici regis, hunc Codicem de Theodosiani legibus, atque sententiis juris, vel diversis libris electum, Aduris anno xxii. eo regnante, edidi atque subscripsi.” This attestation is followed by a date, which states the day of the month, and repeats the year of the king’s reign;

\* Gothofredi Prolegomena, cap. v. edit. Ritter. Hoffmanni Hist. Juris Romani, tom. i. p. 474. Savigny, Bd. ii. S. 37.

† Gothofredi Prolegomena, cap. v. Brunquelli Dissertatio de Codice Theodosiano ejusque in Codice Justiniano Usu: Opuscula ad Historiam et Jurisprudentiam spectantia, p. 68. Hæke Magd. 1774, 8vo. Savigny’s Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter, Bd. ii. S. 42. The more common opinion is however maintained by Schaling, Jurisprudentia Ante-Justiniana, præf. and by Hugo, Geschichte des Römischen Rechts, S. 732. “Codicem Theodosianum exscribi jussit,” says Cironius, “ut illo uterentur quod Anianus cancellarius suus Aduris promulgavit, cum interpretationibus suis, sub titulo Legis Romanæ.” (Observationes Juris Canonici, p. 72. Tolosæ, 1645, fol.)

and such a date we may suppose to apply to the act of verifying the copy, not to that of compiling the work itself. We might indeed have expected to find the words "edidi atque subscripsi" arranged in a different order, "subscripsi atque edidi;" but this remark is alike applicable, whether we conceive Anianus to have been the compiler, or merely the collator. To the formation of this collection it is highly probable that several individuals contributed their assistance, under the general direction of Goiaric.\* To all the books contained in the collection, with the exception of the epitome of Gaius, is added an *interpretatio*, or explanation. The manuscripts of the Theodosian Code do not all contain the same explanation, and two different explanations are sometimes subjoined to the same law. It appears from the *auctoritas* that explanations were inserted by order of King Alaric, and we must suppose others to have been derived from a different source. The ancient commentary is to be found in Gothofredus's edition of the Theodosian Code; and a very cursory inspection of it seems to have betrayed Sir Edward Sugden into the error of supposing that code partly to consist of a digest of the public laws, and partly of the discussions of private lawyers. This commentary obtained so much credit, that it appears in some measure to have superseded the text. When the writers of the middle ages quote the Theodosian laws, they very commonly refer, not to the text, but to the commentary. Such ancient explanations as these are not without some degree of interest or utility;† though they cannot but be supposed to bear sufficient marks of the age to which they belong.

It is only in this ancient abridgment that a considerable proportion of the Theodosian Code has apparently been transmitted to our times.‡ For the first edition of the Code, which was printed at Basel in the year 1528, we are indebted to the commendable zeal of Joannes Sichardus.§ He had access to several

\* We therefore adopt the opinion of Gothofredus, that in the following passage Siebertus Gemblacensis has misunderstood the proper sense of the word *edere*: "Anianus vir spectabilis, jubente Athalarico R. volumen unum de legibus Theodosii Imperatoris edidit; et monente Orantio episcopo librum Joannis Chrysostomi in Matthæum de Græco in Latinum transtulit." (De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis, p. 101. edit. Fabricii.)

† This collection of laws, says the archbishop of Tarragona, is accompanied "cum interpretationibus non ineptis." (Augustinus de Nonimibus propriis τοῦ Πατριάρχου Florentini, not. col. 27. Tarracone, 1579, fol.) The merits and defects of these interpretations are minutely discussed by Gothofredus, Prolegomena, cap. vi. See likewise Savigny's Geschichte, Bd. ii. S. 54.

‡ Respecting the newly discovered manuscripts of this Breviarium, the reader will find much information in Haubold's Opuscula, vol. ii. p. 897, and in the preface to the same volume.

§ Codicis Theodosiani libri XVI. quibus sunt ipsorum Principum auctoritate adjectæ

manuscripts; but all of them appear to have been so defective, that very many titles are not to be found in his publication, and indeed several books present themselves in the most mutilated form. He has subjoined the ancient *interpretatio*, together with a collection of the *Novellæ Constitutiones* of Theodosius, Valentinian, and some other emperors. His edition is without annotations, but he has inserted various readings in the margin. After an interval of twenty-two years, a more complete edition of the Theodosian Code was published by Jean du Tillet, or Tillius, who has however omitted the ancient commentary.\* In 1566, his edition was followed by that of Cujacius, who, among other appendages, has subjoined the ancient commentary, and a collection of the Novels. According to the title-page, the sixth, seventh, eighth, and sixteenth books, "nunc primum prodeunt, cæteri aucti sunt innumeris constitutionibus."† Another edition by the same illustrious civilian, but without his name, was published at Paris in 1586; and, in the course of the same year, his name appeared in the title of an edition printed at Geneva.‡ These were followed by other editions of the Theodosian Code; and all the editions include other reliques of ancient jurisprudence.

But the great editor and expounder of the Theodosian Code was Jacobus Gothofredus, or Godefroy, who stands in the first rank of modern civilians. This very learned and able man was born at Geneva on the 13th of September 1587. His father, Dionysius Gothofredus, belonged to a noble family in France, but, as he professed the Protestant religion, he was constrained to abandon his native country after the atrocious massacre of St. Bartholomew: he was successively appointed a professor of law in several universities, and has left various monuments of his learning and industry, particularly his exegetical edition of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*.§ His second son, who now claims our attention, betook himself with great ardour to the study of jurisprudence, and in the year 1619 was appointed a professor in his native city. He afterwards filled the highest offices of this little republic: in the year 1629 he became a member of the council;

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Novellæ, Theodosii, Valentiniani, Martiani, Majoriani, Severi. Cui Institutionum lib. II. Julii Pauli Receptarum Sententiarum lib. V. Gregoriani Codicis lib. V. Hermogeniani lib. I. Papiniani Tit. I. Hiis nos adjecimus ex vetustissimis bibliothecis, eo quod ad jus civile pertinerent, et alterius etiam Responsa passim in Pandectis legerentur, L. Volusiani Metiani lib. de Asse, Julii Frontini lib. de Controversiis Limitum, cum Aggeni Urbici Commentariis. Excudebat Basileæ Henricus Petrus, mense Martio, anno M.D.XXVIII. Fol.

\* Parisiis, 1550, 8vo.

† Lugduni, 1566, fol.

‡ Parisiis, 1586, fol. Aureliæ Allobrogum, 1586, 4to.

§ Terrasson, Hist. de la Jurisprudence Romaine, p. 472.

he was appointed secretary of state, was employed in several embassies, and was five times chosen syndic. In the year 1637, after the death of Petrus Cunæus, professor of the civil law in the university of Leyden, he was invited to fill the vacant chair; but although the emoluments of the office were not inconsiderable, he could not be induced to abandon a country to which he felt much attachment.\* He had now acquired a very high reputation as a lawyer of deep and extensive erudition, and in this respect he is only equalled by Cujacius. To his ample stores of philological learning he added a masterly knowledge of history, both civil and ecclesiastical: his industry appears to have been indefatigable, and his reading unbounded. Uniting with his other qualifications a complete knowledge of ancient jurisprudence in all its branches, and applying to his multifarious investigations an acute understanding and a sober judgment, he has produced various works, which cannot but be supposed to rise very far above the ordinary standard of merit. Although he has not undertaken any extensive work on a plan strictly historical, no other writer has more effectually contributed to illustrate the history of the Roman law. The value of his *Manuale Juristæ* and of his *Fontes quatuor Juris Civilis* is well known to all those who are not entirely unacquainted with the progress of this science: he is the author or editor of many other productions; but the great and lasting monument of his talents and learning is his edition of the Theodosian Code, on which he bestowed the assiduous labour of thirty years. This edition he did not himself live to complete, having died at Geneva on the 24th of June 1652.† His library, including all his manuscripts as well as printed books, was purchased by Antoine Marville, professor of law in the university of Valence; nor was it a little fortunate that his literary treasures fell into such hands.§

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\* Gothofredus dedicated to the States General of Holland "*Philostorgii Cappadociæ Ecclesiasticæ Historiæ libri XII.*" Geneva, 1643, 4to. To this elaborate edition he has appended two juridical dissertations, "*De Nuptiis Consobrinorum,*" and "*De Testamento Tempore Pestis, vel a Testatore Peste contacto, condito.*"

† Of this very useful work there is a recent edition, published by the late Professor Berthelot. Parisii, 1806, 8vo.

‡ C. H. Trotz, præf. in Jacobi Gothofredi Opera Juridica minora. Lugd. Bat. 1733, fol. Senebier, *Histoire Littéraire de Geneve*, tom. ii. p. 144. Geneve, 1786, 3 tom. 8vo.—This splendid edition of Trotz includes all the juridical works of Gothofredus, except his illustrations of the Theodosian Code.

§ The personal history of Antoine Marville is somewhat curious. His father, Claude de Vignemonte, "greffier en chef du presidial" at Amiens, having destined him for the church, he reluctantly prosecuted his theological studies, and passed through the inferior orders till he became a subdeacon or deacon; but he had fully resolved to devote himself to the profession of law, and as his father would not consent to this change of plan, he secretly withdrew to Paris, where he assumed a new name along with the habit of a layman. The place of his nativity was a village named Marteville; and from the name of this village, shortened of its middle syllable, he adopted the

Of the intrinsic value of such a possession, Marville was sufficiently aware, and he was both able and willing to bestow the labour necessary for arranging the vast collections which Gothofredus had accumulated. Nor was this labour inconsiderable; for the commentary abounded with erasures and corrections, many of the notes were written on separate slips of paper, and many others on the margin of a printed copy of the original work. Having with no small assiduity and perseverance digested the papers into a proper form, he at length committed the edition to the press; and the Theodosian Code, with the notes and commentary of Gothofredus, was published at Lyons in the year 1665.\*

If the illustrious civilian of Geneva had himself prepared this edition for the press, it would doubtless have appeared to greater advantage; but even in its present form it is a work of the highest value to the lawyer and to the historian; it is indeed an immense storehouse of juridical and historical knowledge. The commentator has collected a stupendous mass of learning, and his information is derived from every accessible source. To the text

appellation of Marville, which was likewise retained by his descendants. His remuneration as a private tutor enabled him to maintain himself at Paris, and to prosecute his favourite study: after a course of four years, he took the degree of doctor of laws, and next found employment as a "*repetiteur en droit*." But as this abandonment of the clerical profession exposed him to legal animadversion, he was afraid of being recognized in the capital; and having resided there for seven or eight years, he removed in 1640 to Grenoble, where he was admitted as an advocate, but was apparently more employed in giving private lessons in jurisprudence. A vacancy in the law-faculty having occurred at Valence, Marville was appointed a professor in that university in the year 1648. The *primicerius antecessor*, or first professor of law, having died in the course of the following year, the office was first destined for the learned Fabrot, well known as the editor of Theophilus and the Basilica; but as he was then occupied with the edition of the Byzantine historians, his residence in Paris was indispensable; and for a certain sum of money, paid with the knowledge of the keeper of the seal, he acquiesced in the appointment of Marville. A short while before obtaining this preferment, he had married a lady of Valence, and here he spent the remainder of a long life, having died in 1693, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He is represented as a person amiable in his character, and gentle in his manners. His original works are neither considerable for their number nor for their value; but his name is inseparably connected with that of Gothofredus, and is therefore familiarly known to all those who are conversant with the history of the Roman law. At the close of his preface, he states that this great civilian had recommended to him the care of his edition of the Theodosian Code, in the event of its not being completed in his own lifetime: "*Ne fateretur me adductum fuisse prævia autoris dum viveret admonitione in civitate Parisiensi, ut id officium præstarem, si ante excusum opus, e vivis decederet.*"

\* *Codex Theodosianus, cum perpetuis Commentariis Jacobi Gothofredi, viri senatorii et Jureconsulti hujus sæculi eximii. Præmittuntur Chronologia accuratior, cum Chronico Historico, et Prolegomena: subjiciuntur Notitia Dignitatum, Prosopographia, Topographia, Index Rerum, et Glossarium Nominum. Opus posthumum, diu in foro et schola desideratum, recognitum et ordinatum ad usum Codicis Justinianei, opera et studio Antonii Marvillii, Antecessoris Primicerii in Universitate Valentina. Lugduni, 1665, 6 tom. fol.*

of the Code he subjoins the ancient explanation: this is followed by his notes, in which he adverts to the various readings, to the emendation of the text, and to the parallel or conflicting passages in the Theodosian or Justinian laws; and the illustration of each title is completed by his ample commentary, in which he discusses the scope and tendency of the various enactments, and pours around every subject of importance an immense stream of erudition, drawn from the deepest recesses of jurisprudence and history. But in addition to his perpetual commentary, he has composed different tracts which greatly contribute to the elucidation of this collection of laws. To the first volume is prefixed a *Chronologia Codicis Theodosiani*,\* which is of great importance both in a juridical and historical point of view; and this elaborate chronology is succeeded by his *Prolegomena in Codicem Theodosianum*, in which the history of the Code is fully detailed. The last volume contains a "Notitia Dignitatum seu Administrationum tam civilium quam militarium, in Partibus Orientis et Occidentis, confecta e Codice Theodosiano;" a "Prosopographia, seu Index Personarum omnium quarum fit mentio in Codice Theodosiano;" a "Topographia Theodosiana; sive Orbis Romanus, ex Codice Theodosiano depromptus;" and, besides an Index of subjects and of words, a "Glossarium Nomicum Codicis Theodosiani." The value of such a work as this can only be adequately understood by those who have bestowed much attention on the study of the Roman law and history. "Immortale opus est," says Hugo, "quod Gothofredus perfecit, in quo neque prævit ei quisquam neque ejus vestigia premere ausus est. Nemo Codicem Theodosianum illustrare studuerat; qui primus id consilium cepit, ita quoque perfecit ut præter spicilegium nil prorsus superesse videretur."† This is the ample testimony of a great civilian, who is not commonly disposed to bestow commendation with too lavish a hand; and to his testimony it may not be superfluous to add that of a great historian, who must likewise be regarded as a very competent judge of a work so much connected with history as well as jurisprudence. "Among the books which I purchased," says Gibbon, "the Theodosian Code, with the commentary of James Godefroy, must be gratefully remembered. I used it (and much I used it) as a work of history, rather than of jurisprudence; but in every light it may

\* Hommel is evidently mistaken in supposing this chronology to be the work of Marville. (*Litteratura Juris*, p. 58.) That it was written by Gothofredus, is sufficiently ascertained from the general preface of the editor.

† Hugonis *Index Editionum Fontium Corporis Juris Civilis*, p. 187.

be considered as a full and capacious repository of the political state of the empire in the fourth and fifth centuries.”\*

About seventy years after the appearance of this edition, the Theodosian Code, with the commentary of Gothofredus, was republished by John Daniel Ritter, who commenced his undertaking when he was professor of philosophy at Leipzig, and completed it after he had been appointed professor of history at Wittemberg.† For a task of this kind he possessed eminent qualifications: being familiarly acquainted with the Roman law and history, he was equally conversant with ancient literature, and he displayed the talents of a skilful critic. To his edition he has added various prefaces, and many shorter notes, and has corrected the text by the collation of manuscripts, and of the former editions. He has reprinted the spurious *Appendix Codicis Theodosiani*,‡ which had been published in 1631 by Sirmond, a French Jesuit of uncommon erudition; and to the Novels, which had received no illustration from Gothofredus, he has subjoined many annotations.§ This publication of Ritter procured him a high reputation. As a testimony of his conspicuous merit, the university of Göttingen conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of laws;|| and as such gratuitous honours are by no means common in Germany, this fact may here deserve a passing notice.

In the different articles which from time to time we have devoted to juridical subjects, it has been our constant aim to blend the study of history with the study of law; and as the pursuits of historical jurisprudence have been so much neglected in England, our labours, though perhaps very thankless and unavailing, can scarcely be considered as superfluous. Adhering to this general plan of investigation, we think it proper to direct the reader's attention to a work which greatly contributes to illustrate the history of an interesting period embraced by the Theodosian Code; namely, to a disquisition on the genius, manners, and luxury of the age of Theodosius the Great, written by the learned and judicious Dr. Müller, professor of divinity in the university of Co-

\* Gibbon's *Memoirs of his own Life and Writings*, p. 213, 8vo.

† *Codex Theodosianus*, &c. editio nova, collata cum antiquissimo Codice MS. Warceburgensi et Libris editis, iterum recognita, emendata, variorumque observationibus aucta, quibus adjecit suas Joan. Dan. Ritter, P.P. Lipsiæ, 1736-45, 6 tom. fol. Ritter's edition was soon afterwards reprinted in Italy. Mantuæ, 1740-50.

‡ *Appendix Codicis Theodosiani novis Constitutionibus cumulatior; cum Epistolis aliquot veterum Conciliorum et Pontificum Romanorum, nunc primum editis; opera et studio Jacobi Sirmondi, Presbyteri Societatis Iesu.* Parisiis, 1631, 8vo.

§ Ruhnkenius to Ritter: “In quo opere cum alii alia mirantur, ego nihil tantopere miror, quam *stultitiam* illam criticam, qua locis depositis ac prope desperatis Novellarum Theodosii, Valentiniani etc. et lucem et medelam attulisti.” (*Ruhnkenii Opuscula*, tom. ii. p. 770.)

|| *Hommellii Litteratura Juris*, p. 57. Lipsiæ, 1761, 8vo.

penhagen.\* His materials are to a great extent derived from the writings of Chrysostom, from the Code itself, and from the admirable commentary of Gothofredus; but he likewise appears to have consulted almost all the ancient writers, whether Christian or Pagan, who could furnish him with any gleanings of information.

Of the novels which accompany this code, we have not judged it necessary to enumerate the different editions; but it may not be improper to mention that not many years after the conclusion of Ritter's labours, the printed collection received an accession of five constitutions of Theodosius and Valentinian, which were published by two different editors from the Ottobonian manuscript that now belongs to the Vatican Library. These editors were Zirardini and Amaduzzi, who had both engaged in this undertaking without being aware of each other's intentions: they have each extended their illustrations so as to complete a considerable volume; the latter has indeed produced a splendid folio of more than four hundred pages. The one edition appeared in 1766,† the other in 1767;‡ and a long period elapsed before the legislation of Theodosius received any new elucidation.

The discovery of the Institutes of Gaius gave a renovating and powerful impulse to the civilians of the continent; and the recesses of many libraries were explored in the eager expectation of detecting other reliques of ancient jurisprudence.

"*Maximo studio*," says Peyron, "in jurisprudentiam nunc fertur Europa universa. Pars annalia, quæ multigenam de jure jurisque historia cognitionem referunt, edunt; pars, missis per Europam doctis viris, qui, codices excutiant, id sibi negotii dant, ut in unum corpus conferant quidquid est Romanarum legum; alii meliore ordine fragmenta legum disponere, secumque consociare satagunt; alii demum in universo juris orbe veluti stantes, ac priscae ætatis memoriam simul cum præsentium rerum usu atque indole mente comprehendentes, antiqua jura vel nova auctoritate confirmant, vel novata ratione ad nostræ ætatis inclinationem attemperant. Ita, incensis multorum studiis jurisprudentia expolitur atque amplificatur. Quare, si mei operis auspiciis a temporis

\* *Commentatio historica de Genio, Moribus et Luxu Ævi Theodosiani*, autore Petro Erasmo Muller, Havniensi, Philos. Doct. Particula I. Havniæ, 1797. Particula II. Goettingæ, 1798, 8vo.

† *Imperatorum Theodosii Junioris et Valentiniani III. Novellæ Leges*, cæteris Antejustinianæ, quæ in Lipsiensi anni 1745, vel in anterioribus editionibus vulgatæ sunt, addendæ. Ex Ottoboniano MS. Codice edit, Commentario illustrat, ex eodemque Codice alia profert Antonius Zirardinus Ravenus, Jureconsultus. Faventiæ, 1766, 8vo.

‡ *Leges Novellæ V. anecdotæ Imperatorum Theodosii Junioris et Valentiniani III.* cum cæterarum etiam Novellarum editarum Titulis et variis Lectionibus, &c. opera et studio Johannis Christophori Amadutii, qui præfationem et annotationes adjecit. Romæ, 1767, fol.



ratione sumendum erat, haud video quæ Theodosianis fragmentis in lucem edendis felicitas ætas contingere potuisset. Accedunt multa præsidia, quæ ab imperatoriis legibus colliguntur ad intimas historiæ causas penitus investigandas; hac vero investigatione, quæ ad historiæ philosophiam pertinet, in primis delectatur nostra ætas. Duplex enim utilitas a tractatione veterum legum capi potest; altera ad jurisprudentiam, altera ad historiam ejusque causas spectat."

This elegant writer, who has himself made an important discovery, is a professor, not of the civil law, but of the oriental languages at Turin. In the library of the university to which he belongs, he discovered a mutilated and undescribed volume in large octavo, and on a more particular examination he found that it was a palimpsest. This volume, as he is led to conjecture, had formed a part of the literary reliques collected in the monastery of Bobbio, which was founded by St. Columbanus, a native of Ireland, about the beginning of the seventh century.\* It once contained a curious library, but the monks were not very competent judges of its value, or very faithful guardians of its treasures; and from the close of the fifteenth century, the manuscripts of Bobbio were gradually suffered to enrich the libraries of Italy. Of this monastic repository Peyron has given an elaborate account in another publication, and has there inserted a catalogue of the manuscripts, which had been compiled in the year 1461.†

In the manuscript thus detected at Turin, the second writing consisted of Julius Valerius's Latin version of a narrative of the exploits of Alexander the Great, written by a Greek of the name of Æsop. From another copy, preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, this version was published for the first time by Dr. Angelo Mai, and it contains nothing that can reconcile us to

\* Some of the compositions of Columbanus, in verse as well as prose, may be found in Archbishop Usher's *Veterum Epistolarum Hibernicarum Sylloge*, p. 7-18. Dublinii, 1632, 4to. Dempster, according to his usual custom, has claimed this saint as a native of Scotland. (*Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum*, p. 142. Bononiæ, 1627, 4to.)

† M. Tulli Ciceronis Orationum pro Scauro, pro Tullio, et in Clodium Fragmenta inedita, pro Cluentio, pro Cælio, pro Cæcina, etc. Variantes Lectiones, Orationem pro T. A. Milone a lacunis restitutam, ex Membris palimpsestis Bibliothecæ R. Taurinensis Athenæi edidit et cum Ambrosianis parium Orationum Fragmentis composuit Amedeus Peyron, &c. Idem præfatus est de Bibliotheca Bobiensis, cujus Inventarium anno MCCCCLXI. confectum edidit atque illustravit. Stuttgartiæ et Tubingæ, 1824, 4to.

Peyron has made one statement which to British readers is curious and interesting. "Ad primam hanc ætatem pertinet primus bibliothecæ fundus, veneranda illa scilicet codicum suppellex a D. Columbano ejusque discipulis Bobium comportata. Vidi in Ambrosiana, atque Taurinensis habet libros Latinos Saxonice litteris descriptos, glossisque Saxonice illustratos; hos pro varia eorum antiquitate vel a D. Columbano ex Hibernia, vel a Cumiano ex Scotia, aliisque Anglicis monachis allatos autumo." (De Bibliotheca Bobiensis Commentatio, p. vi.)

the mutilation or erasure of the Theodosian Code.\* On the application of a proper acid, the version of Valerius, written with evanescent ink, was very easily effaced, and the more ancient writing became disentangled. Peyron supposes that this manuscript of the code was transcribed during the earlier part of the sixth century; but, according to Mai, the peculiarities of writing rather belong to the century following. In this manner are preserved thirteen leaves, comprehending portions of the first five books, and two pages, which contain a fragment of the sixth book of the Theodosian Code. Nor are these leaves without mutilation; the vellum, in the course of its preparation for a new purpose, has been cut at one side, so that in one page the beginning, and in another the end of the lines, are regularly shorn away; and, in some instances, the tops or bottoms of the leaves are likewise curtailed. The words or fragments of words which the editor has conjecturally supplied, are sufficiently distinguished by being printed in Italics. The text is first exhibited, not in fac-simile, but according to the original arrangement of the lines, and without any separation of words. To the skill and industry of Peyron we are indebted for eighty-three constitutions, or fragments of constitutions, exclusive of the fragment belonging to the sixth book. He has subjoined various readings from those portions of the manuscript which include constitutions formerly published.†

When the professor of oriental languages made this important discovery, he began to regret that something more congenial to his previous studies had not rather presented itself; for, having already attained to his seventh lustre, he had never been initiated in the mysteries of jurisprudence. He however possessed sufficient elasticity of mind to betake himself to a new course of study; and instead of consigning this ancient relique to some juridical critic, he resolved to become acquainted with the Roman law, and to write a commentary himself. The passage in which he gives an account of his situation is not unworthy of being transcribed.

“Tandem unicuique legi commentarius erat subjiciendus, qui omnia enarraret, quæ ad historiam, chronologiam, jurisque scientiam pertinebant. Luculentissimum hac in re exemplar, quod imitatione effingerem,

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\* Julii Valerii Res gestæ Alexandri Macedonis, translate ex Æsopo Græco, prodeunt nunc primum, edente notisque illustrante Angelo Maio, Ambrosiani Collegii Doctore. Mediolani, 1817, 8vo.—In the same volume, this work is preceded by the “Itinerarium Alexandri ad Constantium Augustum, Constantini M. filium, edente nunc primum Angelo Maio,” &c.

† This publication of Peyron was inserted in the *Memorie della Reale Accademia di Torino*, tom. xxviii., and only a few copies have appeared in a separate form.

propositum habebam Jacobum Gothofredum, jurisconsultorum facile principem, qui universi juris scientia, non nuda illa ac jejuna instructus, sed. multarum literarum, in primisque historiæ et criticæ comitatu circumfusa, tamdiu in uno Theodosiano Codice habitavit, dum neque suis lucubrationibus contentus vitam cum morte mutavit. Sed cum mentem subibat tanti exemplaris imago, despondebam, simulque meam culpabam sortem, quæ quando votis meis arridens codices palimpsestos tractandos mihi dederat, non aliam potius materiam mihi obtulisset, quæ saltem aliquo cognationis vinculo cum meis studiis esset conjuncta. Enimvero a jurisprudentia adeo semper abfui, ut me cogitantem de studiorum curriculo ingrediendo illa non tantum nunquam sollicitaverit, sed ne vellercaverit quidem; tum hoc ætatis meæ septimum lustrum attigerim, quin Codicem Justinianæum unquam pervolutassem. Quamobrem dedi me ad Institutiones aliasque tractationes de jure perlegendas, quæ mihi summam unius tituli per universum Codicem diffusi veluti uno obtutu exhiberent. Tum recolens quæ Gallius de Antistio Labeone refert, cum præcipue usum esse scientia Latinarum vocum ad enodandos juris laqueos, contuli me ad libros sequioris Latinitatis legendos, aque adeo in iis me abdididi, ut manum tandem admovens ad commentaria scribenda meam ipse Latinitatem exhorrescerim."—P. 16.

He has added notes and a commentary after the model of Gothofredus; and he appears to us to have executed this part of his task much better than could have been expected from a person who had only prepared himself in such a manner. We consider him as entitled to the thanks of those who feel any particular interest in the history of the Roman law.

About the same period when Peyron made this discovery at Turin, a similar discovery was made at Milan by Dr. Clossius, who was formerly a professor of law in the university of Tübingen. His name is well known on the continent as being conjoined with that of Schrader, in the meditated edition of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*; but he has recently transferred his services to the university of Dorpat, in the Russian province of Livonia, and can no longer participate in the editorial labours of his very learned and distinguished preceptor. In the Ambrosian Library he found a quarto volume, containing the treatise *De Officiis*, and several of the orations of Cicero, the Institutes of Justinian,\* a portion of *Aniani Breviarium*, and *Rhythmus de Assumptione Virginis Mariæ*. The manuscript, which he supposes to belong to the middle of the twelfth century, is written in small, regular, and not inelegant characters, but with pale ink; and the different works contained in the volume appear to have been transcribed by the same hand. All the peculiarities of the manuscript are minutely described in the editor's preface, which extends to thirty-

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\* *Prodromus Corporis Juris Civilis*, a Schradero, Clossio, Tafello, Professoribus Tübingensibus, edendi, p. 53. Berolini, 1823, 8vo.

eight pages. The "Gesta in Senatu Urbis Romæ de recipiendo Theodosiano Codice," which we have already recommended to the notice of our readers, cannot but be regarded as a very curious document; and, besides this historical relique, he has rescued from oblivion a considerable number of constitutions, chiefly belonging to the first book of the Theodosian Code. What has in general been effected by Peyron and Clossius, is thus stated in the preface of Wenck :

"Ex hac igitur disputatione nostra constat, octoginta et tres novas constitutiones, aut constitutionum particulas, quæ deerant prioribus quinque libris, (quarum decem etiam Clossius ex Ambrosiano eruit,) tum supplementum libri vi., nec non antiquas atque optimas ad ceteros libros lectiones, palimpsestis Taurinensibus et Peyroni studio deberi. Quodsi Ambrosianæ atque Taurinenses copiæ jungantur, deductis decem communibus, quinquaginta atque unam ultra centum constitutiones, præter Gesta, libris v. accedunt. Quæ etsi non omnes plane fuerint incognitæ, (sunt enim inter Ambrosianas viginti septem, Taurinensium paullo plures, quæ jam innotescebant e Cod. Justiniano) leguntur tamen etiam cognitæ nunc longe integriores, et a Tribonianî manu intactæ."—P. xix.

Clossius, as well as Peyron, has exhibited a double text. The reading of the manuscript, with all its abbreviations and other peculiarities, is in one page printed in Italics, and in the opposite page appears the text adjusted in the more ordinary form. At the end of the volume he has subjoined annotations, partly critical, partly exegetical, and likewise a *Chronologia Constitutionum*, together with four pages of conjectural emendations, under the title of "Ad Theodosiani Codicis Fragmentum Conjecturæ criticæ Bardili, Buttmanni, Hugonis, Osianderi, Savignii, Schraederi, Tafelii."

The new materials, thus prepared by Peyron and Clossius, have been incorporated with the older stock, and have received much additional illustration from Dr. Wenck, professor of the civil law in the university of Leipzig. This lamented individual was the worthy successor of Haubold, and, like him, was distinguished by the extent and accuracy of his learning, and by the solidity of his judgment. His death must be deeply regretted by all the lovers of ancient jurisprudence. The first five books of the Theodosian Code, which long appeared so defective and mutilated, are now exhibited in a form materially improved; and the annotations of Wenck will not be despised, even by such readers as are most familiarly acquainted with those of Gothofredus and Ritter. His notes are sufficiently copious, and afford abundant proofs of the extent of his erudition, and the soundness of his judgment. In a preface of twenty-six pages, he has given

an account, scrupulously accurate, of the sources of his edition. He has added an appendix, which contains the following articles.

1. Supplementum Codicis Theodosiani, lib. vi. tit. 4. qui est, de Prætoribus et Quæstoribus, in Palimpsesto Taurinensi repertum.
2. Variæ Lectiones ad posteriores undecim Codicis Theodosiani libros, e Membranis palimpsestis Vaticanis ac Taurinensibus ab Angelo Maio et Amad. Peyron erutæ, ad Editionem Berolinensem accommodatæ. Accedunt quædam ex Indice Rubricarum Ambrosiano.
3. Imperatoris Honorii Constitutio de Conventibus annuis in Urbe Arelatensi habendis.
4. Series Constitutionum quæ libris v. prioribus Codicis Theod. continentur chronologica.

This elaborate edition of Professor Wenck we consider as essential to the library of every scholar who feels a particular interest in the study, and more especially in the historical study, of the Roman law.

It would afford us a very sincere pleasure to see, in this department, works of equal learning and utility proceed from the English universities, which possess so many liberal endowments for the study of the civil law, and in which the study of the civil law is so signally neglected. Instead of endeavouring to rival their continental brethren by the extent of their erudition, or the depth of their research, those who in this happy country bear the name of civilians, are sometimes more disposed to content themselves with assuming very ludicrous airs of superiority. In order to render this observation more intelligible, we shall quote a notable example.

“ One should suppose that justice was one of the simplest ideas in nature, but how complicated must it appear when we travel from the *Tractatus Tractatum* down to the latest publications on all sorts of law? Little ought to be our surprize, when we find that German and Dutch *magnificent* professors, as they call themselves, and who in general are only schoolmasters, are the numerous and principal writers on the laws ecclesiastical, civil, and of nature, and of nations. A Bynkershoek, a Huberus, a Vattel, a Hubner, a Schlegel, a Busch, a Heineccius, a Grotius, or Pufendorf, are men who have written to serve a particular private personal, or otherwise some public political purpose. Had the wife of Grotius published her opinions upon some certain subjects, said a reader of lectures upon the Roman and civil law in one of our own universities, she would have been of a different opinion. It is well known that in the foreign universities that whosoever takes a degree, (and degrees are mostly taken in law,) print and publish theses, which they make or are made for them. Nothing can be more ridiculous, when it is as notorious that a thesis may be bought, as well as burghers briefs and false passes, for one or a few rix-dollars, than to see such things dressed up with all the professorial pedantry of learning, and the authors as theatrically antiquated as if they appeared in trunk hose,

jackboots, slashed doublets, great slouched hats and feathers, ruffs or bands."\*

This egregious puerility did not proceed from some young and nameless individual, but from a personage who had attained to the highest honours of his profession; from Sir James Marriott, who had been master of Trinity Hall at Cambridge, and judge of the high court of admiralty. The reader of lectures in one of our own universities must doubtless have been a wag; but he might perhaps have found some difficulty in explaining the difference between the Roman and the civil law, which in common parlance are understood to signify one and the same thing. This learned and facetious reader of lectures may possibly have been the identical Dr. Marriott, while he was yet a fellow of Trinity Hall. The judge of the admiralty might however have been aware that the German and Dutch professors never call themselves *magnificent*: this is a style appropriated to the rectors of universities; and the office of rector, which is always considered as highly honourable, is in many cases an office of no small power and authority. Our gracious sovereign is perpetual rector of the university of Göttingen. Marriot's speculations on academical degrees are such as might have been expected from so great an author, the thoughts and the language being extremely well adapted to each other. But the proficiency of the candidates is not solely estimated from their dissertations, which he improperly describes as theses. It may indeed be true that dissertations are occasionally procured by the money, and not by the labour of the candidate; but, in the German and Dutch universities, they are in most instances the actual productions of their reputed authors; many of them display a great portion of learning and ingenuity; and those of the third-rate will easily bear a comparison with a certain Latin lucubration which this English civilian has bequeathed to posterity.† Well did it become such a twaddler as this to speak in contemptuous terms of Grotius, Pufendorf, Bynkershoek, and Heineccius; to describe many able and distinguished professors of law as being "in general only schoolmasters." Under such schoolmasters as these, Sir James Marriott was not qualified to act as an usher of the lowest form.

\* Marriott's Decisions in the High Court of Admiralty, p. xxx. Lond. 1801, 8vo.

† Poems written chiefly at the University of Cambridge; together with a Latin Oration upon the History and Genius of the Roman and Canon Laws, with a Comparison of the Laws of England, spoken in the Chapel at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, December 21, 1756. Camb. 1760, 8vo. The title is not graced with the author's name, but the poetical address to the queen is subscribed "James Marriott, LL. D. Fellow of Trinity Hall, and one of the Advocates of Doctors Commons." His Latin oration bears the following title: "De Historia et Ingenio Juris Civilis et Canonici, cum Comparatione Legum Angliæ, Oratio habita in Sacello Aulae Trinitatis die Commemorationis 1756, ex testamento Thomæ Eden, LL. D." It is proper to mention that this elegant volume was privately printed.

ART. VI.—*Poltava*: Poema Aleksandra Pushkina. St. Petersburg. 1829.

To say that Pushkin has obtained a European reputation, would not only be actually asserting too much, but might also, perhaps, excite expectations which neither our own testimony, nor such as we can elicit from his works to present to our readers, would be found to bear out. So far, however, as the report of a mere name confers distinction, the Russian poet may lay claim to that species of celebrity, he being in a manner identified with the present poetical literature of his country, and mentioned as its leader by all foreign critics who have touched upon the subject. Even to English ears the name of Alexander Pushkin is, if not very familiar, not altogether strange, as several of his productions have been from time to time cursorily noticed by more than one periodical, our own journal included: yet beyond the scanty information of that kind, little has been communicated relative to him. We will, therefore, now endeavour to supply the deficiency—if deficiency it be—by inquiring into his pretensions and merits somewhat more at length, and taking a connected but rapid glance at one or two of his principal compositions.

By many of his countrymen, Pushkin has been styled the Russian Byron—an appellation too flattering, if meant to imply poetical powers and energy equal to those of the English bard; and more correct, perhaps, than complimentary, if intended merely to characterize that external resemblance of form and manner which he will be found to bear to the latter. We do not mean to say that he is such a direct imitator as to forfeit all originality; far from it: but he has undoubtedly looked at Byron as a model. It is upon him that he has formed his style and his mode of treating his subjects, more particularly in his narrative poems; which circumstance, while it creates the species of interest usually derived from comparing a work of art with its prototype, necessarily precludes—if not entirely, in a considerable degree—that higher enjoyment afforded by the contemplation of what is altogether original and self-derived. Although we could wish that Pushkin did not remind us quite so much of Byron, we consider his productions as affording evidence of indisputable genius and power; they exhibit many masterly touches, much vigour of hand, and not a few beauties and traits of detail, together with that peculiar hue which is derived from the language in which they are expressed. As far as the nature and structure of two such very different idioms will admit, his style is evidently Byronic; his narrative at once graphic and lyrical; now rapid and condensed, rather hinting at than clearly expressing events and circumstances; now again dwelling minutely, but

poetically, upon particulars, and giving them great prominence and relief. His narratives themselves, withal, are little more than fragmentary episodes; insulated scenes and situations; single groups, which are rescued from insipidity, or rather we ought to say, invested with life, spirit and effect, by the skill with which they are worked up, and by mastery of execution; so that the apparent scantiness of the subject in some degree increases our admiration, by reminding us how very simple are the materials to which the poet has had recourse. At the same time, we must acknowledge a feeling of dissatisfaction at finding him invariably confining himself to subjects which admit not of prolonged interest, and exercising his talent upon brief sketches, in preference to applying it to some theme that would afford him ampler scope—to some production that should have substance and weight, as well as superficial beauty, and render itself conspicuous in the literature to which it belongs, by extent, as well as by the intrinsic value of the material of which it is fabricated; in short, we are not satisfied by the mere evidence of poetic power, but wish to behold that power fairly exerted, and incontestably manifested by a sustained as well as by a vigorous flight. Exquisite as may be the workmanship of a mere piece of *bijouterie*, it can hardly make that impression upon us which would be produced by a similar piece of design on a larger scale; or at least, however admirable in itself, it claims our regard by qualities very remotely, if at all, allied to grandeur, or indicative of power. Like the “*Giaour*,” “*The Siege of Corinth*,” “*Mazeppa*,” and Byron’s other productions of that class, those of the Russian poet have nothing of the epic in their composition; as little do they belong either to the ballad or poetical legend, or to the versified tale or romance. They rather partake of a dramatic character, the more striking parts being generally given in the form of monologue or dialogue; while the narrative portion exhibits, not unfrequently, a strong tendency to lyrical description, and indulges in the abrupt transitions, the free, incited step, together with the vivid energy, both of idea and expression, which distinguish the genius of the lyre. This species of poetry, therefore, cannot with propriety, nor, indeed, without injustice, be classed with that superior order of poetic narrative which professes to give us a systematic whole, constructed according to a regular plan, and hinging upon one grand action or event, yet admitting of a variety of accessory parts and undercurrents of episode. To do so would be trying it by a standard to which it is unequal. Those who are sticklers for terms, and who dislike to have their old-fashioned nomenclature and the order of their “pigeon-hole” case of criticism disarranged by the intrusion of a



novel kind of composition, that will assort with none of the various external forms into which poetry has been subdivided, may affect to stigmatize the particular one we are speaking of, as new-fangled and nondescript, or affix to it some other epithet expressive of their contempt. If in such a nondescript form the genuine spirit of poetry be embodied, so far from being displeased with it for bearing no resemblance to what we were before acquainted with, we should rather welcome it on that very account, indifferent whether there were any precedent to countenance it or not, provided it were itself worthy of becoming a precedent and model. The world, it must be confessed, is apt to be not a little inconsistent and unjust: after demanding originality and novelty, it is frequently dissatisfied with the new, merely because it is not the old; because it runs counter to its prejudices, and does not square very well with preconceived theories. As some kinds of animals are improved by the intermixture and crossing of breeds, so also does literature occasionally require to be aided by an analogous process, and to have its vital elements differently incorporated, by way of preventing that effete debility which must inevitably take place if it be invariably cast in one set of moulds. Epic poetry has long since had its day; nor is it probable that it will ever be revived while the feelings and tendencies of society continue to be what they are at present: we have no sympathies with it; it is no longer "flesh of our flesh," but a stranger, with whom we have hardly aught in common. We do not mean to say that Homer, Virgil, Tasso and Milton are forgotten, or likely to be so: they are mighty monuments of poesy, hallowed and consecrated by an accumulation of fame, which, if it has impaired their freshness, serves likewise to render them more venerable. But equal genius could now hardly command equal respect, since any thing aiming at the same species of interest must partake more or less of a forced, artificial character; and a subject congenial with the spirit of the age could scarcely be moulded into such a form. "Charlemagne" already sleeps with the "Epigoniad;" nor is the example of "Leonidas" calculated to win any one to attempt another pseudo-antique;—as well might we expect to behold a writer employed in such a labour of strenuous, misapplied industry as that of Joshua Barnes, who translated "Paradise Lost" into the language of Homer. Prose romance and poetico-historical fiction have superseded the epic, they being to us what this last formerly was to other generations.

The present bias of poetry seems to tend alternately to the two opposite antagonistic poles of highly impassioned feeling and deep meditation; or to the sportive, the comic and the satiric. Here again, too, we find Pushkin an emulous follower of Byron,

for like him he has attempted to display the versatility of his muse by undertaking a satiric narrative; but with far less success, his "Onægin" being unquestionably very inferior to "Beppo" and "Juan." He appears to greater advantage in the picturesque, romantic and impassioned styles, than in that which depends for effect upon humorous *persiflage*, or unsparing, tranchant causticity. With some touches of pleasantry, and occasional traits of lighter satire, "Onægin" has none of that rich poignancy, or of that sparkling point, which distinguish those two productions of Byron; added to which, while the manners and frivolities depicted in his poem are un-English enough to be destitute of that interest arising from our acquaintance with the originals, they are not so very remote as to strike by their novelty and singularity. Neither does the Russian "Beppo"—if we may so term it—possess aught corresponding with the attraction of the unusual and fanciful compound rhymes which of themselves tend materially to heighten the humour of the subject, and impart to it an additional zest. In fact, the poem of "Onægin" is rather remarkable for the quiet easiness, than for the vivacity of its narrative; nor does it make any pretensions to that facetiousness for the nonce which forms so prominent a characteristic of Byron's petulant muse. We are, however, rather anticipating, by speaking of a later performance of Pushkin's before we have mentioned his earlier ones, or, in fact, concluded our prefatory remarks, which we now resume. This direction of the Russian poet, in conformity with the prevailing tendency of the general literature of the day, has been attended with one beneficial consequence, inasmuch as it has weaned his countrymen from their former attachment to French models, which had a certain old-fashioned cast about them by no means calculated to be attractive at second-hand. At the same time, by breaking through the trammels and prejudices arising from the too exclusive influence of French literature, it must ultimately—for we dare not say it has already done so—give a fresh impulse to talent, and likewise promote a more independent spirit of criticism, which attaching less importance to prescribed forms, will judge of the productions of mind by their intrinsic merit, not with reference merely to what already exists. Nor will it be an inconsiderable advantage, either for Russia herself or her neighbours, if, by endeavouring to keep pace with, and by acquiring the tone of the other literatures of Europe, she should establish her claims to be recognized as a member of the general community of letters.

Were it then merely on account of the sensation—if the term be not thought too strong—which he has produced, and his being regarded both by his own countrymen and foreigners, not only as

the *facile princeps* of the present generation of poets in Russia, but likewise as the founder of a new school, which, emancipating itself from the established etiquette of Parnassus, professes to be guided by impulse rather than by rules,—were it only on this account, we say, and for his having thereby approximated the literature of Russia somewhat nearer to the present general European standard, Pushkin has sufficient claims upon our notice to induce us to examine his pretensions, and consider what he has actually performed. His earlier compositions, some of which were produced while he was at the Tzarskoselo Lyceum, and at about the age of fourteen, are for the most part short lyrical and amatory effusions, together with some few imitations of the ancient poets. Among these, or at least in the general collection of his fugitive pieces, which comprises several of a much later date than what we have mentioned, there are several which display considerable poetic fancy and feeling, and afford indications of a true poetical temperament. His “Epistle to Ovid,” the “Triumph of Bacchus,” “Anacreon’s Grave,” the “Rusalka” (in ancient Slavonian mythology, a spirit combining the powers of a water-nixie and a wood-nymph), may be mentioned as possessing more interest than the generality. When he essays the loftier species of ode, as that on Napoleon, he disappoints us: here he is far inferior to Lomonosov and Derzhavin, and instead of displaying any thing equal to their vigour of imagination and boldness of lyric flight, or approaching the *verba ardentia* and the *fulmina* of their poetic language, he hardly rises to what may be thought the ordinary level of the subject. It is not, however, upon his productions of this class that the reputation of Pushkin depends, for they derive their chief importance from, rather than lend any additional celebrity to, his name.

His real poetical career, of which what he had previously written gave but faint indications, is to be dated from the appearance of his “Ruslan and Liudmila,” a charming little legendary romance of six cantos, which was hailed as a rising star of more than ordinary beauty on the poetical horizon. Although it can hardly be said to exhibit any extraordinary precocity of genius, the writer being then in his 21st year, very few literary productions of equal merit and success have been produced at that age. It is a far greater recommendation to it that it does not require any consideration of that kind to propitiate criticism in its favour. So far from exhibiting any of the defects generally to be imputed in such cases to inexperience, it is marked by a graceful easiness and equability of style, a skill in the narrative, and a degree of sportive yet tempered pleasantry in many of the incidents, that certainly do not betray the hand of a novice. The subject itself,

which is founded upon one of those national traditions current in Russia, of which, we may observe, an ample stock is to be found in their popular tales, possesses, it must be admitted, no very great interest in itself, at least not for the readers of other countries, who either know or care little about that half real, half fictitious personage, Prince Vladimir, or the achievements of his knights. The story turns upon Ruslan's recovering his bride Liudmila (Vladimir's daughter) from the enchanted palace of Tchernomor, and breaking the spells by which she was retained in that formidable magician's power. The incidents have no more pretension to probability than those of an Arabian Night's tale; nevertheless, although the invention itself may, like that of many of those oriental fictions, seem a mere tissue of puerile and grotesque caprices, the poet has, independently of the charm by which curiosity is attracted and fascinated, thrown in many a touch of real nature, and withal there is an admixture of shrewd good sense enveloped in the enigmas that seem to set reason at defiance. As is remarked by an Italian poet—who was himself an offender in this way—

E uomini salvaticchi, e giganti,  
E fiere, e mostri ch' hanno visi umani,  
Son fatti per dar pasto agli ignoranti;  
Ma voi che avete gl' intelletti sani,  
Mirate la dottrina che s'asconde  
Sotto queste coperte alte e profonde.

Unnatural as the fiction itself may be in this species of composition, it is still reconcilable with good taste; because, while no deceit is practised, we are at liberty to admire the skilful artifice of the design, and the beauty of the workmanship displayed in such apparently unmeaning poetical *arabesques*. The taste for these, however, is, we apprehend, quite as much gone by as that for epic song,—perhaps more so. Certain it is, that Pushkin himself has not been ambitious of signalizing himself again in the same field, and thereby fulfilling the anticipations of such of his admirers as were willing to believe that in him Russia would possess an Ariosto of her own, no mean rival of the Italian bard, either in fancy or general poetic power.

Much as we ourselves admire his “Ruslan,” we are not quite sure, after all, whether it is very much to be regretted that he should have abandoned a species of poetry which, at the best, would have seemed too much like a mere revival of what, not merely arbitrary changes of taste, but a moral revolution in the opinions and feelings of society, has tended to render obsolete. It is as idle to expect or wish for another Ariosto, as for another Homer or Dante: in themselves they are all imperishable, and they will be transmitted to posterity as they have been transmitted

to ourselves; but for a writer of our times to put his mind into the same forms as theirs would be rather too much like putting his person into the same clothes which they wore. It is undoubtedly true that genius composes for posterity; but it is no less certain that it writes for its contemporaries likewise, and, in fact, takes its prevailing hue, and moulds itself, more or less, according to the circumstances of the age to which it belongs, concentrating all those traits which lie scattered and apart in the actual world, so as to exhibit an express image of its own times to those which are to succeed. The imitator, on the contrary, may be said to write rather for the past than for his contemporaries,—we need not mention posterity, since that will hardly hear of him, except it be in derision. It is indeed possible, hardly very probable, that a writer who feels his own strength, may attempt to revive and give fresh interest to some particular species of composition that has fallen into desuetude; but then he will succeed only in proportion as he sinks the character of imitator, and infuses into the old members a new spring of life and juvenescency. It is after this manner that the author of *Waverley* has so successfully looked at *Froissart* as his model.

Whatever it was that determined Pushkin to relinquish a form of composition which, while it was rather novel to the literature of his country, was well adapted to serve as the vehicle for many of its ancient traditions, and to quit a path in which he had obtained so much distinction; his subsequent works have scarcely anything in common with the production of which we have been speaking. Instead of exhibiting, like that, a connected story, however simple or brief, they are, almost all of them, planless fragments without any regular succession of incidents, mere *situations*, in which the poet confines himself to a single point of time, and the delineation of one or two characters. The transition from "*Ruslan and Liudmila*," to its immediate successor, the "*Prisoner of the Caucasus*," is striking enough: instead of amusing us by fantastic and sportive images, and by indulging in such satiric pleasantries as those where he describes the amorous advances of the no longer blooming Naina to the lover she had formerly rejected, and the unceremonious manner in which Liudmila treats the redoubtable Tchernomor, the poet endeavours to interest us by the workings of the feelings alone, and the emotions of the human heart. The reader must not ask us for the story, or we shall be compelled to reply in the words of the knife-grinder to the Friend of Humanity:—"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir." After a brief but animated description of the manners of a Tcherkassian horde, a party of the bandit troop bring in a young Russian as their prisoner, who is left to reflect on all the bitterness of cap-

tivity without interruption, until a Tcherkassian maiden ventures to bring him some refreshment. Her nightly interviews with the captive are not continued merely out of compassion; for at length overcoming the pride peculiar to her race, and the bashfulness of her sex, the maiden ventures to disclose her passion, in terms indeed sufficiently explicit, yet expressive rather of ingenuous confidence than of the effrontery of a female who is ready to sacrifice her honour to a paramour. The captive's reply convinces her that he can requite her affection by no warmer feeling than gratitude; he urges her to forget him, and to bestow her heart on one who can return her love. This repulse, however, fails in converting her attachment into scorn; her passion is too disinterested to admit of vindictive feelings; on the contrary, she is willing to give him a proof of her generous devotedness to him, by aiding his escape as soon as an opportunity presents itself. He embraces his deliverer, leaps into the stream that is to present a barrier to pursuit after him, and, on gaining the opposite shore, discovers that the fond Tcherkassian maid has perished in the same waters which have aided his flight. Although the situation itself is susceptible of considerable effect, it is evident that it must derive its main attraction from the skill with which it is worked up. In such cases there is hardly any medium between strong excitement and insipidity; for there is nothing to engage the attention, if we are not captivated by those beauties of execution and by that masterly display of power that are sure to be felt by every reader of taste, but which it is almost impossible for criticism to analyze, or for the critic to describe otherwise than by pointing to the passages themselves. The slender stock of raw material required for productions of this nature, has induced many of his countrymen to attempt short poetical narratives, *à la* Pushkin, generally with no better result than might be expected from mere copyists, capable of producing only a matter-of-fact resemblance, giving us his stars and his dashes, his metre, his abruptness, his vague obscurity and hints, in short all his outward signs, but exhibiting an utter want of that inward spirit of poetry which is the unalienable property of their model.

Pushkin himself, it is true, is considerably indebted to Byron: in the poem of which we are speaking, and in a considerable portion of his "Poltava" the resemblance between them is, indeed, too striking to be overlooked, even were we not in some measure prepared to expect it by previous report. Had Byron written in Russian, he would hardly have expressed his thoughts otherwise. We must, however, be understood *cum grano salis*, lest, our words being taken too literally, it should be inferred that Pushkin is a plagiarist: our remark goes no further than to express hyperbo-

lically, since we cannot do so with precision, that parallelism of style which exists between the two. Whatever is his subject, Byron, in truth, goes considerably beyond his Russian compeer, if the term be allowable; not only is there greater depth in him, and a far greater command of language, which enables him to mould it to his will on every occasion, but he possesses withal, in an extraordinary degree, the art of suggesting a deeper meaning where he appears to suppress his ideas within himself, and that not because he cannot find expressions sufficiently forcible, but because he has defined it so completely, that further explicitness would rather weaken the effect, by destroying that degree of mystery which impresses the matter on our minds far more powerfully than even the clearest words. Something of this mystery and reticence of diction is affected by Pushkin; we ought, perhaps, to say that he has carried it still further, since his extreme conciseness of description and narration not unfrequently both disappoints us, and leaves us in a disagreeable uncertainty as to whether we have rightly comprehended the particulars so vaguely hinted at. Neither can we avoid entertaining a suspicion, that some of the more than Spartan laconisms which occur in his poems have been resorted to, not so much on account of their particular merit or beauty, as from the inability to fill up these chasms in the details to his own satisfaction. More than one instance of the kind is to be met with in the "Prisoner of the Caucasus," but no where is it more striking than in the passage which contains the catastrophe itself. Here, instead of Byronic *compression* and condensation of ideas, there is rather a total *suppression* of them, a vacancy and baldness that certainly are not redeemed by any superior poetical graces of language. How very different from such meagreness in the very part where we expect the writer to throw in his greatest force, is the beautiful stanza in the *Bride of Abydos*, which informs us of Zuleika's death. The event itself is rather indicated by concomitant circumstances than expressed in words; but how vivid, picturesque, and forcible are the images employed to denote it, and which impart to it such a powerfully pathetic effect!

If not unjust critics towards him, we are certainly not acting the part of very zealous or dexterous advocates in behalf of Pushkin, by alluding to what is in some respect analogous in point of matter, but treated in a manner so immeasurably superior.

The "Fountain of Baktchisarai," his next production, is somewhat more animated in its subject, and less meagre in its outline. In the former poem there are only two personages; in this there are three. The scene is laid in the harem and palace of the Khan Kerim-Gerai, a splendid pile of Asiatic architecture, the remains

of whose former magnificence are so interestingly described by the eloquent pen of Muraviev-Apostol, who visited the Taurida and the former seat of the Crimean Khans, a few years before the appearance of Pushkin's poem. Kerim has transferred his former passionate attachment from Zarema to a young Polish captive, named Maria, in whose bosom he fruitlessly endeavours to awaken something like a reciprocal passion, by granting her every indulgence short of actual personal liberty, and allowing her to observe her accustomed religious devotions without restraint. Yet, although Maria is the involuntary cause of the Khan's present neglect of his former favourite, the jealous Zarema beholds in her only a hated rival, whose removal alone can restore her own influence. Determined to risk every thing for the accomplishment of her purpose, she eludes the vigilance of the old eunuch, and steals in the dead of night into Maria's chamber, where, finding her kneeling before a shrine, and offering up her orisons to the Virgin, she relents, or affects to do so, and has recourse to expostulation and entreaty. If not absolutely new, the situation is an effective one, and as it is one of the principal points in the whole poem, we are induced to attempt, not an actual translation of it, but such a version as will convey the sentiments and ideas.

I come not hither to accuse—reprove,  
 Since thou, I ween, all guiltless art of love ;  
 Yet among all within this harem's walls,  
 Her rival thee alone Zarema calls—  
 Zarema dreads, as fatal to her claims,  
 Tho' at no conquest thy cold beauty aims.  
 Fair is that face, and passing fair that form,  
 Yet passionless, inanimate. The storm  
 Of soul that wracks my being—the too strong,  
 Resistless impulæ, hurrying me along,  
 It is not thine to feel, or dream ; ne'er knows  
 Thy heart the bliss—the pangs which love bestows.  
 My frame is temper'd of a warmer clay,  
 My soul is form'd for passion's wildest sway.  
 Thou canst not love like me ; thy maiden breast  
 Too cold by transport's phrenzy to be blest ;  
 Nor may the conquest of my Gerai's heart  
 Triumph to one so meek, so coy, impart.  
 My rights invade not—mine he is, by vows  
 The strongest—dearest nature's self allows,  
 Vows warmer far than those the tongue may speak,  
 Breath'd in each kiss,—still glowing on my cheek.  
 One thought—one soul was ours !—That union burst,  
 To live—is but to breathe a death accurst.  
 If prayer may move thee, kneeling I implore  
 Gerai, unchanged, to my heart restore,



To be again all that he was before.  
 Undo the spell, thy fatal charms have wrought,  
 Let his fond suit by thee be set at nought;  
 For love return aversion or disdain,  
 His power defy, and mock with taunts his pain.  
 Heed well my words, nor slight this last request,  
 I warn no more—this dagger speaks the rest!"

If in its reckless impetuosity, Zarema's character seems to bear a considerable resemblance to that of Byron's Gulnare, it is exhibited under different and almost opposite circumstances, she being as jealous to continue the favoured slave of her lord, as the other is abhorrent of doing so. The sequel of the story is very soon told: Maria dies by the hand of her rival,—at least so, we presume, it is intended to be understood, for we are informed that, on that very night, Zarema is conducted by the mute guardians of the harem to a tomb of waters, from which, if we infer any thing, it is that she is so punished as the author of Maria's death. Upon the whole, the "*Fountain of Baktchisarai*" is superior to the "*Prisoner of the Caucasus*," and added, not undeservedly, to the poet's reputation. As a proof, also, of the high favour with the public which his two former productions had obtained for him, it may not be impertinent to mention here, that for the manuscript of this last poem, hardly extending to 600 lines, he received 3000 rubles from the publisher Ponomarev, who certainly had not previously distinguished himself by any literary speculations. This was at the rate of very nearly two-thirds of a ruble for every syllable, a sum quite unprecedented in the annals of Russian authorship.

After reaping so plentiful a harvest from his labours, it might have been expected that Pushkin would have been more liberal of his lines, seeing they could produce him about five rubles a piece, and that he would have increased their quantity, even had he not been able to improve their quality. Contrary to such expectation, his next poem, "*Tzigani*," or "*The Gipseys*," was not of greater length than its predecessors. It should be observed, however, that it had been written upwards of two years previously to the time of its publication, during which interval extracts from it had appeared in different annuals, and several copies had been circulated in manuscript. Its reputation, therefore, may be said to have been stamped some time before it was actually printed, for the report made of it by those who had thus obtained an anticipatory perusal was such as to cause it to be looked forward to with a degree of impatience highly flattering to the author. Whether the expectations thus raised were entirely satisfied by the poem itself, is rather questionable, as there is certainly not

much in the subject to repay curiosity. Aleko, a youth who has fled from the pursuit of justice, arrives at a *valaga*, or station of a band of gipsies, and is introduced by Zemfira to her father, as a stranger who seeks refuge among them. He consents to remain with this wandering tribe, and to submit to equal privations, that he may enjoy equal liberty. As was to be expected, he attaches himself to Zemfira, nor does any obstacle interpose to thwart his inclinations. The race among whom he has naturalized himself, know nothing of those restraints and prejudices which check individual indulgence when incompatible with the interests of a whole community. Not so Aleko; he perceives, with bitterness, that morality and honour are not very nicely observed among these lawless children of nature; and that Zemfira does not consider her former free attachment to him as binding her to fidelity any longer than suits her immediate inclinations. Upon discovering that she has all at once transferred her affections to another youth, in his jealous rage he first stabs his rival, and afterwards Zemfira herself, without expressing or feeling the least remorse. This double murder, however, does not incur the resentment of the rest of the tribe, not even of Zemfira's father, who tells him that they are a wild uncivilized race, with no laws to take cognizance of such deeds, yet they can no longer hold fellowship with one who imbrues his hands in the blood of others, to avenge the wrongs he fancies he has suffered. The whole camp depart, leaving behind them only the solitary tent of Aleko, in which on the following night "no lamp is seen to glimmer, no inmate wakes next morn."

We may spare ourselves any remarks on the catastrophe and conclusion of this poem, as in rapidity of action, compression, and ambiguity with regard to particulars, they bear too close a resemblance to those we have already adverted to, to require additional comment. The chief attraction of the poem consists in the freshness of the colouring of the descriptive parts, and in the bold, although slight and hasty, manner in which the character of Aleko, and that of Zemfira's father are touched. The form, too, is more dramatic than that of any other of Pushkin's poems, a very considerable portion of it being entirely in a dialogue, with the names of the interlocutors prefixed to their speeches; owing to which the whole becomes in some degree a sort of lengthened idyl, composed of description, narrative, and dialogue intermixed. We may further remark, that the poet seems to have intended to convey something like a moral lesson, by showing us in the person of Aleko, the workings of a moody mind, which, impatient of the restraints and habits of civilized life, is willing to purchase an exemption from them, even though it be by foregoing all those

advantages which more than counterbalance the partial and incidental vexations attendant upon society even in its most favourable forms. Many of the reflections seem to countenance such a conjecture, for they point at the comparative happiness enjoyed by the free rover, who acknowledges no laws, and that of the social state, which, if it seems to have more alloy, has at the same time greater value and utility. Considered in this point of view, the "*Tzigani*" acquires an importance which redeems the seeming triviality of the subject, and heightens the intrinsic beauty of the poetry itself.

What we have already said in general terms relative to "*Onegin*," must suffice for the present, as that production of Pushkin's is still incomplete—at least the remaining portions have not yet reached us—and because we prefer devoting all the space that yet remains to us to "*Pultava*," the latest of his poetical narratives. An historic and Byronic personage is here introduced upon the stage, namely, "the Ukraine's Hetman," Mazeppa, of whose eventful and singular life, fraught with so many vicissitudes, we are presented with another chapter, less familiar to the English reader. Although the title of the piece is derived from the battle of Pultava, that important event serves rather to form the conclusion than the main subject, which turns principally upon the feud between Mazeppa and Kotschubei, a wealthy noble of the Ukraine, the ancestor of the present counts of that name. The rupture between them—for they had previously been closely allied in friendship—is occasioned by Mazeppa's having forcibly carried off Kotschubei's beautiful daughter, Maria, after being rejected as a suitor to her by her parents, who receive the proposal with indignation, the hetman being no longer so suitable in his person for a lover as

——— "when Casimir was King  
John Casimir, and he his page."

It would seem, then, to be still more unlikely that he should win the affections of the blooming maiden herself: here, however, Pushkin furnishes us with an exception—we almost believe a solitary one—to the doctrines inculcated by all other poets and novelists, and, we suspect, those of ladies also, for he assures us that

"Not only youth's first downy lip,  
Ere manhood yet hath reach'd its prime;  
But brows that age has 'gan to strip,  
And cheek that's furrow'd deep by time,  
And hoary locks, and scar-trench'd face,  
May wear in beauty's eye a grace."

After this hint our astonishment is not altogether so great as it

otherwise would be, when we discover that Maria, whom her disconsolate parents regard as the dishonoured and trembling victim of an aged ravisher's hateful passion, centres all her affections in him alone. Love for the daughter, however, does not prevent Mazeppa from carrying on his schemes of revenge against the father, who has denounced him to the Tzar as having entered into a traitorous correspondence with the Swedes. He vindicates himself to his sovereign, affirming that he is the victim of Kotschubei's cabals and dark machinations; recounts his former long services; urges the improbability of a veteran's disgracing his grey hairs by such perfidy as that attributed to him; and finally demands and obtains his accuser's punishment. Maria, in the interim, wholly occupied by her strange passion, has no suspicion that her father's doom is on the eve of being pronounced; and the second canto opens with a scene between her and Mazeppa, which displays in sufficiently lively colours the extent of her infatuation—for so we must term it—into which there likewise enters some feeling of ambition. The original is one of the most interesting portions of the whole poem; and if the passages we have translated do not appear to justify our commendation—we do not mean as compared with the rest, but for their intrinsic beauty—it must be ascribed to the imperfectness of our copy.

“ Dark is Mazeppa's soul :—in swarms  
Come thoughts of dread and dreary forms,  
The while, with gaze of tenderness,  
Maria seeks those thoughts to guess,  
And their sad mystery to divine.  
Her hands the warrior's knees entwine;  
Yet vain her smiles and fond caress,  
They may not banish fancy's fits:  
Heedless of voice or look he sits  
Beside the maid, nor deigns reply  
To eloquence of tongue or eye—  
Alike unmov'd by kiss or sigh.  
' Hetman! for thee all ties I've burst;  
Resign'd, renounc'd the world and mine;  
Wept by my kin—perhaps accus'd!  
Think not I murmur or repine;  
Think not I would again undo  
The fatal spell, or prove untrue  
To vows that link our weal—our woe;  
With thee no fear, no doubts I know.' ”

\* \* \* \*

*Maria.* Thy destiny is fraught with power:  
A throne awaits thee—ample dower

That might the coldest win, much more  
Who without thee would deem that throne too poor.

*Mazeppa.* What, if the scaffold?

*Maria.* That to share

With thee, or even worse, I dare.

Might I survive the fatal blow?—

But no! a crown shall gird thy brow!

*Mazeppa.* So strong thy love!

*Maria.* And canst thou doubt?

*Mazeppa.* Nay, but a parent's claims or mine,  
Which dearer to thy heart? speak out.

*Maria.* My answer spare; the truth divine;  
Read in my eyes—but from my tongue,  
Let not the fearful words be wrung.

I have no kin, nor kindred ties,  
Save those that bind our destinies;  
Scorn'd by all else—their scorn the price  
Of love like mine:—let this suffice.

*Mazeppa.* Then am I dearer to thy heart  
Than all—than each?—What meant that start?

*Maria.* Dearer than life, than fame: require  
No phrase express.

*Mazeppa.* Say, were thy breath  
Umpire between me and thy sire—  
Whose lot would then be life?—whose death  
By thee decreed?

*Maria.* Stay, I beseech,  
The torture of thy racking speech.  
Tempt me no more.

*Mazeppa.* Reply.

*Maria.* Full stern  
Thy words:—be satisfied to learn  
No sacrifice too great I'd deem  
To rescue thee.

*Mazeppa.* Remember well  
The sentence from thy heart that fell.

Bright are the stars that view the plain  
And slumbering wilds of the Ukraine;  
Hush'd is the air; in whispers play  
Only the poplar's silver spray,  
In honour of the lunar day,  
That softly tints yon castle's tower,  
Its garden's pomp with many a bower—  
How solemn, yet how sweet such hour!  
Yet, hark!—what cry within those walls  
With omen sound the heart appals?  
Chain'd in yon cell lies one, whose glance  
Is rais'd to heaven as in a trance

Of speechless thought ; deep heaves his breast  
 With feelings may not be express'd  
 By words."

As the reader will probably conjecture from the intimation we have given him, this captive is the unfortunate Kotchubei, who, preparatory to his execution, is visited by Orlik, a creature of Mazeppa, for the purpose of extorting from him a confession where his treasures are concealed. To this interrogation he replies :

" Slave ! had I treasures !—yes, I'd three :  
 The first mine honour, but disgrace  
 Hath stain'd it so, nought may efface  
 The damning spot. I had a child ;  
 That treasure's worse than lost—defil'd.  
 The third, my last, is still secure,  
 My just revenge !—That shall endure :  
 No tyrant that from me may tear  
 That—that alone to heaven I bear."

From her mother, who at length secretly gains admittance to her, Maria learns the dreadful news of her father's disgrace and death ; learns to her horror that he has been sacrificed to the vengeance of the artful traitor on whom she so madly doated. On his return from the execution of his victim, Mazeppa, surprized at not finding Maria, inquires what has become of her, but no one can give him any tidings respecting her, nor can any trace of her be discovered. His sullen rage yields only to his passion for military exploit ; and at the opening of the third canto we find him preparing to revolt to the Swedes ; and in order, in the meanwhile, to divert all suspicion, he feigns himself to be at the point of death, until the moment arrives when he can throw off the mask with impunity. As soon as Charles enters the Ukraine, Mazeppa joins him ; and after the battle of Pultava, of which we have here a brief but animated description, dashed off in a few spirited touches, he becomes the companion of the vanquished monarch's flight. It is during this inauspicious route that Byron makes him relate to the Swede that marvellous adventure of his youth ; but Pushkin here introduces a very different incident, serving to connect this portion of the narrative with the preceding cantos, with which it has hitherto had no interest in common.

" While midnight wraps the sullen waste,  
 Where the blue Dnieper winds his tide,  
 The fleeing foes of Russia taste  
 Brief slumber ; stretched side by side,

Soldier and chief, alike their lot,  
 Pultava and defeat forgot  
 By Charles himself. Yet is there one  
 Whose lids e'en now sleep seems to shun ;  
 Or if it comes, it with it brings  
 Fancies of horror on its wings.  
 Anon, he starts—he hears his name,  
 Listens again, and hears the same.  
 He wildly looks around ; his eye  
 Can through the gloom a form descry,  
 That form—dread thought ! it must be true—  
 Now the moon gives it to his view—  
 Cold chilly sweats his frame bedew.  
 Can they be hers—those matted locks—  
 That wild attire ? Or is it, mocks  
 Some phantom shape his madden'd sight,  
 In ghastly hideousness bedight—  
 ' Maria !—and can it be thou !'

*Maria.* Hush, I implore ; they're sleeping now,  
 Father and mother both : no word—  
 Altho' they sleep, 'twill be o'erheard.

*Mazeppa.* O God !—thus are we doom'd to meet !

*Maria.* What ! hast not heard the base deceit  
 By which a traitor work'd our fall ?  
 From mother's lips I learnt it all :  
 Father, she said, was with the dead ;  
 Nay, more—she show'd his trunkless head.  
 Mercy ! that such a hellish deed  
 Was done by those of human breed !  
 Yet seem'd that bleeding head to me,  
 Rather a grisly wolf's to be.  
 Still, wherefore practise such a fraud ?  
 Was it to grieve my heart ?—abhorr'd  
 To render thee ?—to cause me shun  
 For aye, thy love, that hath undone  
 The wretch Maria ?

With sudden quail  
 Of heart, and touched with bitter ruth,  
 The betman felt the fatal truth  
 Those words, of reason void, betrayed.  
 As moody fancy moves, the maid  
 Fresh thoughts of phrenzy now assail,  
 Who speaks her fitful dreams aloud.  
 ' I saw the place of death—the crowd  
 Assembled at that festival  
 Of horror ; saw what might appal  
 The firmest ; witness'd all—  
 The headsman's axe on high now rear'd,  
 And next, those corse blood-besmeared.

Aye, I beheld the sanguine reek  
 Steam from the scaffold ; yet did not break  
 This stubborn heart. E'en now I see  
 That sight of fear. But come, let's flee  
 This cheerless place, nor longer roam ;  
 'Tis late and chill, and we must home.  
 —Ha ! I've mistook ; thou art not *he* :  
 Old man, I know thee not ; too fell  
 For *his* thy gaze ; a threat doth dwell  
 Upon thy frowning brow. That look  
 So hideous I may not brook—  
 Thou'rt grim and foul ; but whom I seek  
 Is one whose eye to me was meek,  
 Whose looks and words of love would speak.  
 His beard as snow is pure and white ;  
 Thine's stain'd with gore—a hateful sight !'  
 Fled with wild shriek and laugh of woe  
 The maniac maid, fleet as the roe,  
 And hid her in the midnight glen,  
 Impervious to the keenest ken.  
 The shades of night are waning fast ;  
 Glimmers the east ; around is cast  
 From frequent fires a ruddier glare,  
 Where the alert Kozaks prepare  
 Their matin meal ; while hastes to feed  
 Each his ready-saddled steed.  
 Charles wakes, and to his hetman cries,  
 ' Mazeppa ! up : the dawning skies  
 Our slumbers chide.' The hetman's eyes  
 No sleep had closed ; grief, inmost grief,  
 Tortures his soul. In silence deaf  
 He follows now his master's flight :  
 Upon his heart there is a blight,  
 And his wild gaze alone may tell  
 What harrowing thoughts his bosom swell.  
 —Adieu to love's now broken spell—  
 To fatherland, for aye, farewell !"

Critically speaking, this termination of the tale is satisfactory ; and the manner in which the suspended narrative is resumed, and we are brought back again to Maria, after she has apparently been forgotten, exhibits more contrivance and management than we are accustomed to meet with in Pushkin, who certainly cannot be accused of perplexing us by the involution of his subjects. The interest is wound up, both as regards the heroine and Mazeppa himself, since we are able to drop him here without feeling particularly solicitous to learn the subsequent events of his history.

Both in its general design and execution we consider this poem superior to Pushkin's other compositions of the same class, al-



though it does not appear to have been received with quite so much applause as his earlier ones. It certainly possesses more stirring interest; nor is it less attractive to us, from our having previously formed some poetical acquaintance with its hero, through Byron's introduction. As here exhibited, there is undoubtedly quite as much of the extraordinary attached to him, as in the poem of the English bard; in both, the story must be admitted to make considerable demands upon our credence, nor are there many who will be able to persuade themselves that Mazeppa, the hetman grown grey in battle, should be as fascinating in the eyes of Maria, as Mazeppa, the stripling page, is in those of Theresa. In either legend there is, perhaps, far more of 'romance' than of 'reality;' in Byron's, indeed, not as regards the lady, but as respects the horse adventure, which seems too much for mortal frame to have endured; while, in Pushkin's, the devotion of the youthful heroine for her aged lover appears to be quite as much beyond the imitation of her sex. We hope, however, that novelists will take a hint from it, and although the authority be somewhat apocryphal, will, upon the strength of it, venture occasionally to give us a different version of the history of January and May; and show that it is not absolutely indispensable to be an Adonis in order to prove a 'lady killer.'

The style of this last poem exhibits greater vivacity and variety of colouring, more graphic force and richness; and there is a passionate energy of expression in many of the passages that bespeaks a bolder hand. There is more dramatic spirit thrown into the dialogue, more skill evinced in the general management of the subject, more power in the details. Neither is there that indistinctness of outline of which we have complained in some of his other productions. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think that Pushkin has as yet hardly done himself justice, having employed his pen in too limited a field, and in desultory poetical skirmishes, instead of exerting it in some achievement that would call forth his powers. He has "fleshed" his weapons, let him now use them strenuously; he has done enough for mere popularity, it behoves him to do something for enduring fame; for unless he can produce something of sounder stamina than he has hitherto done, he will rather be an instance of early promise than of great actual performance; and although he may just at present happen to be conspicuous, because there are so few others in the field, he must ultimately be content to take his place among the *poetæ minores* of his country.

Before we lay down our pen, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to say a few words respecting another Russian poet, who, like Pushkin, may be considered as belonging to the Byron school;

and who, if he had not been prematurely cut off, there is every reason to suppose would have proved himself no mean rival to him. The writer to whom we allude is Rilæev, who, as may perhaps be already known to some of our readers, forfeited his life in consequence of the part imputed to him in the conspiracy at St. Petersburg, after the death of the late emperor. Independently of its own merits, his poem of "Voinarovsky" may not improperly be mentioned here, as much of it relates to the history of the same individual who is the hero of Pushkin's "Pultava." In fact, a brief sketch of his life is prefixed to the poem itself, as well as another of Voinarovsky, who was the nephew of Mazeppa, and the inheritor of his possessions. Gifted with no ordinary abilities and address, crafty, ambitious, intriguing and enterprising, Voinarovsky was, like his uncle, a splendid adventurer, and for many years cut a dazzling figure at several of the German courts, until he at length excited the suspicions of Peter the Great, who caused him to be arrested, and banished to Siberia, where he terminated his life in a most abject state. He was visited in his exile by Miller, the historiographer, who was sent to that country, by the Academy of Sciences, in 1733, for the purpose of obtaining information relative to its geography and antiquities, and the original tribes who inhabit it. Availing himself of this circumstance, Rilæev has made Voinarovsky relate the adventures of his own chequered life to Miller. After describing the wild scenery on the banks of the Lena, it is thus that the poet introduces his hero:—

“ But whose that wandering form that's seen  
 Athwart the morning fog to creep  
 From out yon hut, and on the steep  
 Beneath which Lena's waters sweep  
 Pace with slow step and 'wildered mien?  
 His arquebuss slung at his back,  
 His short caftan, and cap of black,  
 Seem to denote him a Kozák  
 From Dnieper's shores. Stern is his face,  
 And full of grief, for cankering thought  
 Hath furrow'd deep that brow, and wrought  
 The stamp of age on manhood's grace.  
 See! to the west his hands extending,  
 Wild lustre breaking from his eye,  
 Homeward his thoughts and wishes sending,  
 He thus exclaims with tearless sigh:  
     ' Ye distant fields, that saw my birth,  
     My death you may not view;  
     Tombs of my sires! the exile's bones

Will never rest in you.  
 In vain the flame of life yet burns—  
 It never more may shine ;  
 In vain my soul the dastard spurns—  
 The dastard's lot is mine.'

Who is that exile? None may tell:  
 Months—years have passed since first he came  
 To this his far abode of shame,  
 Here shunned, and shunning all, to dwell.  
 Ne'er hath a smile been seen to play  
 Across that face, blanch'd by despair ;  
 And woe, not age, hath ting'd with gray  
 His unkempt beard and matted hair.  
 Yet, not a felon deed hath sent  
 That stranger hither ; nor hath brent  
 The glowing iron his scarred face,  
 And character'd a slave's disgrace ;  
 Tho' ne'er did branded felon show  
 Such wither'd look—so wild a brow.  
 Calmness is there, but 'tis the calm  
 Of Baikal, ere the tempest rise  
 To lash its waters to the skies,  
 Spreading around dismay, alarm ;  
 And, as athwart the midnight gloom  
 Flickers the lamp beside the tomb,  
 So gleam with ghastly glare his eyes.  
 Wandering alone o'er crag, through dell,  
 He roams each day, and none may dare  
 To ask his name, his grief, his care :  
 His frown forbids—that frown's a spell.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 ' List, stranger, and with wonder learn  
 How Fate, unpitying, wayward, stern,  
 Delights us mortals to oppress.  
 Beneath this garb uncouth—this dress  
 So coarse, a slave it scarce befits,  
 Thus abject, here beside thee sits  
 Mazeppa's kinsman, friend, and heir.' "

He then commences his narrative, which forms nearly the entire substance of the two cantos; and although it is too professedly historical to admit of any of the higher embellishments of poetry, or to allow much scope for other talent than is shown in making use of the materials collected for the purpose, it effects as much as we can reasonably look for in such a production, and warrants the supposition that, had he not perished as he did, its author might by this time have placed himself nearly upon a level with Alexander Pushkin.

ART. VII.—*Vidas de Españoles Celebres, por Don Manuel Josef Quintana. Tom. I. II. 8vo. (Lives of Celebrated Spaniards, by D. M. J. Quintana.) Madrid. 1807, 1830.*

NEVER did review begin more completely with the beginning than must ours of the specimen of Spanish Biography now before us; inasmuch as it is impossible to copy the title-page unimpressed with the, we believe, unparalleled length of time that has intervened between the publication of the first and the second of these octavo volumes—no less than twenty-three years. Writing at this rate, it is self-evident that no man, unless he calculates upon outliving and outwriting all his faculties, can hope to produce more than three volumes, and very few authors indeed so many; for supposing a lad begins to write at seventeen—young enough we think—he will be forty ere his first octavo volume is finished; twenty-three years more, devoted to the second, will bring him to sixty-three; and he must be eighty-six—old enough we think—before the reading public can look for a third. Don Manuel Josef, however, like a true Spaniard, undismayed by such appalling computations, talks to us as calmly of the contents of his promised third volume, as if, like a popular French or German writer, he turned out a duodecimo per week.

But our amazement at the far-severed dates of these volumes, the first of which we never happened to meet with till the two were offered us jointly, must not betray us into speaking disrespectfully of the author, whom we are by no means disposed either to laugh at or to condemn. Far from it—we sincerely rejoice at any symptom of a taste for national biography in Spain, at least, for the biography of truly great men, (not of pretended saints or real buffoons,) conceiving such biography to be the branch of literature best calculated to arouse a degraded nation from the lethargy of indolence and thralldom. And this view of the subject leads us to revert again to the dates of publication, in order to observe with a pleasure not unmixed with surprise, that the first volume of this national biography was given to the Spanish public when the Peninsula seemed most completely bowed down under the oppressive burthen of Godoy's shameful supremacy, of Napoleon's all-grasping ambition, as though it had been the humble effort of individual patriotism to revive the crushed energies of Spain. That the period of struggle was, in a literary point of view, unproductive, may perhaps afford us a solution of an otherwise perplexing discrepancy, namely, the long interval between the first and second volume, combined with the author's confident anticipations of presenting us with a third. During the eventful seven years from 1807 to 1814, we will believe that

Señor Quintana was engaged rather with the sword than the pen, and we thus need not reckon more than some fifteen or sixteen years to a volume. But whatever be the cause of the delay, it is again with a degree of pleasurable surprise that we observe the time chosen for the publication of the second volume, when some few faint efforts at insurrection served but to show how firmly the despot Ferdinand is seated upon his absolute throne, when, except that the Inquisition no longer burns suspected heretics, the country seems again sunk into its former condition, and even worse, into that most hopeless of states, contented slavery. It is true the heroes of this second volume are neither lovers of liberty nor patterns of virtue or public spirit; but as every picture of lofty qualities and of daring adventure tends to kindle the fire of enterprise, if this work be popular in Spain, we shall somewhat less despair of the Spanish people. That amongst expatriated Spaniards it should be highly popular, was, perhaps, to be expected.

But to leave these general speculations, and consider Señor Quintana's book itself. The first volume contains the lives of some of the favorite heroes of early Spanish History, viz. the *Cid*, *Guzman el Bueno*, or the Good; Roger Lauria, the Prince of Viana; and Gonzalo de Cordova, the Great Captain. The second records the feats of two of the discoverers and conquerors of South America, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa and Francisco Pizarro. The materials are drawn from all the printed Spanish sources, (which are numerous,) and from the MSS. collections of D. Antonio Uguina, a gentleman who shows a liberal desire to assist all inquirers into the history of his native land, whether countrymen or foreigners. Quintana's style is good and clear, and if his narrative be at times deficient in the interest of which the lives of such men might be susceptible, at others, probably when his own heart and fancy are touched, he catches the true and lively spirit of biography.

It must be needless to observe, that the two lives occupying the whole second volume (the only one chronologically entitled to our notice) are given with much more detail, and thence more attractively, than most of the five in the first volume, although the *livers* of those lives do not quite take the same hold upon our affections as the *Cid*, the Great Captain, &c. Of all the passions that enkindle the mind of man, none is so totally unfitted to awaken the sympathy of his fellows as avarice. The love of glory, however misdirected, has always acted with a potent charm upon the imagination; even in the most lawless and criminal ambition there is a redeeming though perverted nobleness, that we cannot but feel and admire. But avarice has nothing

of this, not even in its most enterprising character, as the *auri sacra fames*; though we confess, begging Horace's pardon, that we, for our part, can perceive nothing *sacred* or *holy* in a ravenous appetite for gold.

Still avarice, as it actuated the explorers and conquerors of America, (amongst whom, we beg to observe, when speaking vituperatively, we never mean to include the great and pure-minded discoverer, Columbus,) avarice, we say, in their case, was not the cold and contemptible vice of later times. The spirit of chivalry, although then dying away, yet lingered through the early part of the sixteenth century, cast the reflexion of its own dazzling hues over the dawn of the profligate political age that arose upon its disappearance, and gave a whimsical colouring to the mania for gold, which, in Cortes and the rest of the Spanish conquerors of America, blended somewhat anomalously with the still universal passion for fame. In none of those adventurers, perhaps, was this admixture of discordant impulses more strikingly manifested than in Vasco Nuñez de Balboa; and had not the English public been already familiarized with the course of his romantic adventures by the delightful little volume of Washington Irving—*Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus*—published in Mr. Murray's "Family Library," a few of our pages might have been most agreeably filled with an abstract of, and extracts from, his life, as given in the volume before us. Mr. Irving, however, has not only availed himself of his predecessor's labours, but enjoyed advantages which the other had not, in access to unpublished documents; and he has thereby been enabled to place several of the transactions in which his hero was engaged in a much clearer light than that in which they appear in the pages of the Spanish biographer. His copious narrative is also adorned and animated by those graces of style and manner, which confer such attraction on every new production of the author of "The Sketch Book. We fear, therefore, that Mrs. Hodson's announced translation of Quintana's "Life of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa" will be considered as coming somewhat too late.

Don Telesforo de Trueba has also made ample use of his countryman's biography of the Conqueror of Peru, in his "Life of Pizarro," which forms a volume of another popular collection, *Constable's Miscellany*. These circumstances will account for and excuse the brevity of this notice of a work which deserves a much longer one; and we can only add that should we have the extraordinary good luck to survive the vaticinated advent of Señor Quintana's third volume, we shall probably be tempted to enter more largely into its contents; especially as we are promised amongst them a life of the venerable Bartolomé de las Casas.

**ART. VIII.—***Histoire des Colonies Pénales de l'Angleterre dans l'Australie*, par M. Ernest de Blosseville, Conseiller de Prefecture de Seine et Oise. Paris. 8vo. 1831.

**THERE** is no doubt that the extension of the English authority in the remoter parts of the globe is regarded with feelings of jealousy and suspicion by more than one continental nation. It is in vain to inform them that this authority, whatever of imposing grandeur it may assume, contributes but little either to the real strength or wealth of the country; that on the contrary many of our foreign possessions have been mere drains of the national resources, and have required a most expensive nurture and an arduous guardianship. They give a glance at the enormous vastness of our possessions, at the multitudinous populations that look to this country as a directing power, and at the singular propagation of the British tongue, in the most widely distant, most remote and unfrequented corners of the habitable world. Portugal, which might have once maintained pretensions of rivalry, has mouldered away; the indefatigable Hollander holds a very diminished sway. France, which once seemed to have an equal chance of propagating its name and race in the new world, has, by a strange combination of circumstances, suffered a complete miscarriage in all its attempts at colonization. On the other hand, they see that the sun never goes down in the dominions of the king of Great Britain: they dream of our oriental splendour, of the eighty millions of British India, of the wide expanse of the Canadas, and the supposed wealth and fertility of the Islands of the West Indies: in addition to all these, and many more, they now observe the great, but rapid, rise of another offshoot, which, in their opinion, bids fair to rival even our descendants of the republican states. It is only forty years since the first British settlement was planted upon the shores of New Holland, and already this colony seems to have appropriated to itself a division of the globe, which, in superficial extent, equals the whole of Europe. The prospect is dazzling truly, and the unquiet admiration of our Gallic neighbours is scarcely diminished by the hollow nature of much of this apparent national magnificence. The wealth of Britain is at home, in her arts, her manufactures, her capital, her habits of industry and enterprise: but these illimitable possessions on the face of the globe confer an air of honourable distinction, and a widely spread notoriety, which is perhaps more envied than riches themselves. It seems to comport little with the glory of the most famous nation of Europe, that beyond its limits, its fame should fade into insignificance before the robust name of Britain.

To feelings of this kind we attribute the appearance of M. de Blosseville's volume. Had the settlements in Australia been merely penal colonies, founded with no other view than the detention of convicts, and occupied chiefly by them and their guardians, we should have had no history of them in French: although it be true that the publication is said to have arisen out of discussions in the French chambers on the subject of the deportation of criminals. During these discussions, reference was frequently made to the English practice, but the information possessed by individual members of the chambers, with the exception of M. Barbé Marbois, appears to have been exceedingly small. The same ignorance is alleged against the French public generally, and with the view of repairing this defect, the author states he has compiled the "*Histoire des Colonies Pénales de l'Angleterre dans l'Australie.*" The discussion, however, be it observed, respected not the condition or prosperity of any of our colonies, but the propriety of various schemes of deportation, the management of hulks, bagnes and penitentiaries, and their respective merits, concerning all which the information produced here is of the most meagre and unsatisfactory description. Instead of a history, compiled from Governor Phillip, and all the travels and journals that have been written respecting this continent, M. de Blosseville, if he had been really desirous of giving information on an important subject, should have explained our system of transportation, calculated its expenses and traced its results on society at home, on the convict himself, on the colony to which he is banished. Instead of this, we have, it must be said, an able abridgement of the materials which present themselves in abundance for the history of the gradual rise and progress of the settlement. In forty years, the rapid rise of the colony, the nature of its population and the circumstances of the country have furnished a great number of details for the pen of the historian, and M. de Blosseville has handled them with that precision and exactness, not unusual with his countrymen, but very rare in England, where the business of compilation seems disdained by all who pretend to literary fame. It is, however, no easy task, and deserves both greater honour from the public, and a higher reward from the employer than is usually awarded to it. The command of a clear but rapid style, the art of narrating various events on the same scale, which the French call the *co-ordination* of facts, require a cultivated writer and a master of his subject. It is, however, only the mere historical branch of the question that this compiler can be said to have studied: and he has incurred a fearful responsibility by lightly recommending to his countrymen a measure, which he ought to have learned, is fraught with



frightful evils both at home and abroad, and is attended with none of the advantages that are expected from the punishment of criminals.

A commission of *état* was appointed by the French government in February 1819, to examine among other questions, that of the propriety of substituting foreign transportation for the forced labour at present established in that country, as a punishment of crime. The inquiry terminated without any satisfactory conclusion: the *bagnes* or docks, as they exist in France, were condemned, but the enlightened and intelligent members of this committee felt themselves unable to come to any decision. The French law recognises the punishment of transportation, or *déportation* as it is called, but the criminals so condemned, instead of being removed out of the country, were usually sent to Mont St. Michel. M. le Marquis de Barbé Marbois, who in the revolution had been himself deported to Sinamary, in the same year that the commission had separated *re infectâ*, brought in a bill to the chamber of peers, for the purpose of repealing the merely nominal sentence of transportation, and of substituting in the place of it, some other practicable punishment, proportioned to the nature and gravity of the offence. The result of the discussion and enquiry that took place on M. de Marbois' proposition was decidedly at variance with the intention of the mover: the committee appointed to enquire, reported that the punishment of transportation ought to be organized by law, and carried into execution. This recommendation was vigorously resisted by the originator of the question, and after a lengthened discussion, he was successful in adjourning the consideration of the subject. Many of the most distinguished peers of France took part in the debate, such as MM. de Barante, Ferrand, Lanjuinais, Decazes, de Pastoret, and de Lally Tollendal, the last of whom alone sided with M. le Marquis de Barbé Marbois, and for the same reason probably, viz. that they were both practically acquainted with the subject. Our author tells us that M. de Barbé Marbois rebutted the attacks of his adversaries, by details respecting our colony of New South Wales, and this, he observes, was going where but few could follow him. Apparently with a view of enabling his antagonists at a future day to carry a victory, M. de Blossville takes the field, with a history of the colony, in which the subject of transportation is treated in no other way, than as a matter of narrative. We cannot suppose that it was ever doubted, that France could, if she were so minded, select from amidst the uninhabited spots of the imperfectly known world, some desert shore on which she might, at a certain expense of time and labour and capital, *shoot* her rub-

bish of vice and crime, just as the magistracy of a town choose a useless and neglected spot for the reception of its filth and ordure. And yet it would seem as if this had been all that M. de Blossville had had it in his mind to prove. By his detailed account of *our* experiment, all he has done is to show how the scheme may be carried into effect, with the avoidance of the numerous gross errors into which our government fell from imperfect information, and also from the abominable incapacity of the persons, who, in the Colonial Office of the time, laid down the plans of the expedition.

We think that in a space of comparatively very small extent, much better advice may be given to the French government, than is likely to spring from the consideration of this history of the mercantile prosperity of New South Wales. Some reform must soon take place in the French bagnes, which seem even better adapted than our hulks for the accomplishment of convicts in crime, but are much less influential in its propagation, than the prospect of an Australian farm. It would be a lamentable circumstance, if, shutting their eyes to the improvements in the management of prisoners, and the modern discoveries in legislation, the French government were led away by the wild notion of propagating the honour of the French name, through the foundation of a city of thieves: for this extraordinary motive is absolutely presented by the author of this volume to the ambition of France. "The necessity of saving France from an existing evil," says he, "is not the only consideration which may be urged, in favour of a system of colonization. At a time when the race of Europe seems to be spreading itself over the entire surface of the universe, it would be the part of wisdom, to prepare for our children in foreign lands, a second country, where they may be welcomed by the manners, the laws, the altars of their native soil, the language of their fathers, the advantage of a common origin, names the same as those which distinguished the friends of their infancy. This immense resource has been provided for her sons by the British nation, which has anticipated the value of these incalculable results." The extent of this nonsense is at least incalculable, and it is melancholy to think, that a vast and enlightened nation like France is extremely open to puerile claptraps, of a description that would scarcely delude the audience of a gallery in the London theatres.

Punishment can have but two objects—the one principal, the prevention of crime—the other, secondary, the reformation of the criminal. It is unnecessary for us to enumerate the elements of a punishment which shall be most effectual for the prevention of crime. It is clear that, at least, it should be in fact a punishment: no person could expect individuals to be deterred from crime by a

premium, or by impunity. If, therefore, instead of a punishment, there be attached to the commission of a breach of the law an uncertain good, a prospect of wealth, at least competence, and an unrestrained indulgence in all the sensual passions—we may ask, is this likely to operate in the way of deterring men from crime? At the present moment crime is committed simply with an anxiety as to its amount. There is no idea of ceasing from the commission of offences against the law, but a considerable apprehension of not hitting the golden mean, that safe middle path which leads to the Antipodes. Too mean a crime might stop at the hulks: guilt of too deep a die might be expiated on the scaffold. If the laws are studied by the equivocal classes of England, it is with a view of ascertaining the boundaries of all that extensive middle-land which leads to fame and fortune: the land of promise, flowing with spirituous liquor, abounding with beef at two-pence a pound, and overrunning with sheep, to whom their mutton is a burthen.

The fact is, that transportation to New South Wales neither is, nor is it thought to be a punishment. The terms of banishment are such, that the far greater part of those who run any risk of undergoing it, would consider the change a very desirable one. The town thief has ambition; he covets high wages and new theatres for the exercise of his skill. The country marauder is too glad of a regular meal, and hears with delight even of the transport allowance—the pounds of regularly distributed beef, the oceans of pea-soup, and the most enviable luxury of half a pint of port every evening.

The information which prevails among the criminal portion of the British population respecting the fate and fortunes of those “who are not dead, but only gone before,” is peculiarly abundant; it may be said in general to be correct, and where it is not so, the exaggeration is always of a delusive cast. The returned convict loves to tell his friends how gaily the law is cheated, and how few are its real terrors. If an instance were wanted of the species of intelligence afloat respecting the ultimate destination of so large a portion of their friends and fellow-criminals, it might be found in the writing of one Mellish, who on being re-transported left behind him, in the gaol of a midland county, a manuscript, which he called the “Book of Botany Bay.” It was written to amuse the leisure of the gaoler’s wife, and some of its details relate to persons known in his district, and whom he describes as getting on in the world; and some as returning with competent fortunes. The exact account of the treatment of the convicts, in the transit and after their arrival—of their prospects and modes of procedure, together with his report of the appearance of the country, its productions and climate, has not been exceeded. The style

is that of vulgar, but acute, conversation; and as it is printed in a periodical,\* the language, and even orthography, are strictly adhered to. This "Book of Botany Bay" is spoken of with approbation by M. de Blossville as having "un genre de merite a lui;" and, continues he, "peu de livres presentent autant d'attraita à la curiosité." Such is the information left in a common gaol by a common thief. Mellish wrote a tolerably plain hand (for we are in possession of the MS.), but in this only does he differ from the majority of men who return to their native country after either serving their time of labour in the colony, or prematurely escaping from it. Thus we have the ready means of learning the nature of the view taken of this punishment among the criminals of England. It possesses no one terror of either pain or inconvenience. The suffering on board the convict-ship is neither more nor less than that of a soldier in a transport; and the humanity of the surgeon who undertakes for the passage, is decidedly called into activity by his interest, for he loses a sum of money on every man who dies during the transit. The means employed for securing health and comfort are such, that the situation of a man on the voyage may be said to be enviable, compared with his previous state of destitution, uncertainty and anxiety. On the arrival of the convict the scene is not more appalling: in every case a few years of very moderate labour entitle him to a "ticket of leave," which gives him the power of working for himself in any district he may name, without further restriction, and in a country where the price of labour is enormously high. The good treatment of the convict labourer while in his state of domestic slavery, is protected by various regulations: his allowances are prescribed, and if not duly distributed, the convict has the power of getting himself returned upon the hands of the government. The authority of the master is restricted by the magistrate: before punishment can be inflicted the complaint must be heard; and the distances to even the nearest magistrate are so great, and the uncertainty of the punishment having a beneficial effect, or rather the certainty of its diminishing the value of the labourer so sure, that masters are not prone unnecessarily to call in the aid of justice. Many unhappy persons, it is true, are punished; and some, to avoid it, betake themselves to the bush, while others are so incorrigible as to be sent to the penal establishments in the colony itself: executions are also frequent: justice is, however, done; and every convict feels that he has his fate in his own power when he lands on the shores of Australia. These are facts which soon reach the "family men" at home, and they do not fail to work their effect.

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\* London Magazine, No. V., New Series, for May, 1835.

Other testimony is not wanting: Mr. Edward G. Wakefield, in his book on the Punishment of Death, or, as it should be entitled, his *Experience in Newgate*, informs us in his usual imposing manner, that the transit to Botany Bay is looked upon with perfect indifference, and that a constant intercourse takes place between those pursuing the profession of crime at home and those who are continuing the career in Australia. The tricks useful in evading the intentions of the law are regularly transmitted, repeated and taught, and are formed into a kind of system of useful and entertaining knowledge, just as at public schools boys are instructed by their seniors from the University in the species of intelligence, which in their minds is too often thought a matter of prime necessity—that of evading impositions and giving procurers the slip.

The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Secondary Punishments, ordered to be printed in the last autumn, embraces in the evidence attached to it, the opinions of various experienced persons on this very subject. The governors of gaols, such as Mr. Wontner, Mr. Chesterton and others, as well as various gentlemen acquainted with the colony, all unite in declaring that the idea of transportation has but little terror for prisoners; that it is frequently desired as a change for the better; and that even crimes are committed for the purpose of procuring banishment as an acceptable boon. There is no doubt that, putting aside the feelings of shame and degradation, a great mass of both the labourers of England and Ireland would be benefited by the commission of a crime by which they were condemned to spend any number of years in such a colony as New South Wales. The expenses of emigration are paid, and after a very few years of what is called slavery, during which the actual condition of the labourer is not worse than that of a poor labourer at home, the convict is set free, and ultimately emancipated, in a country where the means of life are in abundance, and the rate of wages extremely high.

The labourer then sacrifices nothing; for starvation has previously rendered him careless of the opinion of his friends. The pain of transportation is likely to be greatest to the town thief, the pickpocket, and the whole race of gentlemen convicts, as they are politely termed—the embezzlers, the forgers, and swindlers. A life of labour and solitary employment in the depths of the country, to such men would naturally be an object of dread. But even here, the operation of the punishment is intercepted. Such persons always contrive to remain in the capital of the colony. The pickpockets become tapsters, waiters, and servants, while the gentlemen convicts are converted into government clerks, book-keepers, and tutors in families: nay, the Press has the honor of their sur-

veillance, and the rising generation are more especially committed to their care in schools. These persons feel themselves so completely independent of restraint, that they form themselves into political parties, and it is in their body that the government has found the most bitter resistance to its measures. This is "His Majesty's Opposition" with a witness.

One of the worst elements a punishment can have is inequality, and this is nearly the chief characteristic of transportation to a colony. The fate of a convict depends on a thousand chances. Two men, guilty of the same crime, may be subjected to punishments as different as it is possible for two sets of circumstances to be; the one may, for instance, be sent up the country to agricultural labour, apart from his companions, and in fact, to nearly total solitude, while the other, from the accidental circumstance of having some money, or meeting with a friend, is retained in a town in only nominal employment; one convict may be sent to a large establishment where the machinery of a prison is in some sort kept up, and another drafted to a small settler, where he will probably dine with his master, and live with him on terms of equality. There are numerous instances of convicts making fortunes, and living on extensive farms: thieves have, of course, ambition like other men; and as every apprentice formerly dreamed of Whittington, so do the pickpockets place before them similar Lord Mayors of Sydney; so that the game of a British marauder is held to be pretty sure—either a booty at home or an estate abroad. It is the nature of men to hope the best: even in a lottery the blank is rarely drawn in imagination.

The best means of disposing of the person of a criminal in such a manner as adequately to deter others from the perpetration of crime, is undoubtedly a difficult problem. That transportation to New South Wales is not, however, a solution of it, seems pretty certain, both from reasoning on the nature of the convict's prospects, as well as from the testimony of persons conversant with criminals, and other classes in which crime usually springs, and who have been able to speak confidently of the impressions actually existing on the minds of prisoners and bad characters.

The supposed cheapness of transportation has often been used as an argument in favour of this mode of punishment. It is even still more delusive than the supposition of its acting as a preventive of crime. This is an error into which our French author has fallen. The cost of transport certainly only amounts to about twenty-five guineas, but this is neither the first nor the last expense. The convict is maintained for months previous to his departure; he is removed to a place of embarkation, at a considerable expense, and on his landing he must be provided for,

clothed, and lodged, till he is taken to a settlement. If this were all, the plan would be economical ; but, in addition to this sum must be added a proportionate share of the enormous expenses of the colony, its officers, its garrison, its public establishments, and its extensive and vigilant police. If these details were reduced to figures, we have no doubt that the total would considerably exceed the expence of maintenance in a well regulated penitentiary. It must be also borne in mind, that the produce of the labour of the convict is given to the settler, whereas, in a penitentiary at home, the whole of it would form a most important set-off against the expenses of the establishment. But there is another point of view, in which economy in the disposition of criminals must be regarded : if we so punish, or rather reward crime, that our proceeding has a decided tendency to increase the number of criminals, we may be saving in one direction, but are losing in several others, and thus not only burthen society with increased expense, but additionally expose it to the losses from the growth of crime. Though the employment of a convict in a penitentiary were a hundred times as expensive as transportation, yet if it were a hundred times as effectual, government would spend no more, and society would be a gainer in the proportion of a hundred to one.

We have hitherto viewed the punishment of transportation only as regards the mother country : the results of the system, as they affect the character of the convict himself, and that of the colony, are of comparatively minor importance, but still worthy the attention of the inquirer. Much has been lately said and done for the reformation of the prisoner. The feelings of benevolence towards the criminal have been permitted to exceed our sympathy with the injury sustained by society from the infliction of crime. Benevolence has indeed proved herself in many instances as blind as love. It was a strange passion with many charitable persons to make imprisonment an object of envy to the distressed labourer, and establish a land of promise at the antipodes by way of a bounty on crime. Efforts at reformation ought undoubtedly to be combined with the rules of punishment, but it is absurd to permit our anxiety for an individual conversion to honesty, to swallow up all regard for the unoffending community. It is the opinion of persons conversant with the lives of the dishonest, that the regular-bred marauders, thieves, and other culprits accustomed to lives of abandoned idleness, never can be reformed except in few and solitary instances. The arrangements employed with this view are certainly chiefly thrown away, either on account of this impracticability, or of some original inefficiency in themselves. The Penitentiary, with its solitary confinement, is the only prison

which is considered at all successful in affecting the character or in striking dread into the criminal population of the country. The results arising from transportation may be established upon the clearest and most distinct evidence.

The morals of the colony of New South Wales are of an exceedingly depraved description. It is so far from being a country where men begin a new life and enter upon a fresh course with resolutions of amendment, that the testimony of all respectable men examined on the subject unites in asserting that the habits of the freed men, even of those who have acquired property and have families, are of the most dissipated character. Of the emancipists, to whom grants of land have been made and who are often wealthy, very few, not more it is said than half a dozen, can be selected whose lives are not of a vicious description, who do not indulge in dishonest practices of one sort or another, and who have not risen to wealth by fostering and practising some species of villainy. These men procure convicts to be assigned to them, who become members of the families, and assist them in carrying on their various frauds. In Sydney the grog shops are very numerous, and grog shops are receiving houses. A constant trade in stolen goods is going on between Sydney and the remotest parts of the colony, and even between Sydney and this country. The convicts in remote settlements have no means generally of indulging in licentiousness; but they see constantly before them the *freed* labourer who has, and they burn to enjoy similar privileges: and should their place of occupation be too remote from a theatre of indulgence, they get a week of holiday at Sydney, where they arrive in numbers, and, for the time they stay, wallow in every species of debauchery. In such a state of society the public standard of morality must necessarily fall to a very low degree. The leaven spreads from the corrupted part into the whole mass. Just as the slang of London thieves is become the classical language of Sydney, so do necessarily a familiarity with crime, hatred to law, and contempt for virtue, make their way into the minds and hearts of those who are untainted with actual crime. So far from a reformation being even begun in New South Wales, it would seem that roguery had been carried a degree beyond even the perfection it has reached here. Property is very insecure in Sydney, and the most extraordinary robberies take place. Mr. James Walker, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, says "the colony has a curious effect upon the most practised thieves in this country; one of the most experienced thieves in London has *something to learn* when he comes out there; probably he would be robbed the first night he came into his hut." (913.) This was the answer given by an experienced settler to the question, whether he thought any



considerable degree of reformation took place among the convicts residing at a distance from Sydney. It is nearly impossible that it should be otherwise. The master can only punish his servant by travelling with him some twenty or thirty miles to a police magistrate, by which he loses his own time, the labour of his servant, perhaps for months, if he is condemned to a road gang, and after his return has little advantage from his services. Unwillingness to work for a master who has been the cause of his punishment is a difficult feeling to counteract. The convict has the game in his own hands: he either does no work, wounds himself, falls sick, or perhaps, and it is not uncommon, spoils either the materials entrusted to him, or the tools which have been put into his hands.

Mr. Busby, when asked respecting the prevalence of bush-rangers, who are escaped convicts and others who have taken to the bush, says, in his Evidence (5th Aug. 1831,) that within the last twelve months, or two years, bush-rangers have been so numerous that it was scarcely possible to travel a hundred miles on the road without being stopped: there was scarcely a newspaper, in which there were not two or three instances of persons, of every rank, being stopped. It was quite an unusual thing formerly—but of late there has been a regular system of highway robbery. The laws that have been enacted to put down this horrible state of things, will serve for an index of the condition of the colony. They do away with every appearance of personal liberty. “One act empowered magistrates to issue a warrant, authorizing constables to enter or break into any house, within their district or county, by day or night, at their own discretion; and to seize any person they might suspect to be highway robbers or burglars; or any individual in the colony, without any warrant or authority, may take another into custody, on the mere suspicion that he is a convict illegally at large: if it appear to the magistrate that he had a just or probable cause for suspicion, he is justified in doing so. The onus of proving that he is not a convict illegally at large, is thrown upon the suspected person, and if that is not established to the satisfaction of the magistrate, he is liable to be retained in custody, or sent to Sydney to be examined and dealt with.” (1297.)”

The number of executions in New South Wales in the year 1830 exceeded the whole number of executions in England and Wales, in the same year; which, taking the proportion of the populations of the countries, makes capital punishments upwards of three hundred and twenty-five times as frequent as in the mother country. This horrid fact is pretty well, of itself, an answer to all argument drawn from the idea of reformation. But direct testimony is abundant. Major M'Arthur, the son of one of the wealthiest

and most extensive settlers in the colony, and to whom it owes so much for its present progress in production and commerce, states, "It is painful to know that those whose sentences have expired, or to whom pardons have been granted, seldom or ever incline to reform, even when they have acquired property. Intoxication and fraud are habitual to them; and hardly six persons can be named throughout the colony, who, being educated men, and having been transported for felonies, have afterwards become sober, moral, and industrious members of the community. Crime is of constant occurrence, and so completely organized, that cattle are carried off from the settlers in large numbers, and slaughtered for the traders in Sydney, who contract with the commissariat. It is not, therefore, the vicious habits alone of the town which are to be dreaded, but the effects that are communicated and felt throughout the country. The agricultural labourer is encouraged to plunder his master, by finding a ready sale for the property he steals, and whenever his occupations call him to the towns, he sees and yields himself to the vicious habits around him. He returns intoxicated and unsettled to his employer's farm, and incites his comrades to the same sensual indulgences, with equal disregard of the risk and the consequences. To these causes the present vitiated and disorganized state of the convicts in New South Wales is chiefly attributable; and the extent of the evil may be in some degree estimated, when it is stated *that the expense of the police establishment amounts to more than £20,000 per annum for a population of 40,000 souls.*—(Rep. App. No. 6, p. 142.) The Rev. T. H. Scott, in his letter to Lord Howick, from New South Wales, on the effects of transportation, fairly gives up the colony as a place either for the punishment or prevention of crime. The causes, according to him, have chiefly originated in the lax state of discipline; but this laxity of discipline is inseparable from the very idea of a mixed agricultural colony, composed of free emigrants, freed convicts or emancipists, and convicts themselves. There may have been gross mismanagement in the regulations of the colony; but the fundamental principles on which the colony is based, imply the existence of many of the grievances Mr. Scott points out. Some of them are, perhaps, remediable. There was no reason that lands should be granted to base and unprincipled persons, or that convicts should be assigned to men themselves without character. The evils arising from the unnatural state in which the convicts live, their separation from their families, and the disproportion between the sexes, are of a nature difficult to cope with, and are perhaps inseparable from the condition in which we place the convict, and form part of the inconveniences of an imperfect system of slavery:

The history of a convict is thus traced by this clergyman: his duty leads him to become acquainted with the facts, and we see nothing in his position which should induce him to exaggerate or warp them. "On his arrival, if he be not retained for the use of the government, (which most of the mechanics and useful sort were), he is assigned to some applicant, without regard to his crime, sentence, or behaviour, and far too often without regard to the character of the applicant. If the latter be one of the *freed* men, the convict most likely eats and drinks with him, and shares in all the familiarity of his *domestic* life (if it can be so called) of drunkenness and debauchery. Under little controul, and often through bad and harsh treatment, he runs away, or is seduced away, and gets drunk, commits some theft, and is taken up and is punished by being returned on the hands of government, or sentenced to some imprisonment. Of these, in the year 1829, there were upwards of 4000 at the different stations, where the overseers of the different gangs are convicts themselves; and if they are near places where work is to be had, especially near Sydney, nothing was more common than for the overseer to wink at the absence of the convict for many hours from his employ, and share with him his gains, which, if he were a good mechanic, would be four or five shillings. As they were fed, clothed, and housed by government, the surplus generally was spent in spirits, and to this may be attributed the very large consumption of that article, from whence also is derived so great a portion of the revenue. If, therefore, this system were abolished, the colonial revenue would necessarily be reduced, but the effect on the conduct and character of the convict would be altered. If there have been a *few* instances of individuals who have improved, those men have not sought, nor do they now seek, for power, nor do they desire to see it possessed by their own class: they are very sensitive, and this produces a desire to seek retirement and to shun power and publicity."—Rep. App. No. VII. p. 146.

The unhappy course here detailed arises from that mixture of liberty and slavery which is an essential part of the system of transportation. Mr. Scott attributes it to relaxed discipline: if the bands of discipline were drawn sufficiently tight to repress all the evils, or the main part of them, arising from the present mode of managing and distributing convicts, New South Wales must gradually be reduced to one great penitentiary. In that case it would only differ from a penitentiary at home, in being more expensive, and having more chances of mismanagement.

Much evil has already been done. The white slave trade is even worse than the black; we planted an impure population on an innocent shore; we have inculcated our impurities, propa-

gated poison. Sydney is a Upas tree of crime, and we have spent millions in aggravating its noxiousness. Let the evil cease. Ages will take place before that unhappy land is purified from the contaminating dregs of our civilized crowds, but let us not renew the mischief from day to day, aggravating and perhaps perpetuating the most horrible enormities. The Australian colonies have been born in sin, and many ages must elapse before the stain is wiped out. Were the infant in the cradle, as is but too often the case, to fester with the diseases inherited from its debauched parents, it would be an apt illustration of the brilliant invention which transplanted crime into a soil yet better adapted than our own for its vigorous increase and continuation.

We have no drawback of feeling, in utterly condemning the system of transportation, and in thus raising a warning voice to our neighbours against adopting our ancient error well nigh repented of, for on no score is there a word to be said in its favour. And without entering into the wide and interesting question of prison discipline, we may say the remedy stares us in the face. Look at the institution at Philadelphia, or even that at Sing Sing, less perfect in our estimation, or let us compare in *any* point of view, moral or economical, our own Penitentiary, a very imperfect and not altogether well arranged establishment, with the effects of transportation. The hulks are bad, transportation is much worse; the Penitentiary contrasted with either is admirable, but the number of convicts sent to each is exactly in the inverse proportion of their merits. Solitude is perhaps the only discipline which deters from crime, while it most of all tends to the reformation of the habitual criminal. The power is great in another most important point of view. It converts labour into relaxation. Shut up a human being in solitude, and before the end of three days, he will demand work as a relief: it will soon be his grand consolation, and when its results are connected with his future provision, he will soon be in love with it. It is on the very opposite principle to this, that the hard labour bill was constructed, and on which our prison discipline is as yet framed.

It is long since Mr. Bentham, in his *Panopticon* scheme, undeceived the world as to the fallacy of hoping any thing from forced labour. In the same work, too, he laid down the principle to which we have alluded, of rendering labour itself a pleasure by means of solitude. It is this simple idea which will revolutionize the whole of the present European institutions for the prevention of crime. It is the basis of the American experiments. Of the establishment at Philadelphia, the pleasant and intelligent work of Mr. Vigne, an English barrister, which has just made its appearance, furnishes us with a brief but significant report: we

could not adopt a fitter conclusion for the observations contained in this article.

“ In my way back from the city, I visited the Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. This is the most extensive building in the United States. The front is 670 feet in length, very handsome, and bearing a baronial and gloomy appearance, in the style of our old English castles. Its area is a square, with a tower at each angle of the prison wall. It is intended that eight corridors should radiate from an observatory in the centre of the area, but only three are in use at present. These contain the cells, and command a free circulation of air, and a plentiful supply of water. The only punishment adopted is solitary confinement. This Penitentiary is too young an establishment to afford a perfect confidence in the opinions of those who are favourable to the system. The reports of the inspectors are, however, extremely encouraging. The first and present warden (Mr. Samuel R. Wood) was only appointed in June, 1829. This gentleman, who is well known as a kind of second Howard in his way, has visited many of the principal prisons in Europe, and now finds employment for his talents and his humanity in, I believe, his native city. Every crime committed in the state of Pennsylvania on this side of the Alleghany mountains, that is punishable by imprisonment at all for the space of one year or more, is to be expiated by solitary confinement within this Penitentiary. That at Pittsburg, on the Ohio, receives those whose crimes are committed on the western side of the Alleghany. Every prisoner is allowed to work at his trade; or if he have none, or one that he cannot follow in his cell, he is allowed to choose one, and is instructed by one of his overseers, who are all masters of different trades. Mr. Wood, in his last report, gives it as his opinion, that a prisoner who has two years or upwards to remain in prison, can, in his solitary cell, earn sufficient to clear all his expenses from his admission till his discharge. The Philadelphia system differs from that at Sing-Sing, in the state of New York. At Sing-Sing the prisoners are brought out to work together, but are not allowed to speak to each other. At Philadelphia they never work together; and from the time of his admission, one prisoner never sees or speaks with another. My English ideas were not a little startled at first, when I found that high treason is expiable by solitary confinement for ten years. Treason against the state of Pennsylvania is here alluded to.

“ By the article of the constitution, treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them; or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt-act, or on confession in open court. Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason, but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture, except during the life of one person attainted. Treason against the United States is a capital offence; murder in the second degree, that is, murder committed in a sudden quarrel, but without malice prepense, is punished by solitary confinement at labour for three, and not more than six years; for the second offence, for a period not exceeding ten years. The punishment for burglary is solitary confinement for not less than two, nor more than ten years; for the second

offence, for a period not exceeding fifteen years. For robbery, or being accessory thereto, before the fact, the period is for not less than one, nor more than seven years; for the second offence, for a period not exceeding twelve years. Mayheim, kidnapping, horse-stealing, perjury, &c. are all punished by solitary confinement for different periods. Almost every species of forgery, or aiding, abetting, or commanding the perpetration of a forgery, whether it be of the coin of the state, or have reference to the sale, utterance, or delivery, or having in possession the metallic plate used in the forging of any note of any bank incorporated in the state of Pennsylvania, or forging, defacing, corrupting, or embezzling any charters, gifts, grants, bonds, bills, wills, conveyances, or contracts; or defacing, or falsifying any enrolment, registry, or record; or forging any entry of the acknowledgement, certificate, or endorsement, whereby the freehold or inheritance of any persons may be charged; or of counterfeiting the hand or seal of another with intent to defraud; or the privy or great seal of the state of Pennsylvania, is punished with solitary confinement for a period of not less than one, nor more than seven years; and, for the second offence, for a period not exceeding ten years. It is expected that few offenders will run the risk of solitary confinement for a second time.

"When first received, the prisoner is left alone, and it seldom happens that he does not ask for a Bible, and work, after the lapse of a few hours. A Bible and a few other religious books are allowed him, in a few days the withdrawal of his employment is felt, and adopted as a punishment, with the most obstinate and hardened. The chaplain occasionally visits the prisoners, and on Sundays he takes a station whence the words of prayer and exhortation can be heard by every prisoner in his cell, as they echo along the vaulted roof of the corridor.

"If any punishment can be said to be dignified, that of solitary confinement has a claim to that epithet. Justice to society is nobly done, not only in the removal of the prisoner in the first instance, but, secondly, by enabling him to return, as it were, to the world, a wiser and a better man.

"The end of solitary confinement is the reformation of the criminal, by obliging him to think who never thought before. If reflection can be awakened, and conscience can obtain a hearing, its advantages will be readily acknowledged. The prisoner is forced to commune with his own soul; the all powerful voice of ridicule is absent and unheard; remorse is not stifled, and penitence is not put to flight by the sneers of a dissolute companion; with no one to admire and applaud his resolution to be 'game,' to submit is the only alternative."—*Six Months in America*, vol. i. p. 31—38.

After the statements we have brought forward, and the view of the subject here taken, what will be said of a French author of intelligence taking upon himself, at this time of day, in the face of the flood of light spread abroad on this subject, to recommend in an elaborate volume, the example of one of our greatest and worst state blunders?

ART. IX.—1. *Fundgruben des alten Nordens, bearbeitet und herausgegeben, durch Dr. Gustav Thormond Legis, (Mines of the ancient North wrought and published by Dr. G. T. Legis,) 3 Bänder. 8vo. Leipzig, 1829—1831.*

2. *Vaulu-spá, das älteste Denkmal germanisch-nordischer Sprache u. s. w. von Ludwig Ettmüller, (The Vaulu-spá, the oldest monument of the ancient Germano-northern language, &c. by L. Ettmüller.) 8vo. Leipzig, 1830.*

WE have often had occasion to praise the literary zeal of the Germans, which causes them to leave no nook or cranny of knowledge unexplored. If others start the game, they are sure speedily to join in the chase and to distance their fellow-sportsmen. We English were the first to get a view of the Sanscrit, we set up a loud halloo, thinking we had the chase all to ourselves, when behold! the Schlegels, Bopp, Rosen and others appeared in the field, and we are, or we fear we very soon shall be, thrown out. It is true, the Germans occasionally employ their time very unprofitably, particularly when they take to the Greek metres—we think with Payne Knight on this subject—but if they *do* commit this folly, as we will venture to call it, they amply redeem it by the value of their labours in the other departments of classic philology, whereas in our “colleges and halls,” the metre is a sort of “one thing needful,” and he who is expert at Sapphics and Alcæics, and can scan Pindar and the tragic chorusses after the newest fashion, is the man of eminence. But all this will probably be amended before very long.

It was to be expected that the antiquities of the North would attract the attention of the Germans, for they are the antiquities of the national stock to which we all belong, and it is only there that we can expect to find any satisfactory information respecting the religion, the manners, and the opinions of our ancestors, the remains of German and Anglo-Saxon literature being perfectly insignificant in comparison with what is extant in the North. Accordingly several Germans of learning and talent have devoted their attention to this branch of knowledge, and we trust that their labours, combined with those of the scholars of Denmark and Sweden will succeed in giving us a tolerably clear conception of the opinions and manners of those Northmen, who sent forth, in former times, their warriors “conquering and to conquer,” and whose descendants are now among the noblest, most moral, and most enlightened of those who inhabit this globe; and of those Germans who pushed from its base the Roman Colossus, and sowed the seeds of liberty wherever they imprinted the traces of their feet. Though long truants in the cause, we ourselves, amidst our fondness for light reading and for those histories of mighty

nations adapted to the waistcoat pocket, with which the proprietors and publishers of our monthly miscellanies so considerably, though to the utter detriment of all real and solid literature, supply us—even we exhibit symptoms of better things, and the collection of our Anglo-Saxon remains, of which the first volume will appear before long, will, we are confident, be creditable to British learning, British criticism, and, we may add, British patriotism.

The two works which head our article are specimens of what the Germans are doing at present in the department of Northern literature. They consist chiefly of translations of the Eddas, and contain disquisitions on various points of Northern archæology, which are treated not without ability. Mr. Ettmüller in particular exhibits a sane spirit of criticism, but we cannot help saying that it is hardly excusable in the translator of the *Vanluspá* in 1830, to evince no knowledge of Rask's edition of the Eddas, and of the mythological writings of Finn Magnussen.

One of the disquisitions in the volumes of Dr. Legis is on the subject of the ancient northern Runes, in which he has chiefly followed the guidance of Geijer the Swedish historian, one of the most distinguished scholars of the North. As this subject will probably prove more interesting to our readers than criticisms on the Eddas, we shall devote to it the remainder of the present article, for our lucubration we are resolved shall be of moderate length.

The first question then naturally is—What are Runes? and the plain simple answer is—they are the letters used by the ancient Gotho-German race. What is the signification of the word Rune, and whence is it derived? is the second.—As for the derivation, Dr. Legis, following Reineggs, finds it in the Phœnician, more properly Arabic, word *Runeh*, which signifies *magic*. This etymon rests on the supposition of the Phœnicians having traded with, and brought letters to the North, as they did to Greece; an opinion which we shall by and by gently combat. Dr. Legis, by an enumeration of passages in the Sagas, and in the Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and their kindred literature, where the verb or the substantive occurs, finds that the general idea implied is that of *whispering*, *secrecy*, *magic*, and thence infers, that the Phœnicians, who traded to the Baltic, communicated their letters, with all due mystery, to the Scandinavian priesthood alone. To us the opinion of old Olaus Wormius, which Dr. Legis mentions only not to omit any thing, carries more evidence with it than any Phœnician theory. This father of *Runology* deduces it very simply from the old Swedish *ränna*, Isl. *rin*, Angela-Sax. *renn*, signifying a *furrow*, a *water-course*, and asks, if there is any one who



does not discern its agreement with the *Βουρροφιδόν exarare & versus* of the Greeks and Latins, and certainly any one who looks at the Runic letters, of which a firm, straight, upright line is always an essential part, will be very much inclined to assent to this unforced etymology, more especially when it is recollected, that the runes were first drawn on wood or stone, and that the term used to express this action (Isl. *rista*, *rita*, Anglo-Sax. *writan*, Eng. *write*), signified to *scratch* or *cut in*.

It is the opinion of Dr. Legis that the runes first employed by the ancient priests of the North, were small bits of wood, which they put together according to certain rules, so as to form the letters. Hence, he thinks, came the angular form of the runes, and hence too the original application of the German term (*auslegen*, to lay out) which signifies, to *interpret*. *Runestafir*, in the Icelandic, and *Buchstäbe* (*Book or Beech-staves*) in German, are the words which signify *letters*. All these refer to a use of sticks, as a vehicle of literal characters, but, perhaps, the origin may lie in the practice of cutting the runes on them. In this way the one piece of wood might answer a double purpose—as an epistle, and as a walking-stick. Saxo tells us, that Amlethus (*Hamlet*), when on his voyage to England, found the piece of wood on which was engraved the letter to the king of that island, directing him to put him to death. He forthwith shaved off the runes, and cut others, thus turning the tables on his two companions, who were put to death by the British monarch, while he gave his daughter in marriage to the prince. The calendar-staves of willow-wood, either round or with four or six sides, and inscribed with runic letters, have been used in the North from the most remote times down to the 17th century.

The runes were in effect employed by the ancient Scandinavians for all the purposes to which the Roman letters are now applied. They were used for inscriptions on rocks and other substances, as on drinking cups, household furniture, shields, scabbards, distaffs, &c. That even poems of some length were cut in runes on wooden tables, is proved by the following incident in the life of the scald Egil, the son of Sklagrim, who flourished in the tenth century.

“Some time after his return home, Egil lost a son, Gunnar, and shortly afterwards his eldest son, Baudvar, suffered shipwreck in the Barg-bay. When the father had found the corpse on the strand, he rode with it to the mound of Sklagrim, which he caused to be opened, and laid the corpse within it. Egil wore tight breeches, and a red coat, tight above, and wide at the sides. His blood rushed at such a rate that both coat and breeches burst. When he came home he went into the chamber where he used to sleep, lay down, and bolted the door; no

one ventured to speak to him. He lay thus for three days without eating or drinking. On the third morning, his wife, Asgerde, made one of the men-servants ride to Hiardarholt, where Egil's best beloved child, Thorgude, who was married to Olof Pau, resided. She came in the evening. When Asgerde asked if she had eaten her evening meal, she answered with a loud voice, 'I have eaten no evening bread, and will partake of none till I go to Freya\*'. She then went to the chamber, and called to her father, that he might open the door. 'It is my desire,' said she, 'that we should both go the same journey.' Egil opened the door, and Thorgude laid herself on the other bed. 'Thou doest well, daughter,' said Egil, 'in that thou wilt follow thy father. Great love hast thou shown me.' 'How could I outlive this affliction?' said she. They both were silent for a time. Then spake Egil: 'Art thou chewing any thing, my daughter?' 'I am chewing dulse, for I think it will thus go worse with me; I should else be afraid of living too long.' 'Is that deadly to mankind?' 'Very deadly,' said she; 'Wilt thou eat of it?' 'Why not?' replied he. A short time after, she called for something to drink; she got some water. Egil said, 'that comes of eating sea-weed; one thirsts but so much the more.' 'Wilt thou drink, father?' said she. He took a horn, and swallowed the drink. 'Ob, there we were deceived,' said Thorgude, 'that was milk.' Then Egil bit a large piece out of the horn, and cast it on the ground. 'What shall we do now,' said Thorgude, 'since our design has been hindered for the present. I should think, father, that we shall now live long enough for you to make a song on Baudvar, and for me to mark it on a staff.' Egil said that he did not think himself capable of making a poem, but he would try. The song was called 'The Loss of the Son,' (*Sonar Torrick*.) As he advanced in the composition of it, he gradually regained his equanimity; he got up from his bed, when it was finished, brought it to his family, placed himself on the high seat, and made, after the ancient custom, the memorial-beer be drunk to the dead. When Thorgude was going home she got handsome presents from him.

This poem, which is still extant, and which Dr. Legis has translated, contains twenty-four stanzas of eight lines each, and must consequently have occupied several staves. It is probable that the poems of the Edda were originally preserved in this way, and were not committed solely to the custody of the memory.

A most important use of the runes was for making inscriptions on rocks and stones, of which there are from fourteen to fifteen hundred remaining, thirteen hundred of which belong to Sweden, and of them, more than one half to the single province of Uppland. In Iceland there are but fourteen. Rune-stones have also been found in Germany, England, and the Isle of Man. In the year 1824, a small rune-stone, five inches long and one thick, was found

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\* That is, till I die. The souls of women were supposed to go to the abode of Freya, the goddess of love.

on an isle of West Greenland, named Kingiktorsoak, bearing an inscription, dated in the year 1135, and thus proving that in the 12th century the west coast of Greenland was known as far north as it is at the present day. These rune-stones, called by the Icelanders Bantasteinor, were usually raised in memory of the dead; and the inscriptions which they bear, like our tomb-stones, tell the name of the deceased, and briefly enumerate some of the most remarkable actions of his life, his making of roads or bridges, his travels, and free-booting or other expeditions to Russia, Livonia, Finland, England, Lombardy, Greece, Asia. They were not always raised where the body was buried, but, like the Grecian cenotaphs, not unfrequently stood in honour of those who had perished in those distant lands. Thus on a rune-stone of Gothland, it is said of the person whose memory it celebrates, that he was treacherously slain by the Blue Men, *i. e.* the Moors. A rune-stone, now in the park of Dagenäs, (in Sweden,) whither it was brought from the steeple of the church of Saleby, which it had been built into, has the following inscription, *Atark Kriusten gardi kubl thaussi eftér Thuru kunu sin, su tutir i Akit mith allum vi barthi Tiraka auk kunu kier, i. e.* "Atark, a Christian, raised this monument to Thuru, his wife, who died in Accon (Acre), with all. We fought with the Turks, the dear wife also."—It was in the year 1191 that Acre was taken by the Crusaders.

The rune-stones extend from the 10th to the 13th century, some few belonging to the time of heathenism. Age has rendered many of them illegible, though it is to be observed, that of the two kinds of granite to be found in the North, the red and the white, the latter, as the hardest and most permanent, has been invariably selected for inscription. The difficulty of decyphering these inscriptions is farther increased by the capricious forms into which they are frequently thrown. The runes, to be sure, are always enclosed between two parallel lines, but these wind and twist, sometimes crossing and re-crossing, so as to set the reader completely at fault. They sometimes run from top to bottom, sometimes from bottom to top; now they are in large, now in concentric semicircles; now in squares; now in triangles; again in crosses, or running from right to left, or from left to right. At times letters are put out of their proper place, or the difficulty is increased by the circumstance of the artist having used a *patois* or dialect, which we have hardly any means of understanding.

It is remarked, that scarcely any of the inscriptions relate to any person who is known in history, and that we therefore cannot derive from them that species of information which we expect (without perhaps much more reason) to obtain from the monuments of Egypt; they only serve however to give some insight into

the manners of the North at the time to which they belong. That victories and other great events were in old times cut in runes on the flat or upright faces of the granite rocks, there can be but little doubt. Saxo, who wrote in the 12th century, says that "in Bleking (in Sweden), are to be seen wonderful letters on a table of rock, over which a path runs southwards from the sea to the desert of Wärend. The path is as it were enclosed between two lines, which are cut into the rock at no great distance from each other, but which extend a long way: between them can be seen the engraved characters, and though the ground is uneven by reason of heights and hollows, the traces of the letters may be everywhere followed." He adds, that King Valdemar I. of Denmark, wishing to learn the meaning of them, sent some persons thither to copy them on boards, but they could make nothing of them, as they were partly filled up with earth, partly effaced by its being in a pathway. It was said, however, that they had been cut by King Harald Hildetand, to preserve the memory of the exploits of his father. Mr. Geijer, who relates this circumstance in his History of Sweden, says that there is still to be seen in Bleking a rock called Runemo, (*Rune-heath*, Runnymede?) where characters may be discerned between two lines, which are visible for a length of thirty-five ells, in which some think they recognize runes, while others regard them merely as the sport of nature. Saxo also tells us that Ragnar Lodbrok, after a victory in Bjarmaland, cut an account of his deeds on a hill; and some inscriptions on rocks are yet to be seen in the North. We should probably have an abundance of these lithographic monuments still remaining, to aid our researches into the history and antiquities of the ancient North, were it not that the first converts to christianity waged, under the guidance of the missionaries, a war of annihilation against the religion of their fathers and every thing belonging to it. The rune-stones were used in the construction of churches, and the heathen records which they bore were carefully effaced or so battered as to become unintelligible. How often posterity has to curse the intolerant and injudicious zeal of preceding generations! What a rich treat would the classical scholar have in the works of Alcæus, Diphilus, Menander, and others, were it not for the barbarism of monks, who burned, or monks who made palimpsests of the parchments which contained them! The destructive rage of the priests who accompanied the *conquistadores* to Mexico, has deprived us of the means of a more accurate knowledge of the history and opinions of the dwellers of *Anahuac* than we shall now probably ever attain to; the ruins of many a fair religious edifice in Scotland bear witness to the root-and-branch system of reformation, which prevailed in that part of the north.

Particular runes were held to possess peculiar powers. It is thus that Brynhilde promises Sigurd that she will teach him a variety of runes, such as Victory-runes, which, when inscribed on the handle of his sword and on his belt, would give him victory; Sea-runes, which marked on the rudder, oars, &c. would preserve from shipwreck; Speech-runes, which would give eloquence; Mind-runes, potent to communicate sense and wisdom. These were generally single letters, which were supposed to have a magic power: thus the Drink-rune, which secured against female treachery, was the rune for *N*, called *Nauth* (*Necessity*), cut on the drinking-horn, the back of the hand, and the nail of one of the fingers. The rune for *th* (*Thurs*, i. e. *Giant*) was believed to cause terror and uneasiness to any woman who beheld it. This magic power of the runes is evidently a branch of the superstition which, in all ages and parts of the world, has led men to ascribe some mysterious efficacy to words and characters. In the case of letters, it owes its origin probably to the marvel excited by them when first propounded to a rude people, or to the significant appellations given to each character.

The original number of the runes, like that of the Greek letters, was sixteen, but these did not correspond either in order or power with the Greek characters. One rune expressed *b* and *p*, another *d* and *t*, and another stood for *u*, *o*, *y*, *ae*, *au*, *ay*, *v*; the order of them ran *f*, *u*, *th*, *o*, *r*, *k*, *h*, *n*, &c., and each had a significant name, as *fé* (*money*), *úr* (*spark*), *thurs* (*giant*), *ós* (*gate*), *reid* (*ride*), &c.

The age and the origin of the runes remain to be considered. Tacitus plainly asserts that the Germans knew not letters, an assertion which may only signify that they were not in common use among the people, and may not preclude our supposing the priests and the chiefs to have been acquainted with them. At all events, Tacitus was not omniscient; and moreover, the Scandinavians, according to his own showing, and to the express assertion of Jornandes, were far superior in culture to the Germans, and letters may have been in familiar use with them, while their southern brethren were in comparative ignorance of them. As to the letters which passed at different times between the German princes and the Romans, and which Dr. Legis enumerates, they prove nothing. They were evidently in Latin, which language, and consequently we may say writing, these princes had learned, or they had about them persons who had done so. But we find, in the fourth century, that when Ulphilas formed the Gothic alphabet from the Greek, he employed some characters which did not belong to that language, and which he possibly retained from some ancient Teutonic alphabet. The earliest decided

mention of runes, however, are these lines of Venantius Fortunatus, who was Bishop of Poitiers, in the latter half of the sixth century—

“ *Barbara fraxineis pingatur runa tabellis,  
Quodque papyrus agit virgula plana valet.*”

of the meaning of which there can be no doubt.

It is the general, we might say the universal, opinion, that all the alphabets of Europe have been derived from the Phœnician. Dr. Legis assures us, as a matter proved, that these enterprising traders had penetrated to the Baltic, and had thus communicated their letters to the dwellers of its coasts. There is strong reason, certainly, for believing that the amber of the North had made its way to Greece before the days of Homer; but how know we that it was not overland to the coast of the Mediterranean that so portable a commodity was brought, and there bartered with the Phœnicians? We have no proof whatever of this people having sailed into the ocean; but, at the same time, we have no proof that they did not do so. Arguments drawn from the imperfect state of navigation in those days we hold to weigh but little; the Phœnician vessels may have been as stout, and their sailors as adventurous, as those of the Carthaginians, who *did* navigate the ocean. The point is, and we apprehend ever will be, buried in obscurity, for we have no records of those times from which we can derive certain information on the subject.

But in our opinion this question has nothing to do with the runes, for after comparing them with Phœnician and other alphabets we are come to the conclusion that they are original and unborrowed. Except in two or three of them we cannot trace a resemblance to the characters of any other language, and the general principle of them, viz. their always containing an upright line, would indicate a construction according to an original system. The runes we hold to be the primitive underived literal characters of the Gothic race, invented by themselves without perhaps a knowledge of the existence of any other alphabet; and no one need be surprised at this assertion, for the invention of an alphabet is not a matter of such extreme difficulty. Few probably will now be inclined to believe that man invented language, he no more did that, than he invented a mouth and tongue; but the case of letters is different, and our own days have witnessed the actual invention of an alphabet by the Cherokee, See-quah-yah, who, as we are told by Mr. Knapp, in his lectures on American literature, having seen a letter sent to his tribe by the American government, and which they called the *talking paper*, set about analyzing his own language and discovering its simple sounds, and succeeded

in making an alphabet of it. His characters were arbitrary signs, but he has been unable to reduce the number to less than eighty. At first they were upwards of two hundred. The only difference between See-quah-yah and the original independent inventors of alphabets is, that he knew that the thing had been done; just as Galileo invented the telescope, when he heard of the discovery of the spectacle maker of Middleburg. They resembled the man who invented a clock, and then discovered that other people were well acquainted with it already. Ingenuity is more generally diffused than many seem to apprehend. The Chinese have surely invented the arbitrary characters by which they express the sounds of their language; so it would appear did the Hindoos; and the Mexicans were in the fair way to do the same. Almost all the arts and some of the sciences have sprung up, we know not how, among nations and tribes, between whom no connexion whatever can be traced, for we imagine few now hold the hypothesis, which so much delighted the French *savans* of the last century, of the highly civilized race which, "beyond the limits vast of thought," occupied the Steppes of Upper Asia, and fragments of whose knowledge alone came down to later times.

The runes then, were we apprehend, in their origin, neither more nor less than simple letters, representing the sounds of the Gotho-Germanic languages, and were probably the invention of the people of the North. The material on which they were usually inscribed was wood, (*Buch*, i. e. *Beech*, is in German a *book*) just as palm leaves are in India, and the adjoining countries at the present day, the vehicles of extremely delicate and beautiful literal characters. The magic virtues ascribed to the runes will find their parallels in the middle ages of Europe, and among the Mohammedans (particularly in Africa) and other ignorant people at the present day. Letters were necessarily rare, where there was neither paper nor parchment, and what is rare and at the same time curious will be sure to be invested with a large portion of the wonderful.

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ART. X.—1. *Théâtre d'Eugene Scribe, dédié à ses Collaborateurs*. 8 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1828—1830.

2. *La Vengeance d'une Italienne*. Scribe, Delestre et Desnoyers.

3. *Robert le Diable, Opera*. Scribe et Germain Delavigne.

4. *La Marquise de Brinvilliers, Opera Comique*. Scribe et . . . Paris. 1831.

WHETHER the works (the titles of which are prefixed) are really Scribe's last, "were a question," as Sir Thomas Brown says of the age of the funeral urns in the *Hydriotaphia*, "which might admit of a wide solution." Certain it is, we believe, that none of the three last are of older date than 1831, and that the Marchioness of Brinvilliers made her appearance no later than October last; and yet nothing is more likely than that since that time Scribe may have had a successful comedy represented at the *Théâtre Français*, an opera at the *Odeon*, and a vaudeville at the *Variétés*.

The secret of this extraordinary fertility is in some measure explained by the system of literary partnerships in such matters, which appears from the titles of these works—a "Theatre dedicated by the author to his Collaborateurs"! In English literature such an association as that of Beaumont and Fletcher still remains almost singular; in France, on the contrary, the matter is reduced into the most regular system. Poets meet to turn a stanza as they used to do to crack a bottle together. Cavé and Dittmar write novels, Mery and Barthelemy sit down to polish their republican diatribes in concert, and as for operas and vaudevilles it seems almost a rarity to meet with any to which more than one author does not stand sponsor. And singular as it may appear too, the ensemble is in most cases so good, there is so little appearance of any want of unity either of hand or head, that, but for the disclosure in the title-page, no reader would ever detect the conspiracy. In the "*Vengeance d'une Italienne*," a perfect trifle, in which a piece of mystification is played off upon a coxcomb, who is a little too apt to boast of his *bonnes fortunes*, this division of labour seems really to have reached its height. For here are three poets, all playing into one another's hands; a responsible poetical firm of Scribe, Delestre, Desnoyers and Co., ready to execute a manager's orders for anything in the dramatic line, "tragic-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scenes undividable, or poem unlimited," at a week's notice, and the latest fashion, and we doubt not with a liberal discount for prompt payment.

Scribe, though it is not easy to assign to him his exact share in the whole, is generally considered the leading partner in such



joint adventures; it is on his versatility, extensive resources and dramatic tact, that the managers, that peculiar people, place their reliance; and an experience of more than sixteen years of almost uninterrupted success amply justifies their reliance on him and his confidence in itself. Perfectly persuaded that

“——— the true worth of anything  
Is just as much as it will bring,”

Scribe has turned his admirable talent for amusing the public to the best account, and, if report may be trusted, is already in possession of an income of 60,000 francs per annum from the proceeds of his dramatic compositions since 1813, which is the earliest date of any of the pieces in the *Théâtre*. It may be pretty safely assumed that a person who—although he can count his compositions by hundreds—has hardly known the horrors of theatrical damnation; who has published eight octavo volumes of comedies, vaudevilles and operas, of which almost all have been represented more than a hundred times; whose compositions are at the same moment amusing the public at Vienna, at Petersburg, at Naples, and at London, must be, in some things, a remarkable man, however trifling or frivolous may appear to be the field on which he has chosen to exercise his talents.

The truth is, Scribe, like his betters, was acute enough to follow the fashion of the times. The taste for the comedy of the last century was visibly on the decline. He found the audiences, once so jealous of the classic reputation of the French comedy, yawning over the *Misanthrope*; only tolerating the *Tartuffe* from its sneers at priests and Jesuits; and utterly deserting the theatre when a tragedy of Racine was announced.

“ ’Tis true, ’twas pity.”

This might be egregiously wrong, but Scribe early comprehended that neither fame nor fortune were likely to be gained by the support of a sinking cause, and, with all reverence to Molière, he did not feel that his vocation was to die a martyr in the defence of the past, so he threw himself heart and soul into the present, and took the public taste as he found it. Eager for novelty—unscrupulous as to taste—impatient of analysis and laborious exposition of character—intolerant of mere polish or beauty of dialogue—more pleased with a bold and rough outline than a finished cabinet picture—above all things demanding variety of movement, of scene, of incident, of the subjects of ridicule—and thus following all the changes of the inconstant character of a Parisian public—he presented his pictures to the world, scarcely dry, on his gay though somewhat clumsy canvass, and every one was delighted with the resemblance; for in the playful *malice* of

his portraits every one thought he recognized, not his own portrait, but those of his friends; and thus at the Vaudeville he had the merit of founding a school, while at the Français he would have remained at best an imitator.

The comedies and vaudevilles of Scribe hold a sort of middle rank between the dramatic *Proverbes*, which now form so considerable a portion of modern French literature, and the regular comedy, as it still lingers in the works of a few of the classicists. In the *Proverbes* some single incident or situation is illustrated; no complex plot is attempted—nothing of the simplicity of reality requires to be sacrificed to dramatic effect—a few characters meet and gossip with the natural ease, the *abandon*, the frivolity of actual life. You feel as if you could identify each as a well known amusing or tedious acquaintance. Their charm lies in their perfect air of nature: their defect, in the want of a progressive interest. The *Théâtre* of Scribe, while it attempts to catch the natural tone of the *Proverbes*, and limits itself chiefly to the lighter developement of character or manners, sketching rather than filling up, combines it with the progressive interest of a plot, often evolved with great skill, and always with sufficient grace and rapidity of movement to carry the reader lightly and pleasantly to the close. He seems to follow, as it were, in the wake of the regular Comedy, gathering up the flowers which she in her statelier march neglected or cast away. Yet these he arranges in such picturesque and tasteful combinations, that the chaplet which he weaves for the muse of Vaudeville, often renders her more generally attractive than her more dignified sister. It is impossible to look at the list of Scribe's performances in this way, without admiring the variety and fertility of his invention. He passes with equal ease from the sentimental to the broadest mirth—from the most touching display of emotion to the last passing whim or joke, or "lie of the day:" he seems a very cosmopolite in his indifference to all parties and opinions; the frivolity of the old regime, the vulgar insolence and affectation of republicanism, the weakness, the intrigues, the petty vices, modes and jargon of the present times, "this *Paris* and this *now*," are all caught and reflected with the same fidelity, the same cold impartiality of ridicule. A chronicle of French manners for the last sixteen years might be compiled from his vaudevilles; nay, in such subjects as those we have prefixed to this article—a tale of poison and blood, like the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, or one of sorcery and diablerie like its companion—he is scarcely less successful. The natural home of his mind, no doubt, is among the gaieties and follies of Parisian life; but like his countryman, he can realize Johnson's observation, for

"Bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes,"

with Robert le Diable, and that with as much coolness as if he had travelled the road a hundred times. His devil, even after all we have seen so lately of that personage in the hands of Cazotte, Goethe, Byron, Lewis, Maturin and others, has really some traits of originality about him. He is a devil of honourable sentiments, and rather a tender heart, "un diable bon pere de famille," as the *Globe* very justly remarks. He is, in fact, a spirit "permitted for a term to walk this earth" with human passions and sympathies, and from the contrast of these two natures a very striking effect is produced in the hands of Scribe. Seriously speaking, his power of adapting himself to any theme, grave or gay, exalted or humble, modern or antique, in Paris or in India, above ground or beneath, is of the most remarkable kind. Whether some graceful little romance, some tale of love and jealousy, be required, like *La Somnambule*, with which we are familiar in England under the title of the *White Phantom*—some broad farce of manners, like another, at which we doubt not our readers have laughed heartily, *The Happiest Day of my Life*,—an extravaganza, like the *Ours et le Pacha*—a serious opera, like *Masaniello* or the *Bayadere*, or a comic one like the *Fiancée*—a new though not laboured portrait of character, like *Le Solliciteur*—or even a comedy in its best sense, such as *Le Manage de Raison*—Scribe, equal to all exigencies, transmits his manuscript on the day appointed with the same punctuality with which a merchant retires his bill, and in nineteen cases out of twenty he is found to have succeeded as completely as if his whole attention had been devoted only to one particular class of subjects.

To a certain extent the plot of a *vaudeville* or *petite comedie* is conventional. There are some incidents, which, though they may, like pieces at chess, admit of some combination and transposition, are an indispensable part of the dramatic properties of the author. "All comedies," says Byron, "are ended by a marriage:" and not only the catastrophe, but many of the incidents by which it is brought about are of the same description of character. The obdurate father or guardian, the sentimental heroine, the interested and disinterested lover, the scheming valet or soubrette, the love quarrels, the jealousies, the plots, mistakes, equivokes, and disguises, by which the machinery of this petty drama is kept in bustling motion, are all of an *obligato* kind, and though they may be varied and recombined, remain in substance the same. Scribe certainly shows great ingenuity in varying these combinations, or, where that is impossible, presenting them under an aspect which gives a new direction to our sympathies, by boldly taking part with the parent against the lover—with prudence and calculation against rashness and extravagance. No one can

better paint, when he pleases, the effect of an overpowering sentiment, the gradual growth of love, or its sudden mastery over a mind which had prided itself in its philosophy or its strength. Often, in the brief compass of a single act, he converts the insensible into the impassioned, and that with such few and yet such characteristic touches, that we feel the truth of the representation while we are unable to comprehend by what conjuration or what mighty magic it has been so instantaneously and yet so naturally accomplished. But he is, perhaps, still more successful in those pieces where he sets himself against the established current of theatrical sympathies, pleads the cause of reason versus romance, and with a calm, quiet, but irresistible irony destroys the illusions of the imagination; as in the *Mariage d'Inclination*, the *Mariage de Raison*, and the *Mariage d'Argent*. The evanescence and illusive nature of romantic feeling; its insufficiency to contend with the privations and inconveniences of real life; the triumph of common sense over an uncommon sensibility; these are the resources, by recurring to which Scribe endeavours to impart a new aspect to the hackneyed and conventional themes of the stage.

His skill in the conduct of his plots is perhaps the best known and the most popular feature of his character. The incidents are seldom complex: they succeed each other naturally: nothing lingers, nothing requires explanation. Indeed his extraordinary skill in this respect, and his confidence in his own powers of managing any theme, however perilous, sometimes lead him into the selection of plots, the basis of which involves some absurdity or improbability which all the dexterous tact of his developement can hardly redeem. Thus, not all the magic of the details can reconcile one to the radical improbability of the leading situations in the *Mariage d'Argent*, or to the conduct of the hero Poligny, who not only sacrifices himself to a hated marriage, in order to save his honour, which is in danger of being compromised by some unsuccessful speculations, but needlessly attempts by his whole conduct to persuade the real object of his attachment, Madame de Brienne, that the alliance is the result of attachment. It is perhaps the best proof of his felicitous management in this respect, that with every scene the improbability appears to decrease, till at last, when the curtain falls, we have altogether resigned ourselves into the hands of the dramatist. There are but few of his works in which some scene is not to be found, where the situations are of the most trying kind, hovering on the brink of improbability, or treading the verge of melodramatic exaggeration, and yet by the aid of an admirable discretion, and an unflinching command of natural and at the same time effective and witty

dialogue, he winds himself out of all his entanglements just as we had begun to think his case hopeless. His address in this respect is admirably displayed in one of his most successful pieces, *Avant, Pendant, et Après*, which, though it is rather a play of incident than of character or manners, presents on the whole a favorable example of his powers.

This is one of a class of pieces with which we have been familiarized by several English imitations, such as *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life*,\* *Gil Blas*, &c., where the characters are exhibited at different periods of life, with long intervals between. It has the advantage of great variety and rapidity of movement; it allows the writer almost unlimited license in depicting the changes of character, without requiring him to fill up the links which unite that of the youth with the man; it enables him, while he keeps up the thread of connection by the continued presence of the main characters, to contrast them at each new stage of existence with another series of beings, with new manners, new feelings, habits and prejudices. Nothing could afford more ample room for the developement of such an idea than the periods chosen by Scribe—Before, During, and After the Revolution. The first act depicts the last days of *la vieille cour*; the days of aristocratic refinement and pride, of general selfishness, contrasted with insulated examples of high honor, chivalric feeling; the days of Bastilles and lettres de cachet: it contrasts the vain dissipated Marquis de Surgy, the representative of the pride and prejudices of his family, with his brother the Chevalier, noble, disinterested, not insensible to the pride of birth, but prouder of the innate nobility of virtue and talent: it depicts the licentious projects of the Marquis against the wife of his foster-brother Gerard, and their disappointment through the interference and guardianship of the Chevalier. With the second act the scene has completely changed. Ten years have rolled over. The dynasty of the Bourbons is no more. The Revolution has swept the aristocracy from the scene. The Marquis de Surgy is supposed to be a wanderer in foreign lands.

The Chevalier, after attaining the rank of general in the army of the republic, has fallen under the displeasure of the reigning faction of the day, and is also proscribed. But the storm which has lighted on the Hotel de Surgy has passed with comparative lightness over the humbler roof of Gerard and Julia. Gerard has turned hair dresser, and figures in self defence as a patriot, under the name of citizen Solon, though the illusion of the Revolution with him has long been over. Julia is sitting alone in

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\* A translation from the "Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur," of Victor Ducange.

their little shop opening upon the Place de l'Egalité, when the Marquis, her former persecutor, now persecuted in his turn, rushes in to implore an asylum for a moment from the blood-hounds who are in pursuit of him. He is scarcely concealed, when her husband returns accompanied by the citizen Caracalla, formerly the shoemaker Morin, who enters the shop to have his hair cut. This sketch of a republican of 1789, though perhaps not exactly suited to the tone of the day, is one of the best of the many sketches of the kind which Scribe's busy hand has thrown off. The citizen, while he places himself in the chair, very quietly allows Julia to perform for him all the services of a valet, at the same moment that he is delivering a lecture on liberty and equality, and the necessity of doing away with domestics altogether.

"'But what becomes of politeness, respect?' asks Julia. 'Suppressed,' replies the citizen, gravely, 'by decree of the 10 Brumaire.' 'What a blessed government,' says Gerard, 'where we chuse our magistrates from the baker's or the cobbler's shop.'

"Caracalla. Certainly. (*Rising and with a declamatory air.*) When the Roman people required a general, they went to the fields and took the first farmer they met. Talking of the Romans—one more sacrifice to my country! (*Shewing his queue.*)—Cut me this off.

"Gerard. What?—Will you—

"Caracalla. The magistrate must dress like a Roman citizen. . . . à la Titus. Famous Citizen, that citizen Titus. By the bye, talking of tails, how came you to be at the tail of the patrole just now, instead of being at the head of it, as usual?

"Gerard. (*Continuing to dress his hair.*) To say the truth, Citizen Magistrate, that last pair of shoes you sent me pinched me so much that I can hardly walk.

"Caracalla. Aha! very likely—since I became a magistrate I have rather neglected my awl. I don't make shoes now. I make motions."

His remonstrance, on being charged an assignat of 500 francs for the hair cutting, that it is a *little* too dear, his protest that the revolution was not made for hairdressers only, and the parting thrust in the stomach, along with the salutation of *Salut et Fraternité*, with which he greets citizen Solon as he makes his exit, are in Scribe's best manner. But the dangers of the Marquis are not over. A more dangerous visitant, Goberville, the old agent of his family, now an infamous tool of the revolution, under the name of citizen Seneca, slips in just as the trembling Marquis had emerged from his concealment in the cabinet and entered the shop. Gerard has barely time to force him into a chair, cover his face with suds, and commence shaving, when Seneca makes his way into the room. He comes to communicate to Gerard his intention of making his way into the old Hotel de Surgy, where

he is persuaded treasure is concealed, and knowing Gerard's former connection with that family, to induce him by fair means or foul to accompany him as his guide. This scene, in which the Marquis, seated on one side with his face covered as above mentioned, overhears occasionally the whispered conversations of Seneca and Gerard, and by his involuntary emotions attracts the suspicious observation of the former, is a fine instance how completely the ludicrous may be blended with a situation of deep and exciting interest. He too goes at last, the Marquis is delivered from his disguise, and from the cellar Gerard introduces another protégé—his brother, the general. The interview between the two brothers, so different in the constitution of their minds, in their views, in their past fortunes, but now united in one common proscription, is both touching and morally impressive. A new danger, which arises from the reappearance of Caracalla, is happily evaded by his mistaking them for witnesses come to attest a contract of divorce. When Gerard returns, he finds, to his surprise, the two aristocrats hand in glove with the formidable citizen, and all three apparently laughing very heartily over the advertisement which announces the proscription of the Surgys. At last, by a ruse of Gerard, the simple shoemaker is prevailed upon to escort the brothers in safety beyond the bounds of Paris. "Under my protection," adds he, with an air of protection, "you might go to hell—without a passport."

Another change opens upon us with the third act. The revolution has rolled by like a thunder storm; we are once more in the magnificent hotel of General Surgy. Who enters to present to him his letters and newspapers?—The Citizen Caracalla, once more Morin, but now concierge of the Hotel de Surgy; the reward of his involuntary assistance to the brothers during the revolution. The Marquis has fallen at Wagram. The general has married Julia, the widow of Gerard, to whom, before her marriage, which had been effected by the treachery of his mother, he had been tenderly attached. The chief point in this act arises from the reappearance of the Vicomte de Morlière, the friend of the Marquis and the Chevalier under the old regime, who, shipwrecked on some desert island before the actual outbreaking of the revolution, has past thirty years at a distance from Europe, and knows not of the thousand changes at home. With him the world has stood still, and he returns to the Paris of 1816, as to that of 1780 which he had quitted. His surprise, his confusion, are described with great naïveté and humour. His hotel is gone, the very name of the street is forgotten; he strays into the magnificent Rue Rivoli and Rue de la Paix, and swears they have spoiled *his* Paris; he hears of Wagram and Austerlitz, (not of Wa-

terloo,) and asks the general if they are the names of his estates; the words of "the Chamber" and "the elections" are to him as unintelligible as hieroglyphics. That nobles should pay taxes, is a mystery which he finds altogether inscrutable; he hears of others who are manufacturers, and he asks how their family bear the stroke; of advocates who have the presumption to aspire to the hand of the daughter of a count; and he wonders when the *lettre de cachet* is to be applied for; of young men who absolutely contract no debts, or decline his kind offer of throwing a creditor out of the window; and with his brain almost turned by all these changes, he almost wishes he were again in the solitudes of America. The idea of all this undoubtedly is not very new; the Vicomte is a sort of French Rip Van Winkle, who has slept as it were for half a century, and wakens among other beings, other scenes, and other ideas; but it has seldom been developed with more humour or delicacy of allusion. To all our readers we would recommend a selection at least from the works of Scribe. And with that view they could not, we think, do better than patronize a very cheap and elegant little collection in which we believe all of them have successively appeared—we mean the *Repertoire du Theatre Madame*, and its *Suite*, in which each piece is sold separately.

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ART. XI.—*Remarques sur la Politique Commerciale de la Prusse*. 8vo. pp. 91. Hambourg. 1831.

THE superior and more immediate interest excited by the discussion of questions of internal policy, has recently so much engrossed public attention in England, that few comparatively have attended to questions of foreign policy, unless where the points at issue seemed to involve the tranquillity of Europe. But a commercial nation like this is deeply interested in the internal as well as in the external policy of all other civilized states with which it trades; as whatever affects their condition can hardly fail either immediately or remotely to affect our peculiar interests. Even were it otherwise, even if changes in them produced not the smallest influence upon our affairs, it would still be our duty to watch them with constant anxiety, to trace their progress, and to mark their results. The advantages derivable from an intercourse with foreigners are not, as many seem to suppose, confined to those arising from an interchange of material products, nor even from the mutual communication of arts and sciences. The mere observation of what happens abroad is calculated to be of the greatest service to us. It gives us the means of profiting by ex-

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periments, which it might be difficult, hazardous, or impossible, to make at home; it consequently enables us to correct erroneous opinions, and to avoid apparently favourable, but really injurious systems of conduct and policy, without being subjected to the loss and inconvenience which might arise even from their temporary adoption.

Considered under these two points of view, the first interesting us directly as a manufacturing and commercial nation, and the second showing the operation of systems which have been and still are patronized by a considerable party amongst ourselves, the commercial policy of the Prussian government seems to deserve the notice of the English public. The subject is one which has hitherto attracted no attention here. But, as it is important, we think we shall be doing an acceptable service to our readers by laying before them such details with respect to it, as we have been able to glean from the sources to which we have had access.

I. The system of the Prussian government has always been that of manufacturing at home every thing consumed within the kingdom; of buying from others nothing that can be dispensed with, and of selling whatever can be spared. That a system of this sort should obtain in Spain or Portugal, is only natural, and might be expected; but that it should continue to be the favourite policy of an intelligent government like that of Prussia, is, indeed, surprising. There are some circumstances, however, that serve to explain this apparent anomaly. Though the opposition of the prohibitive system to all sound principles of public economy has been demonstrated by several German writers, it is still defended, either in whole or in part, by others, to whom considerable deference is due; and while, on the one hand, the mercantile classes are not so well aware, as they are in England, of its injurious effect upon their interests, and the agricultural classes, forming the great majority of the population, and to whom it is in the last degree prejudicial, are almost entirely ignorant of its effects; the manufacturers, on the other hand, though a comparatively small body, are its zealous advocates, and are continually calling out for its extension. The information which is supplied by the public boards and statistical writers, is calculated rather to mislead than to instruct. The government is also deceived by the extension and apparent prosperity of the national manufactures. It sees accounts of the increased number of labourers employed in them at different periods; but nothing is stated, and it forgets to inquire, as to the cost at which this extension has been purchased.

From what we know of Prussia, we are inclined to think that this

last has been the principal cause of the favour shown to the prohibitive system by its government. But a little reflection might have served to convince any one that the extension of a manufacture can be of no advantage, but the reverse, if it be the result of premiums and forcing. A business may employ twice or three times the number of hands at this moment that it did five or ten years ago; but before pronouncing whether this increase be advantageous, inquiry should be made into the circumstances by which it has been produced. Were the Prussian government to order the destruction of the ploughs in its different provinces, the number of labourers employed in digging would be increased in at least a *tenfold* proportion; though we shall not do the advocates of the "Prussian system" the injustice of supposing that they would regard an increase so brought about otherwise than as a very great evil. In truth and reality, however, the extension of the demand for manufacturing labourers, caused by oppressive restrictions on the importation of manufactured goods from abroad, is in no respect dissimilar, in so far at least as principle is concerned. The systems of Napoleon, of Frederick William, and of our own Mr. Sadler, differ merely in the means. At bottom the object of all of them is the same; they all suppose that the channels into which capital and labour naturally flow, are not those in which they are most productive; and that by means of political devices and custom-house regulations, they may be rendered more prolific.

It may be moderately estimated that the existing duties and restrictions on the importation into Prussia of foreign cotton stuffs, silks, hardware, earthenware, &c. have about doubled their price in that country. And hence it obviously follows that a half of every thaler or rixdollar, expended by the Prussian consumers on these articles, goes to enable their producers to carry on a business that would not otherwise pay its expenses! To contend that the adoption of such a system is a means of enriching a country, is equivalent to supposing that it may be enriched by employing labourers to dig holes one day and to fill them up the next.

When pressed by the absurdities of this system, its Prussian advocates contend that were it abolished, or materially modified, they would be "inundated" with English manufactured goods, while we would take nothing of theirs in return! This paltry sophism has obtained a sort of currency in the Prussian provinces on the Rhine, for which it is difficult to account. Those by whom it is put forth, forget that *reciprocity* is the beginning, the middle, and the end of every commercial transaction. If they imagine that in the event of their giving up their prohibitions,

our manufacturers would supply them gratis with goods, we are sorry to undeceive them; but we must say that a *bonus* of that sort is about the very last thing they need expect. We have no inclination certainly to underrate the generosity of any class of our countrymen, but to virtue of this sort none of them has any claim. The Prussians may be assured that there is not a Jew in Dantzic, nor a Christian in Berlin, more determined than the manufacturers of Glasgow and Manchester to deal only on the *quid pro quo* principle. There are always two parties to a bargain. The abolition of all legal obstacles would not of itself occasion an increased intercourse between England and Prussia. The English must not only be ready to sell, but the Prussians must be able and willing to buy, that is, they must be able and willing to furnish equivalents for the articles offered by the English, before any dealings can take place between them. It is plain, therefore, that those who really suppose we might deluge Prussia with manufactured goods, without taking any Prussian articles in return, suppose what is contradictory and absurd. There can be no selling without an equal buying. It is not in the power of the Prussians to import largely from us, unless we import largely from them, and conversely.

But, say the Prussians, "if we admit English manufactured goods on reasonable duties, the establishments we have fostered at so much expense, and on which we have expended so much capital, will be destroyed; so that, even admitting the 'system' to have been originally bad, we cannot now recede from it." The *argumentum ad misericordiam* is not, however, entitled to more respect than any of the others. The loss and inconvenience that would be occasioned by the abandonment of the prohibitive system, would affect only a few, and be of very temporary duration; while the advantages would be enjoyed by the whole population, and would, at the same time, be great and permanent. The inhabitants would in future be able to obtain *twice* the quantity of many valuable and desirable products that they now obtain in exchange for the same quantities of money, labour, or goods; and employment would be provided for the labourers thrown out of the businesses that could no longer be continued, in those, the products of which would henceforth be exported to pay for the goods bought from the foreigner. The only injury arising from the change would be, that it might compel a few thousand individuals to change their employments; but in return for this limited and temporary sacrifice, every man would in future be able to supply himself with many important, and indeed indispensable, articles, at little more than half their present price, while the national capital and industry would be diverted into those

channels in which they would have nothing to fear from foreign competition. It is not in the nature of things that any great change should ever be effected without entailing more or less hardship and inconvenience upon a greater or smaller number of individuals. But those who contrast the extraordinary advantages that Prussia would derive from reverting to the sound principles of free trade, with the trivial and transient injury she would sustain from the abandonment of the prohibitive system, will be satisfied that she has it in her power to make a very great advance in the career of prosperity at a very inconsiderable sacrifice.

The Prussians need not flatter themselves, that, by obstinately persevering in the impolitic course in which they have unwisely embarked, the manufactures, now protected by means of a monopoly, will ultimately be so much improved as to be capable of withstanding the free competition of foreigners. The experience of all countries negatives any such supposition. Prohibitions extinguish invention and emulation. They give permanence to routine practices, and act as a premium upon mediocrity. Look at the silk manufacture of England. Notwithstanding our acknowledged superiority in the mechanical arts, such is the deadening influence of restrictions, that when it was proposed to admit foreign silks in 1825, it was stated by the member for Coventry in his place in the House of Commons, that the silk-loom in use in that city were of the *worst possible construction*, and that the improved loom in France would, in a given time, produce *five* times as much riband as the common loom in England with the same manual labour! But the Prussians need not go to England for examples of this sort.—They may find them at home in abundance. Mr. Jacob, who carefully inspected many of their manufacturing establishments, observes, in his *Travels in Germany* :

“ As scarcely any competition exists but with their own countrymen, there is little inducement to adopt the inventions of other nations, or to exercise their own faculties in perfecting their fabrics, *none of which have kept pace with those of other countries*. In point of extent, the woollen manufactory, carried on, at the royal storehouse, by Messrs. Woolf, is the most considerable, and good machinery is used; but in spite of the excellence of the blue dye, and of the fine wool which they have beneficially substituted for the Spanish, their products are so inferior to those of Flanders and of England, that *nothing but the kind of monopoly, which they and their neighbours enjoy, can enable them to dispose of their goods to a profit*. The quantity of silk goods manufactured in Berlin is very considerable; they are, however, inferior both in design and quality to those of Lyons. Cottons, hats, gloves, hosiery, shoes and boots, are all inferior to ours; cutlery, ironmongery, and glass ware are the same; and many of the minuter articles, such as needles, pins,

and a thousand others, which every hour present themselves, are awkwardly and clumsily made."—p. 202.

The contrast between Prussia and Saxony is, in this respect, very striking. The manufactured goods of the latter are, as far as possible, excluded from the former, while the Saxon markets are freely opened to those of Prussia. But instead of being injured by this liberal policy, it has redounded in no common degree to the advantage of Saxony. While the Prussian manufacturers have trusted to custom-house regulations, those of Saxony have called all the resources of science and ingenuity to their aid; and are advancing in the career of improvement with an ardour and a rapidity unknown in countries oppressed with the weight of custom-house protection.—(*Hermes*, Nov. 1826.)

The ill-advised measures of the government of Prussia, in attempting voluntarily to deprive its subjects of the benefits of commerce, are the more unaccountable, considering the great variety and value of the products which that country furnishes for exportation on better terms than almost any other power. Her corn, timber, and wool are about the very best in Europe, and may be afforded in almost unlimited supplies. Her linen manufacture is also of great value and importance, and might, under a free system, be indefinitely extended. But the obstinacy of her government in excluding foreign products, that is, in excluding the equivalents which foreigners have to offer for the peculiar productions of Prussia, has materially lessened the demand for the latter, and consequently the exportation of them. The linen manufacture—the great staple of the country—has been exceedingly injured by this preposterous system. Instead of extending, as it would otherwise have done, with the increase of population and wealth in other countries, particularly Brazil, Cuba, and the United States, to which it used to be largely exported, the manufacture has been declining for more than twenty years, and is now much depressed. Determined to raise everything at home, even coffee and sugar are burdened with oppressive duties, that plantations of succory and beet-root may be extended. The dregs of the continental system are now in the highest esteem; and what Napoleon looked upon merely as a means of annoying England, is regarded by Prussian statesmen as the most copious source of wealth. Our readers must not suppose that the Prussians prefer succory to coffee.—It is by compulsion only that they substitute the former for the latter. They are taught, indeed, to believe, that they are sacrificing their taste to their pockets, and are increasing their wealth at the expense of their palate. But this system is not more injurious to the stomachs than to the purses of those subjected to its operation. If the increase of succory and

beet-root plantations, and the corresponding diminution of the linen manufacture, be a means of increasing wealth, the measures of the Prussian ministry have effected their object, but not otherwise. The Brazilians and Cubans, they may depend upon it, are quite as little inclined to inundate them with gratis coffee and sugar, as our manufacturers to inundate them with donations of cotton and hardware. If, under a freer system, the former supplied the Prussian markets with five or ten times as much coffee and sugar as at present, they would undoubtedly take five or ten times as much of the linen, or other peculiar produce of Prussia, in exchange; so that every individual, engaged in the futile employments of succory and beet-root raising, would be either taken into the linen trade, or into some department of industry in which Prussia has an advantage, and be employed with profit to himself, and benefit to the public; at the same time that the whole community would be abundantly and cheaply supplied with two important articles of provision, of which it is now nearly destitute.

The influence of the English corn laws, and the other restrictive regulations still kept up in this country, is dwelt upon and exaggerated by the German writers attached to the "Prussian system." We certainly shall not undertake the defence of these laws and regulations; on the contrary, we consider them as in the last degree hostile to *our* real interests, and are most anxious for their repeal or modification; but neither the existence of the corn laws, nor the discriminating duty on timber from the north of Europe, afford any justification of the policy of Prussia. The English do an injury to the Prussian corn-grower by shutting his corn out of their markets; but does *that* afford any excuse for the conduct of his own government in artificially raising the price of most articles that enter into his consumption? A totally opposite course of policy would have been more in accordance with the plain dictates of common sense. Seeing the difficulties in which the agriculturists were involved by the want of an outlet for their surplus produce, the government ought to have exerted itself to augment the supply, and to lower the price of the manufactured and colonial articles made use of by them. But its conduct has been precisely the reverse; and because its subjects have been hurt by our policy, it injures them still more grievously in the hope of making us suffer by its *felo de se* measures! It is very much mistaken, however, if it imagines that any code of prohibitory regulations which it can enforce, even were it to succeed in once more establishing the "continental system" in the north of Germany, can be nearly as injurious to us as to its own subjects. Prussia cannot close her

markets to the products of England, without, at the same time, closing them to those of most other countries—without depriving herself of all the benefits she might derive from commerce, and compelling her subjects to buy inferior articles at an immense increase of price.

It is a fact too, which the Germans would do well to bear in mind, when indulging in their invectives against the prohibitions enacted by England, that the value of the produce we import from them is greater now than at any previous period. Thirty years ago almost the whole of the foreign wool made use of in this country was imported from Spain; at present, however, our imports from that country do not exceed 3,000,000 lbs., while our imports from Germany vary from 16,000,000 to 26,000,000 lbs.; so that supposing the price of wool to be at an average 1s. 6d. per lb., we pay the Germans from £1,200,000 to £1,950,000 a year for this single article. No doubt the greater part of this sum goes to the Saxons; but this is not the result of any preference on our part, but of the superior attention paid by the Saxons to the breeding of sheep, and of the greater facilities they afford to commerce.

In addition to our imports of wool, we are, in spite of all our restrictions, *by far the largest importers both of German and Prussian corn and timber*. In 1830, 404,000 quarters of wheat were shipped from Dantzic, of which no fewer than 311,000 quarters were for England. And at Memel, Elbing and Königsberg the proportion was about the same. Nothing, therefore, can be more inconsistent with the fact, than the representations made by many of the Prussian journalists of the exclusive character of the English commercial system, and of our shutting out all sorts of Prussian produce. Our commercial policy, we are glad to say, has lost most of that exclusiveness which formerly belonged to it. There is hardly a session in which some restrictive regulation is not repealed. The present, still more than the late ministry, are decidedly favourable to the freedom of trade; and notwithstanding the opposition of those who conceive their interests are involved in the continuance of them, there can be little doubt that the restrictions that still impair our commercial energies are destined speedily to disappear. It is to no purpose, therefore, that the apologists of the Prussian ministers attempt to defend their "system" by appealing to the example of England. Our commercial code and theirs have hardly a single feature in common. Ours is the most liberal, and theirs about the most illiberal in Europe. We are constantly approximating nearer to that system of unrestrained intercourse with foreigners which all statesmen of the least talent or consideration admit to

be most desirable, while the Prussians are daily receding further from it.

II. But though we may regret the blindness of the Prussians in establishing and enforcing a system of policy so prejudicial to their real interests, as well as to the general interests of all commercial states with which Prussia has it in her power to carry on an extensive and mutually beneficial intercourse, no one has any right to find fault with her internal policy. Unluckily, however, the Prussian ministry have become so much enamoured of their system, that they are labouring, with a zeal and constancy of purpose worthy of a better cause, to force it upon the smaller German states. Perhaps no country suffered so much from the continental system of Napoleon as Prussia, and yet her rulers are exerting themselves not merely to inflict the miseries of a similar and not much less objectionable system upon their own country, but to extend them to others! It is difficult to account for such infatuation. Prussia cannot surely expect to succeed in making the population of the other states of Germany submit to privations, the impatience of which contributed more than anything else to break to pieces the colossal power of Napoleon.

The number of small states into which Germany is divided, and their different systems of duties and custom-house regulations, have hitherto opposed formidable obstacles to the extension of the internal trade of the country. Prussia has dexterously availed herself of this grievance to advance her own peculiar views and supposed interests. She has represented to the surrounding states how much it would be for their advantage to abolish the restraints subsisting on their commercial intercourse with each other, and to establish a uniform tariff of duties on their imports from and exports to foreign countries. Nothing apparently could be more unobjectionable than this proposal, and yet, in point of fact, nothing could have been better calculated to injure the real interests of the states to which it was addressed. The uniform tariff of duties recommended by Prussia, was her own *prohibitory tariff*; and its adoption by others was the price at which their products were to be admitted into the Prussian dominions. Had the productions of the different German states differed very widely from each other, such a proposal would have been less ridiculous. But they consist mainly of the same articles, and, with a few exceptions, do not materially differ from each other. Substantially, therefore, the proposal comes to this—"We Prussians will admit you Bavarians, Wirtembergers, Hessians, &c. to dispose, if you can, of your wool, linen, cattle and other productions, in our markets; but in return for this boon we insist on your ex-



cluding yourselves from the markets of France, England, America, &c." What would be thought of an individual of £200 or £300 a year, who should tell a shopkeeper that he would become his customer on condition of his refusing any longer to supply the family of a nobleman of £10,000 a year with the articles in which he deals? Absurd as such a proposal appears, it would not be one whit more so than the terms held out by Prussia to Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Hesse, &c., and *to which these states have assented*. It would be to no purpose to detail, even if we had the means, the series of negotiations, intrigues and treaties which terminated in the formation of the Prusso-Bavarian anti-commercial league. It was finally consummated by a treaty signed at Berlin 27th May, 1829. So far as the internal arrangements among the different states are concerned, there is nothing to object to in it; had it been confined to these its effects would have been beneficial. But its spirit and tendency are wholly anti-commercial. It is bottomed on principles which, if carried to their full extent, would put an end to all intercourse between distant states, and throw every country on its own resources. Prussia, however, will lose less than any of her confederates. Though inferior to those of England, or even France, most of her manufactures are very superior to those of Bavaria, Wirtemberg and Hesse; and markets are now opened to them, from which, but for the treaty in question, they must have been altogether excluded. The league will, therefore, redound so far to the advantage of Prussia. She has contrived to entail upon others no inconsiderable part of the mischiefs growing out of her own prohibitive system. Misled by the superior address of the Prussian negotiators, the governments of Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Hesse, &c. have voluntarily excluded the better and cheaper articles of France and England, not that they might raise up a manufacturing interest at home, but *that their subjects might be compelled to use the inferior and dearer articles produced in Prussia*. When the Prussian peasantry complain of the high price of any article, the government journalists tell them that it is all a "family concern," that the sacrifice of which they complain is apparent only, and that (like Mr. Vansittart's taxpayers) they are more than indemnified by the demands of the manufacturers. But the Bavarians and Wirtembergers have not even the pleasure of being duped. The ladies of Munich can hardly suppose that by paying double the price for a Berlin silk gown for which they might get a far better one from Lyons, they are conferring any very peculiar benefit upon their countrymen; and the Wirtemberger, who drinks succory in place of coffee, and pays double prices for bad cottons, bad knives, and bad tea, will not probably extract much consolation from the reflection that he

is punishing himself for the sake of his friends in Prussia! We can easily understand how, at the end of a war, the victor should dictate a treaty of this sort to the vanquished party; but that it should have been voluntarily accepted by independent nations in a period of profound peace, is about the most singular fact in the history of modern diplomacy.

But Prussia has accomplished a harder task even than this. To ensure the success of her system she has actually prevailed upon several of the smaller states, not only to adopt her tariff, but to allow *Prussian custom-house officers to collect the duties payable under it*. The princes of Anhalt-Dessau and Anhalt-Cöthen, whose territories are *enclavés* in the Prussian dominions, were the first to set the example of surrendering at once the commercial interests of their subjects and their own independence. Their weakness was some excuse for such abject conduct, and it might at all events have been supposed that the example was not a very seductive one, and that few would be inclined voluntarily to follow it. Such, however, would not seem to be the case. Hesse-Darmstadt has already consented to receive Prussian douaniers; and if we are not much misinformed, several other states are about to submit to the same humiliation.

It must not, however, be supposed that all the German states have been so blind to their own interests as to give willingly into the projects of Prussia. In 1828 (24th September), while the negotiations for the league between Prussia and Hesse, Bavaria and Wirtemberg, were on the tapis, but before it had been concluded, an association was formed at Cassel, under the auspices of Saxony, to counteract the anti-commercial system which it was known Prussia was endeavouring to establish. Besides Saxony, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Hombourg, Weimar, Brunswick, and several of the lesser states, with the free cities of Frankfort and Bremen, were parties to this league, which has received the name of the "*Mittel Verein*," or Middle Association. The contracting parties bound themselves neither to enact any prohibitory regulations, nor to augment the existing transit duties; and they agreed to have a yearly meeting of their plenipotentiaries, in order to contribute by every means to the abolition, or at least to a diminution of the import duties in their respective states. The association was to continue for six years, or till 1834.

It is much to be regretted that an association founded upon such liberal and enlightened principles should not have been permanent. But without waiting for the term of its dissolution, Prussia very soon succeeded in detaching some of the members from it, and in paralyzing its influence. The Princes of Cobourg and Meiningen were the first to give way. For a "*pecuniary con-*

sideration," they agreed to allow Prussia to make a commercial road through their states, not to increase their present low transit duties, and bound themselves to adopt in 1834, when their obligations as members of the association terminated, the Prussian system, to let their customs duties to Prussia, and to allow them to be collected by Prussian officers.

This was a severe blow to the association, by its opening a free communication between Prussia, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, &c., and by the example which it set. To prevent, if possible, further defections, the remaining associates entered into a new treaty in 1829, prolonging the association to 1840, and binding the subscribing parties not to give up, except with the consent of the association, the right of commercial passage through their respective states.

But even in its new shape the association was soon found to be incapable of opposing any effectual resistance to the designs of Prussia. Having prevailed on the Duke of Brunswick to refuse his signature to the treaty, Prussia succeeded at the outset in crippling the association. And we believe it will turn out to be the fact that His Serene Highness has let his indirect taxes (customs) and posts to Prussia, from 1834, to be collected by Prussian officers, for 300,000 thalers or £45,000 a year. Hesse-Cassel has also, without waiting the termination of her engagements as a member of the *Mittel Verein*, seceded from it, and adopted the Prussian system. The bad faith evinced in this conduct is too obvious to require being pointed out.

Until within these few months, Baden had wisely kept aloof both from the Prussian league and the "Middle Association," but she has now joined the former. We have also heard it affirmed, on what we consider very good authority, though we can hardly credit the statement, that even Saxony has been making proposals to the Prussian government, in the name of the "Mittel Verein," but that Prussia had refused to treat with the association, though she expressed her readiness to treat with any separate member of it; and we fear there can be little doubt that she will, at no distant period, succeed in entirely breaking it to pieces.

We believe our readers will agree with us in thinking that these proceedings are about the most singular of any that have taken place even in the present eventful times. It is absolutely certain, supposing Prussia to succeed in her efforts to establish a new continental system in Germany, that instead of being beneficial it will be most injurious to her. This system, though raised up by a national government, will not be less hostile to her real

interests than when it was forced upon her by the stern mandate of Napoleon. Its unavoidable effect will be to force capital and industry into disadvantageous channels, to check invention and discovery, and to entail severe privations on the mass of the people, by raising the price of many highly important articles. But supposing the statesmen and ministers of Prussia to be so blinded by the sophisms of the mercantile school as not to be aware of the mischief these measures will occasion to their country, what excuse can be set up for those who have made themselves parties to the league? The Prussian government erroneously believes that its policy is calculated to advance the public interests, by favouring that manufacturing class which it has long been at infinite pains to bolster up; but the ministers of the other powers have no such apology to allege in excuse for their measures: they have, without compensation of any sort, excluded all competitors from their market, shut out those foreigners who would have supplied them with cheaper and better articles, and bound themselves to deal with those only whose goods are worst and dearest!

Notwithstanding the ominous intimation already alluded to, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Saxony will join the Prussian league. Her commercial policy has always been opposed to the enactment of prohibitions; and, as already remarked, her superior prosperity is a practical and conclusive proof that this policy is best fitted to promote her interests, as it is to promote the interests of all who have sense enough to adopt it. The free navigation of the Elbe being provided for by the treaty of Vienna, her commerce by that river cannot be seriously injured by the prohibitive system of the states lying between her and Hamburg; so that if she adheres to her ancient policy, she will engross to herself the entire commerce of central Germany. Besides keeping this advantage in view, she would do well also to reflect on what might be the consequence to her interests of any interruption to her trade with England. We have previously stated the immense importations of Saxon wool into this country. But if Saxony should, in subservience to the views of Prussia, a power to which she certainly owes no very peculiar debt of gratitude, exclude our products from her markets, she cannot expect to be able to continue sending her wool to England. If she will have nothing of ours, it will not be in our power to take anything from her. Those who will not import are without the power to export. It is plain, therefore, that if Saxony adopt the Prussian system, her agriculture will be well nigh ruined by the loss of the English market for wool, while her impoverished inhabitants will at the same time be compelled to pay higher prices

for most articles of consumption. We do not think so ill of the Saxon government as to suppose that it will act in such a way; nor do we think so ill of the Saxon people as to suppose they would tolerate such proceedings.

The smaller states along the Rhine and the Elbe are those which will be the most severely injured by the extension of the Prussian system. Situated, as it were, on the great highways leading to the heart of Germany, their whole consequence has been derived from commerce; and the prohibition of foreign commodities, involving as it necessarily does the cessation of exportation, by depriving them of their trade, will destroy all the sources of their prosperity. Instead of concocting schemes for the repulsion of commerce, the grand object of every state traversed by the Elbe and the Rhine, from Bohemia and Switzerland to the ocean, ought to be to turn the facilities for trade and navigation afforded by those two noble rivers to the best account, by procuring the abolition of tolls and of every regulation that could stand in the way of the most extensive foreign traffic.

This is a question in which Frankfort is peculiarly interested, and we hope and believe that the senate and legislative body of that city will act with adequate firmness in the present crisis, and not allow themselves to be induced by the threats or promises of Prussia to embrace a system that would be destructive of the trade, and, consequently, of the prosperity of their city. We are not aware of the exact nature of the relations subsisting between Frankfort and other powers; but it is for the interest of all free nations that the commercial as well as the political independence of every state, however small, should be preserved. Indeed the two are, in this instance at least, inseparably connected. If Frankfort consent to adopt the Prussian system, it is easy to see that she must speedily become as much under Prussian influence as either Berlin or Breslau.

Not only, however, will the states on the Rhine and the Elbe be deeply injured by the anti-commercial system now extending amongst them; but they will have the mortification to see no inconsiderable share of the commerce that might have enriched their territories diverted into another channel. It may be expected that the British government will have influence enough to prevent Hanover from becoming a party to the Prussian league. And if that kingdom continue to admit foreign products on reasonable duties, the Weser will become the great commercial inlet of Germany, and Bremen will increase in wealth at the expense of Hamburg and Rotterdam.

Supposing, however, that the influence of Prussia, operating on the fears and ignorance of the other states, should lead them uni-

versally to adopt her prohibitory policy, and that the continental system is again established in Germany, still we have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not in the nature of things it can obtain any permanent footing. All the efforts of Napoleon, while in the zenith of his power, and wielding an almost irresistible force, were unable to exclude British goods from the continent. The smuggler—the product at once and the corrector of vicious commercial and financial legislation—set at nought the decrees of his “Imperial and Royal Majesty.” And does the King of Prussia imagine that he will succeed in an enterprize in which Napoleon failed? Every one, who has ever seen a map of Prussia and Germany, must be satisfied that the idea of subjecting such an extent of country to an efficient prohibitive system, is worse than absurd. A million of armed men would not suffice to guard their frontiers. Our command of the sea and our insular situation would seem to render the exclusion of foreign products comparatively easy, and yet all our efforts are insufficient to prevent the clandestine introduction of immense quantities of continental brandy, gin and tobacco, articles loaded in this country with exorbitant duties. At this moment the German journals are full of complaints as to the prevalence of the contraband trade; and every attempt of Prussia to extend and invigorate the anti-commercial system will but add to the evil. For one manufacturer she will create three smugglers. The privations entailed by her policy on the mass of the population will redound almost entirely to the advantage of the most worthless portion of society. In manufactures there will be no invention. Smuggling will become the high road to wealth; and every device that ingenuity can suggest will be resorted to for defeating or eluding the “system.” Instead of reaping a large revenue from moderate customs duties, the sovereigns of Prussia and Germany will empty their coffers to fill those of the illicit trader; and instead of filling Breslau, Munich, Stutgard, &c., with industrious artisans, they will imbue a large portion of their people with predatory and ferocious habits, and render outlaws and murderers objects of public sympathy and regard.

That foreign nations who might find in Prussia and Germany extensive markets for their products, will be in some degree injured by this system, none can doubt: but it is clear to demonstration, that it will injure the Prussians and Germans ten times more. Their markets may be narrowed, but they cannot be shut against importations from abroad. No power can match the energies of the smuggler, when high duties or prohibitory regulations call them into existence. Experience of its disastrous influence will no doubt occasion the abandonment of the new

continental system; but it is extraordinary that the calamitous results of the former attempt to enforce it should not have been sufficient to prevent the monstrous project from being again set on foot.

It, would, however, be unjust to Prussia to suppose that her conduct in this affair is entirely influenced by a manufacturing mania. She is actuated by political as well as commercial motives. The ascendancy she is acquiring amongst the smaller German powers is obvious and undeniable. As already seen, several of them have so far divested themselves, even of the appearance of independence, as to let their revenues to Prussia, and to allow of their collection by Prussian officers. Had Prussia marched an armed force into these countries, and taken possession of their fortresses, she could not have brought them more completely under her controul. Having acquired the command of their revenues, it will be easy for her, whenever she finds it suitable for her purposes, to employ their produce as she pleases. In this point of view, the proceedings of Prussia, deserve, and, no doubt, will receive the serious attention of Austria and other powers. We presume not to say what their conduct ought to be. But it is quite plain that if Prussia be allowed to complete the system she has begun, her influence will be as paramount in Germany, as was that of Napoleon in the days of the confederation of the Rhine. The sooner the progress of the evil is checked the better. It has already attained to a formidable magnitude, but as yet it may be made to yield to vigorous measures.

Even if the economical effects resulting from the adoption of the Prussian system had been as beneficial as they are sure to be injurious, its political operation might, one should think, have sufficed to deter Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, &c. from becoming parties to it. The object of such secondary powers, at least if they set any value on their independence, ought to be to preserve the balance amongst their more potent neighbours, not to destroy it by attaching themselves to any party.

**ART. XII.**—*Memoires de Louis XVIII. recueillis et mis en ordre par M. le Duc de D\*\*.* Paris. 4 volumes en 8vo. 1832.

THESE volumes commence a series of memoirs, purporting to be written by Louis XVIII.; they are composed in the first person, and assume all the characteristics of autobiography. They are, moreover, in a similar tone and style to the *Voyage de Paris à Bruxelles*, the well-known production of that monarch; they be-

tray an intimate and minute knowledge of all such events as came under the notice of *Monsieur*, and, in short, are deficient in no quality calculated to impress the reader with an idea of their authenticity. But we could have said pretty nearly as much of the *Memoires* of Madame du Barri, and, in some respects, more. There was in them a natural life, an intimacy with the interior of the court, a familiarity in handling the characters of the various courtiers, and, above all, a feminine warmth and spirit that might in other times have mystified the shrewdest and most incredulous of critics. One point alone made against the *Memoires* of Madame du Barri—they are too good—they are too clever—they are too much in the spirit of this age. The same objections cannot be made against the work before us. They have not the dramatic talent of the *Memoirs* alluded to; neither in brilliancy of character, nor in the frequency of anecdote do they equal them: but they are written in an even style of pointed elegance, and with vast copiousness of detail and intimate familiarity with all the events of the time; but in this there is nothing which the supposed author was not fully capable of—nothing which he would not be expected to know—nothing which he may be supposed to have viewed differently. The tastes of Louis XVIII. are well known: he was fond of literature within a certain circle, prided himself on the elegance of his style, dwelt largely in epigram and repartee, was somewhat given to the drama, and where he did not greatly excel, was by no means of that opinion himself. The four volumes already published contain the narrative of the author's experience during youth and early manhood, and bring him to the very heart of the revolution, almost at the period of his emigration. Are they, then, by the person they pretend to be? are they from the hand of Louis XVIII. to be added to the catalogue of the writings of royal authors? This is a question difficult to answer. The author, if he be not a royal one, necessarily knows enough to render the difficulty of proving a negative in this case nearly insurmountable. The dilemma is a perplexing one, and we cannot help feeling wrath against the adroit manufacturers of Parisian *Memoirs*, who have thrown discredit upon every publication in the same shape. In memoirs, the question of authorship is of a far different importance than any other class of works: had the book been a new system of the universe, the identity of its author would have been a simple matter of curiosity. But here the scenes and facts laid down are important illustrations of the history of an eventful period, if genuine: if forged, they are mere fictions, poor as romance, and worse than nothing in any other light, by their tendency to confound the boundaries



of truth and falsehood, and to mislead the inquirer, and to diminish the general faith in written history.

The *Memoirs of Monsieur* introduce us into the innermost recesses of the palace, they exhibit the leading motives of the different members of the court party, and expose the springs of nearly all the great movements during a period of history confessedly without parallel in the annals of the world, for the interest felt in its events, and the instruction to be derived from it. How provoking, then, is it to be introduced into a structure of such an extraordinary character, with the mind in a state of twilight, strongly suspecting that the whole scene is a delusion, and not at all sure, that the new Temple of History will not vanish at the sound of some magic word. They who put us in so equivocal a situation, are much more to be admired for their ingenuity than their honesty.

The modes of ascertaining the authenticity of productions of this kind are various, but none, we fear, are in this case to be applied by persons who have access only to ordinary information with success. Inconsistencies would be sedulously guarded against by any one who was qualified to produce such a supposititious work, or if slight mistakes should be discovered, no man is infallible, and they may be assigned to the general account of human error in the royal memoir writer himself. Again, it may be observed, if the author tells us nothing but what may be found in existing writers, his work may be pronounced a compilation? True. But suppose that they do contain numberless small facts, or apparent facts, which are to be learned no where else, we are not assisted by this test in ascertaining whether they are the creations of the historical romancer, or the true narratives of a revealer of truths known only to himself. Considerations of aptitude in the supposed author for the work, its accordance with his tastes and other relations of the same kind, are, as has been already stated, in favour of the authenticity. But, on the other hand, can we suppose a work of this importance, if genuine, the literary production of a crowned head, the result of vast labour and of long leisure, and doubtless the object of much private self-gratulation—can we suppose it thus struggling its way into the world, unusherred by a single word from authority, without a line of preface, without the slightest proof of its being what it pretends to be, or reference to persons or things which might substantiate the real value of the gift? Again, it may be said that this absence of parade shows a steady reliance on internal evidence, and that, under the confidence of being ultimately acknowledged as genuine, the guardians of the MSS. have shown no solicitude to hasten the decision of the world. And it may be further

alleged, that the royal author might, like many other authors of memoirs, have courted the shadow of an incognito; he may have determined that his work should see the light; but, at the same time, that a convenient doubt should attach to the authorship, with a view of sparing many named in it, and of being himself, or at least his memory, spared too. They who are disparaged in a work of doubtful authenticity, always take the alternative presented by the idea of forgery. It is thus possible, that the royal author may have enjoined the guardian of the MSS. that they should be brought into the world with a doubt upon their legitimacy.

And again, as regards proofs, what proofs can be given except the exhibition of the MSS. themselves: this, in the case of the *Memoirs of Madame du Barri*, was a piece of evidence offered to the public by advertisement. They were deposited at the publisher's and were inspected by many, a circumstance, however, which made but slight impression on the faith of the readers; for a handwriting, it occurs to every body, may be forged as well as a fact or a dialogue; and of the crowds induced to examine documents of this description, how many individuals were capable of judging whether the imitation was a good or a bad one, or whether it was an imitation. The history of our Chatterton and Ireland forgeries, has made the world slow to pronounce on the authenticity of a work from a casual inspection of MSS. But what means the *recueillis et mis en ordre par M. le Duc de D \* \* \**—this looks very suspicious. These memoirs present a regular and unbroken narrative, drawn up with much precision, and with every appearance of that care and exactness to be expected from an author proud of his academical accomplishments, and who evidently would rather mutilate a fact than lose a point; at least such he is made to appear, and such is supposed to be in harmony with the disposition and peculiar genius of Louis XVIII. These then are not writings that were waiting to be collected, or required being put in order. Or if the editor could and did forge the *callida junctura*, could so splice and join scattered papers with an art only equalled by those who are said to have formed the *Iliad* out of the songs of various rhapsodists, then is he a man also capable of a dexterous forgery, and we are apt to conclude that he who could mystify us in part, has done so entirely. Then again, the M. le Duc de D\*. is too surely intended for the Duc de Decazes, a personage most of all likely to be entrusted with this delicate charge; but were he really the editor who had prepared the MS. for the press, would he not either have given his name in full or have suppressed it altogether? What object was to be gained by an initial, which no one could misunderstand, and which he could

scarcely disavow. Whereas such a course is precisely the one that would be adopted by a fictionist, anxious by the credit of another's name to give currency to his forged draft on public credulity.

Considerations of this and other kinds, which it is unnecessary to enumerate, induce us not to pronounce against the authenticity of the work, but to entertain a strong conviction that it is an ingenious concoction. A supposition which implies a strong improbability, viz. that the French at this moment possess one or more writers of historical and dramatic fiction, of a genius in its kind scarcely inferior to that of Sir Walter Scott, and who are at the same time not known to fame, or at least far from famous for any acknowledged productions. Nevertheless, we are constrained to believe that some system of fabrication is pursued of this sort. An individual presents himself who has peculiar opportunities of observation: a valet or a chamberlain, an aide-de-camp or a tire woman—from this person reflect details are learned which give personal identity, and throw that air of reality—the glow of a natural complexion, required in a work of this sort. This informant may or may not abound in facts: he can at least communicate daily habits, usual resorts, and the names of intimates—perhaps he has MS. journals, or possesses letters of the object intended to be depicted: if he does not, they can at least be sought elsewhere, and may be found probably without difficulty, when we consider how eventful has been the last half century, and how well aware the actors in its scenes have been of the importance attached to the age. When an original groundwork of notes, journals, letters, facts, sayings and points are thus collected, they are put into the hands of an able *litterateur*, who, in the first instance, charges himself with all the public stock of information, and, on his part, approaches the undertaking with a well-digested and well-selected common-place book, compiled from existing memoirs, pamphlets, and other contemporary publications. He is then in a proper condition to sit down to his original materials, he instantly appreciates their character, enters into the traits of his personage, and when properly imbued with his new materials, sits down to tell his story, weaves in the incidents, the letters and the facts of his MSS., dramatizes scenes of which he has only a hint, and where a gap occurs his imagination readily supplies the deficiency. It is thus, we suspect, these very curious and very provoking works are manufactured. If this be so, we are, as readers, again placed in an awkward predicament; for with much that is false they contain much that is true—the frame-work is invention, but the picture is on the whole a representation of truth. What then are we to believe—what to reject? What authority has the work? If none, as

we fear, then the concoctors of these works are guilty of the destruction of much valuable historical information; for though their materials would have been far from having the inviting charms of the *pseudo*-Memoirs, they would at least have possessed the intrinsic value of truth.

In the fabrication, if fabrication it be, of these memoirs of *Monsieur*—for perhaps the same character may not be deserved when we come to his reign, or even after his emigration—we cannot help thinking that the materials have been more than usually abundant. Some portions may actually be notes from the royal hand: such he probably wrote, and in the changes that have taken place among the occupants of the Thuilleries, they may have been transferred to those who determined the public should share the pleasure of perusal. It is, however, highly improbable that this should have been done, as regards these Memoirs, with the instrumentality of either of the personages that have since occupied the throne—Charles X. because of his lurking regard for the Comte D'Artois, who in these volumes is, perhaps, the only one who is treated ill-naturedly—Louis-Philip from regard to the memory of his father. The Duke of Orleans is considered by *Monsieur* the evil spirit of the revolution, and by himself, or his agents, or his money, to have prompted many of its most fatal movements—movements, however, which he could only stimulate, and never controul. Talleyrand is said to have called him the slop-pail into which was emptied all the filth of the revolution: he undoubtedly fills that savoury duty in the Memoirs of his royal relative. Men, who since the events have calmly and philosophically contemplated the progress of this great political tempest, have come to the conclusion that the agency of the Orleans party impressed no decided course upon events; and some have even altogether doubted the existence of the designs that have been so bountifully attributed to the Palais Royal. Be this as it may, suspicions of the blackest kind were sure to be entertained by the elder against the younger branch of the reigning house; and, with or without foundation, we doubt not that *Monsieur* himself interpreted the actions, and either imagined or listened to such accusations as occur in these volumes, whenever an occasion offers of introducing the hated name.

The feelings entertained towards the Comte d'Artois are those of jealousy mingled with a portion of contempt. We are not able to say whether the relations between the two brothers confirm the Memoirs in this point, but it is more than probable. The contrast between the characters of these men, brought up under the same roof, was striking. The Comte de Provence was of a mild and somewhat insidious demean-

nour: his placidity, reserve, and self-possession spread the idea of his entertaining projects he did not choose to communicate: his habits were sedentary, he was fond of literature, and associated with literary men. He prided himself on the *a-propos* both in speech and conduct. It was commonly said that if he had been on the throne instead of his elder brother, the revolution either never would have taken place, or been safely guided into harbour. He looked with complacency on the first steps of the crisis, and perhaps with satisfaction, for they were brought about contrary to his advice and by persons he despised. The Comte d'Artois, on the other hand, was never accused of an *arrière pensée*: in temper he was violent, loud, and frothy: so far from sharing his brother's love of literature he never read, and if he could write, it was by no means an exercise he was fond of. He used to observe, that the sword and not the pen was the proper instrument for the hand of a son of France. He ought to have said a *couteau de chasse*. His time was divided between the sports of the field and the absurdities and intrigues of dissolute society. He seems to have been overburdened with activity, for when other occupations were becoming stale, he, it is said, commenced rope-dancing. His tumbles and struggles amused the court, but these were not the only falls he was destined to have. With all this, his was a character that inspired no distrust, and being gay and impetuous bore the appearance of generosity. Thus Comte D'Artois was a favourite in the court of his brother, while Monsieur was regarded with something like fear and distrust. When the first indications of opposition to the royal authority appeared, the Comte d'Artois, as might be expected, gave way to the expression of his indignation. His intemperate speeches, his rash advice, and the weight he always threw into the scale when violence was contemplated, may be considered as one of the causes why the revolution was not conducted by the reigning authorities with more discretion. The Comte d'Artois was compelled to emigrate early in the revolution: had he stayed to witness the stormy scenes, through which his brother, Monsieur, passed harmless, his life would have been undoubtedly sacrificed. The difference between these men is exemplified in the last stages of their lives: Louis XVIII. is buried at St. Denis—the prayer of his life: where the unhappy exile may lay his bones is still a problem, but it will assuredly not be in France, whatever change time may be pregnant with.

There is another light in which these Memoirs may be considered, and that is without any personal relation to the supposed author. They may be considered as a work of art—a history of the revolution from a particular point of view. This vast and

complicated subject cannot be considered too often or too deeply; more especially in times like these, when elements are at a work which it will require all the experience derivable from the past to conduct, without danger of concussion or explosion. And it may contribute to a better knowledge of its philosophy to take the student to a peculiar stand, where it may be contemplated under an entirely new aspect. Such a one was doubtless the position of Louis XVIII. He was so situated that he could watch the proceedings both within and without the walls of the beleaguered government: his studies had enabled him to understand what he saw, and on looking back down the long vista of years, the prospect was lighted up by a most rare and singular experience. If, therefore, we are not so fortunate as to possess the true results of such observation, it is something to have the assistance of an able inquirer, who will mentally occupy the same positions, ascend the same intellectual eminences, and do all that lies in human power to catch the same aspect of events. This is a point which, when we are considering the culpability of these historical forgeries, must be urged in mitigation of the harsh censure we should otherwise be inclined to pronounce upon them. In order, however, to render our readers more fully acquainted with the character of these performances, we will run over some brief space of the revolution, after the manner of the author; sometimes abridging his paragraphs, and sometimes translating his words. The period we select matters not much, all is eventful; and what is more, the whole history is here told in the same even story-telling style. Striking events are not more strikingly told than others; and interesting dialogues take place as often about trifles as concerning affairs of the last importance.

It so happens that our fourth volume is lying open at that point of the narrative following close upon the dismissal of M. Necker from the ministry, which was attended by a supposed disgraceful scene on the part of Comte d'Artois, and very soon followed by the rising of the Parisian populace and the destruction of the Bastille.

At this period Monsieur—for such for the moment we will permit him to be—alleges, that the grand object of the Orleans party was to seize upon the throne; the difficulty was simply not in the means of success, but in the means of disposing of the present occupants of the throne. M. Lacoste and other chiefs of the Palais Royal are said to have had objections to the shedding of blood, and prepared to frighten away the enemy rather than destroy them. With this view, it is said, not a day passed without the receipt of anonymous letters, threatening death, by all

manner of dreadful means: the women were not spared; and every member of the interior court had his bugbear lurking about, intent upon procuring his destruction. The ladies grew dreadfully alarmed; they were kept in a continual state of consternation, shared pretty freely, it is said, by their lords; and nothing was thought of but the natural means of female defence—flight. Thus was the supposed object of the adverse party nearly effected. Between the 12th of July and the 17th, when the courtiers took flight, the palace is represented as being in a complete state of demoralization. The Polignacs, the Polastrons, the Coignys, the Vaudreils, and the Abbes Vermont, Lariviere, and the other heroes who surrounded the Queen and the Comte d'Artois, appear to have been in a state of actual panic.

“ On the 11th, in the evening, it was decided in the King's cabinet, to which had been summoned the Comte d'Artois, the Prince of Condé, the Maréchal de Broglie, the Baron de Breteuil, and M. Foulon—that on the next day, the 12th, M. Necker should be dismissed, as well as the rest of his ministry—that the troops should enter Paris on the 14th—and that on this same day all the obnoxious deputies should be arrested, and the States General convoked at Tours. It was also decided, that the Duke of Orleans should be banished to England for ten years. The Baron de Breteuil made a *satisfactory* report on the state of the provinces and on the facility of working on them by means of their fears. The Maréchal de Broglie followed, and detailed the movements he had laid down for the troops, and ended by presenting in his tone of solemn candour a highly important memoir to his majesty on the posture of affairs, in which he did not hesitate to state that the troops were balancing in their allegiance. ‘ But,’ added he, ‘ this indecision will instantly disappear, the moment the princes put themselves at their head. The soldier to be firm, must march under the command of some member of the royal family. He insisted strongly on this point, which meant that the time had come for action, and that words were now no longer enough. This report was less convincing than that of the Baron de Breteuil. The Comte d'Artois said to the Chevalier de Crussol, “ The poor Marshal seems devilishly afraid: to listen to him one would suppose there was nothing left but to conquer or die on the field of battle; but things are not come to that point yet I hope.” ’

The Baron de Breteuil was ordered to communicate the result of this council in which the new ministry was settled, to Monsieur. He arrived full of the importance and consequence reflected from his new post, and had to submit to a very severe cross-examination on the part of Monsieur, as to the means he reckoned on for carrying every thing by the hand of power. The result was not satisfactory to either party. Monsieur saw that the new ministry were incapable, and their attempt, in the present state of things impossible, except to genius.

"During the whole of the 12th, the cabal at the chateau anticipated a victory. Paris was believed in a state of stupor because Versailles was quiet, and because the members of the National Assembly, having desired to get up a meeting suddenly, had not succeeded. It was understood that the troops would, the day after, be ready to enter Paris: orders were in consequence given, and the Baron de Besenval was employed to execute them. I was far from partaking of this sense of security, although I knew that the regiment of Royal Dragoons occupied the Champs Elysées along with the Royal German, and that the regiments of Royal Cravate, Renach, Salissemade, Diesbach, four Swiss, that of Provence, Ventimille, Bercheny, Lauzun, and Nassau, were stationed at La Muette, at Charenton, at Sevres, at St. Denis, at the Military School, and at Versailles. The people and the populace, let loose in the streets of Paris, appeared to me far more formidable."

"I was shut up in my own apartments, partly to receive my couriers and partly to escape the insolent joy of these momentary triumphers, when I learned the rencontre that had taken place in the Champs Elysées and at the entrance of the Tuileries, between the two regiments of German Royals and Lorrain Royals, commanded at the time by the Prince de Lambesc, and the French guards supported by a part of the populace. I thought it my duty then to go to the king, who received no estafette from Paris, for every authority in that city had completely lost itself.

"Louis XVI. listened to me with grief. He sent for the queen and the Comte d'Artois, and desired me to repeat to them what I had told him. My sister-in-law and our brother observed, that this was not an event that ought to surprise us; the army was approaching, and as soon as the rebels showed themselves they would be chastised, when they had learned what there was to be afraid of, every yelping cur would seek his kennel. The Comte d'Artois added, 'Lambesc is a fine fellow, who, by himself, would drive all this canaille before him, and to-morrow they will be singing ballads about his prowess.' All of a sudden we saw the Baron de Breteuil enter so completely dejected, that he had eyes for nothing before him. He went straight up to the king, and said, 'Sire, Paris is in full revolt; the Prince de Lambesc is beaten and has taken to flight, he will be here in a few minutes.'

"Louis XVI. uttered a shout of surprise: the queen turned round to conceal her emotion; and the Comte d'Artois said to me, 'This becomes serious: how is it? do the people know how to fight?' The baron, then perceiving us, was annoyed that he had let his intelligence escape before me, he wanted to mend his report and eat back some of his words. However, I addressed him, saying, 'Sir, I trust that in the arrangements you have made, the success of the Prince de Lambesc did not enter as a principal ingredient. There is no time to be lost; some firm and conciliatory measures must be taken, so that we shall have no necessity to retrograde, and yet avoid going forward.' The minister had entirely lost all heart; he stammered some unintelligible sentences. In the mean while the other ministers ar-



rived, as much frightened as himself. The Marechal de Broglie, getting hot, cried, 'Now is the time to get on horseback.' 'Sire,' added he, 'the sword is out of the scabbard: it ought never to be sheathed till after a victory. Negotiations can now have no weight unless they are backed with energy. The troops are still well-disposed; they will maintain their obedience if your majesty, or one of the princes will come to place themselves at their head; but if not, before a month elapses, (he was wrong by twenty-seven days,) no one will be able to count upon them if they remain in inaction.' This speech was far too warm for his present audience. The king trembled at the idea of a civil war; the ministers, who had not been in office many hours, did not know where they were or what they ought to do; and the Baron de Breteuil feared, if fighting were the order of the day, that all the influence he possessed would instantly revert to the Marechal de Broglie; so that he and the rest cried out against the opinions of the marechal, and began to talk of having plenty of time yet, of their immense resources, of their stores, of the troops, of the garrison and fortified towns, of the artillery—while, on the other hand, the rebels had nothing on their side but their unarmed insolence. Some one said, 'Apparently we have two days for rest; at the end of that time the signal shall be given.' 'Two days in our circumstances,' said the old warrior, 'are two centuries; minutes are years; I wont answer for anything if we permit the mutineers to get the start, for before the end of the week I wager that sedition will have spread over half the kingdom.' Every one raised his voice against this sinister prediction, and attempted to prove that it was unfounded. The queen alone seemed to be inclined to agree with the maréchal: she was disposed for vigorous measures, and prevailed so far, that it was determined to employ them, but nevertheless not immediately. It was decided after the advice of the Comte d'Artois, and more especially the Baron de Breteuil, that the standard of war should be unfurled on the night between the fourteenth and the fifteenth: it was now the evening of the twelfth, so that we benevolently accorded four-and-twenty hours to our enemies. The Duke de Broglie cast a glance of despair at me, and making the excuse of having some orders to give, he went out first—I followed him very soon."

On his return to his apartments he found several members of the National Assembly waiting for him, and a dialogue ensued, in which it appeared at that time, that unless the king consented to give up his coterie, and accept the conditions of the National Assembly, that "there was somebody at Paris who would do as well." Monsieur was strenuously exhorted to take affairs into his own hands, and if there be anything in this work, it would appear there was a party in opposition to the Orleanites, and who despaired of the king, that were on the look out for a head.

On the 14th, before "the standard was unfurled," the Bastille was destroyed, the authorities in Paris were deposed, and others created in their stead.

"Terror was at its height at the Château; the last spark of energy was extinct; the cabal, more particularly, was overwhelmed, in truth, not without reason; a ferocious populace had decided on getting rid by violence of all those whose influence was likely to perpetuate the abuses: there was in fact a positive danger for about a score of courtiers, male and female—the life even of the Comte d'Artois, and that of the queen, were compromised by the perseverance they had exhibited in opposing the wishes of the nation. When I became certain of this unhappy state of things, I felt that it was my duty to be no longer silent, but to talk with the king, and induce him to make some great sacrifice in order to avert these dreadful designs. I passed a part of the evening of the 14th in beseeching Louis XVI. to yield to the force of circumstances, and in assuring him that a persistence in his present course was to provoke the most horrible catastrophes."

The result of this conversation is said to have been the famous "improvised" visit to the National Assembly, in which the king threw himself into the tide of events, and gave them to understand that Necker should be recalled. But the wind never sat long in the same quarter at the Château, though the result of this visit would have shown any other people that all was not lost, and the way to repentance was still open. All the cabal saw, however, was, that their influence was at an end, and that the time for flight was come; they hoped to drag the king and the queen in their train, and if these Memoirs are to be relied upon they would have succeeded but for the author of them.

"Happily, Madame P——, who was a general favorite, but was furious at being laid aside, got hold of the thread of the intrigue through one of her friends, and came in haste to inform me. It was time—the carriages were packed, the guards had orders to hold themselves in readiness, and at midnight the whole royal family were to have quitted Versailles. Madame de P—— wrote me a note as follows:

"Monseigneur,—If I do not see you before half an hour passes, I shall have to announce to you that all is lost—all, France, and the royal family."

"Madame de P——, though very much the fashion, very pretty, and tolerably intriguing, had tact and sense. I was sure that she would not write to me in this style unless authorized by the importance of the cause. Besides, at so critical a moment, there was nothing to be neglected. I answered as she wished: she came to me by a private entrance, and told me point by point the whole scheme that was on foot. I was stupified at this imprudent determination, which seemed just contrived to answer the criminal purposes of the Orleanists. I sent a confidential person to the stables, and he returned, informing me that something extraordinary was going on there.

"After the departure of Madame de P——, I assembled my council, that is, I remained a short time alone, considering hastily what I ought to do. I soon came to a decision, and without loss of time went to the king; as Providence willed it, the queen was not with him, having gone to the apartment of Madame de Polignac, where all the travellers

were assembled. The hour was unseasonable, and etiquette forbade my appearance before the king. The sight of me excited some surprise in Louis XVI., who was walking backwards and forwards in his apartment, dressed in a plain frock coat, and not in a dressing-gown as he generally was at that hour. He asked me what I wanted, and I hastened to say,

“ ‘I have come to learn, sire, how far a report which has just reached me has its foundation in truth. It is said that the royal family quits Versailles to-night for Lille.’ ‘Who has told you?’ ‘Permit me to remain silent on that point; only let me be informed whether I have been deceived.’

“ ‘You have been told the truth. The Prince de Conde, the Cardinal de Larocheaufcauld, the Dukes of Luxembourg and Broglie, the Baron de Breteuil—in a word—all the wise heads about me, think that the state of my affairs absolutely requires my absence for a brief period.’

“ ‘I showed him all the danger of such a step, the advantage the Duke of Orleans would derive from it with the national assembly, the civil war that would necessarily follow, and in the end, I put the matter before him in such a light that he began to go along with me in my argument.

“ ‘I think with you that this journey may bring serious troubles along with it: I give it up willingly, but how break it off?’

“ ‘By declaring, that after mature reflection you are resolved not to compromise your honour by flight, at a moment when you have just straightened the bonds that bind you to the nation.’

“ ‘The queen will be strangely vexed at it.’—‘She will cease to be so the instant your majesty has explained the reasons which have induced you to remain. Request her presence, sire, for it is eleven o’clock, and at twelve you ought to be on the road. Seing me, added I, so well informed, ought you not to fear that I am not the only one to whom the secret is communicated?’ ”

The queen is sent for, and gives Monsieur no very agreeable reception; but it is, however, finally determined that the Comte D’Artois and the courtiers shall depart, and the king and queen remain. Great disappointment is felt among the travellers, and Monsieur comes in for a plentiful share of abuse. To the enmity of the cabal the author attributes many of the scandalous stories which, as is well known, during and after the revolution, were plentifully scattered at his expence. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that he is here cleared from every aspersion: for who is ever wrong in his own memoirs.

The memoirs end about the commencement of the year 1790: after the forced removal of the king to the Tuileries: and Monsieur had taken up his abode at the Luxembourg. The last intrigue narrated is the connexion of Mirabeau with the court, and the scheme of making him prime minister, which failed, says Louis XVIII. by the treachery of the queen, who had appeared to favour it, and the activity of the Orleanists, who dreaded the event, as calculated to restore the monarchy.

## CRITICAL SKETCHES.

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**ART. XIII.**—*Pensées sur l'Homme, ses habitudes et ses devoirs*; par J. B. Thibault, chef de l'Institution de Pertuis. Paris. 1831. 8vo.

IN noticing the *Pensées* of M. Ancillon, in a former number, we took occasion to remark, that a man who publishes his Thoughts in little detached sentences, ought either to enjoy a very signal reputation, or his thoughts ought to be of peculiar pith. It is taking something of a liberty with the world, to offer to it the general results of one's thinking, without entering into the details of the mode by which those results are arrived at. In Ancillon we are ready to excuse the form of the sentences for the sake of the matter; but there are very few to whom such an excuse is available, and we do not think that M. Thibault is among them. His ideas are in general not very original, and sometimes quite common-place. Some of them would have done very well to diversify an almanac with, but there does not seem to us sufficient occasion to have intruded a mass of them upon the public. It is true that the superior attention which the science of mind and morals receives in France, renders the collection more interesting there than in Britain, where metaphysical science is almost dead: but upon the whole we cannot find many of M. Thibault's thoughts worthy of extraction. We subjoin, however, a few which have struck us as the most original.

"It is a mark of weakness of heart to impart one's misfortunes to others without necessity; it is in some sort to beg their pity."—p. 79.

"When we aspire to public favour, we must not lose sight, that the only means of pleasing all the world is to please every individual of it."—p. 82.

"There is no enterprise which one conducts so well to its end as that of which one has oneself conceived the project."—p. 158.

"The earth is a theatre, in which the spirits come to play for some time the character of man."—p. 158.

"The title is to a book what physiognomy is to a man; a well-chosen title does the same service as a handsome face. There are indifferent titles, as there are unmeaning faces. One experiences the same mental pain in seeing a work which does not correspond to its title, as in seeing a man whose mind is not in harmony with his countenance."—p. 159.

"We only begin to know how to live, when we know how to measure ourselves with objects; that is to say, to proportion our attachment and our application to their importance. It is thus that we avoid too great an indifference for great things, and too great an ardour for small ones."—p. 174.

This last sentence struck us as being the most worthy of record in the whole collection. It conveys a lesson of such practical use, that we abstain from comment upon it, from fear of weakening its effect.

ART. XIV.—*De l'Education Publique, considerée dans ses rapports avec le développement des facultés, la marche progressive de la civilisation, et les besoins actuels de la France*; par F. M. L. Naville, Ministre du Saint Evangile, &c. &c. Paris. 1832. 12mo.

THIS is a republication of an essay which last year obtained the gold medal offered by the *Société des Modes d'Enseignement* of Paris, (noticed in our 16th number,) for the best treatise on the following subject:—

“ Indicate the best means of favouring the development of the intellectual faculties in both sexes, and of giving to scholars the habit of, and taste for, labour—establish the bases, and trace the plan of a system of public instruction adapted to the wants of each individual, and of society at large.”

After showing that education in all countries ought to vary according to national circumstances, and detailing the wants of society at the existing epoch, the author lays down the principles to be followed in the organization of public instruction, and explains and particularizes the branches of knowledge required to be taught. He then reasons on the development of the intellectual faculties—lays down rules for the classification of the schools—for the composition of elementary books—and for regulating the changes of the system in general—and concludes by pointing out the course to be pursued for carrying the plan recommended into effect. The essay appears to us to proceed from a comprehensive mind, fully acquainted with the subject in all its bearings, and disposed to deal with it with that candour and moderation not always found in men who are strongly impressed with the lamentable errors of the present system of carrying on, what is called, education, but which approaches about as nearly to the true meaning of that term, as the performance of the unknown tongues by the Irreverend Edward Irving and Company approaches to the conduct of rational beings. Though the essay is, of course, peculiarly adapted to France, it is by no means inapplicable to the case of other countries, and we recommend it to the attention of all who are interested in the great cause, on which depends so much of the happiness of the present and future generations of men.

The essentials of education, according to our author, to the multitude, of whatever station or calling, are, 1st. To know how to read, write, and cipher: 2d. To know the truths of religion: 3d. To have some notions of the organization of the society in which one lives, and of the part which one may act therein: 4th. To possess certain rules of conduct, which may be useful in a multitude of cases where a man may be thrown upon his own resources. Shaping his plan upon this principle of utility, in reference to the wants of the lower orders, he refutes thus triumphantly the fallacious opinion of the danger of the spread of education, which is still held by the few, whom it seems impossible to furnish with understanding in this respect, though arguments have been urged to them often and in vain.

“ But, it will be said, is there not, nevertheless, some danger in extending popular instruction as much as you propose? There is doubtless either bad faith or strange error in the reasons alleged by those who would deprive the people of the most elementary matters of knowledge, but if instruction is car-

ried beyond certain limits, is it not to be feared that the mechanical professions may be abandoned, either because they will not offer attraction to cultivated minds, or because they will not satisfy ambitions which will aspire to more elevated vocations; and do we not thus run the risk of forming a race of insolent subordinates, of half-knowers, of impertinent reasoners, who will want to speak of every thing, and decide on what they do not understand?

"Undoubtedly, we may inspire persons belonging to the lower ranks of society with an aversion for the employments to which they are destined, if we develop their imagination by literary studies: that is one of the inconveniences of education as it is: but the instruction of which the plan is here formed does not present this obstacle. The knowledge which the generality of children will imbibe in our schools is not of a nature to take from them the taste for the vocations which they will be called upon to embrace, but rather to attach them the more to them, in enabling them to follow them with more intelligence, pleasure and profit, and in raising them in estimation. Will the labourer lose the taste for his vocation, when he is capable of reading treatises upon agriculture, can calculate the produce of his land, and give to his labour the most advantageous direction; when his noble profession will be raised in his own eyes by the interest which *savans* will find in conversing with him, and the value they will set upon his observations? Facts belie such a supposition; agriculture is not abandoned in countries where children are carefully educated, but excites in them greater interest, being practised with more intelligence. The Scotchman has not exchanged his spade for his books. In Switzerland, the parts of the country where the schools are best attended, are also those where the land is the best cultivated; the Canton de Vaud, for example, is distinguished for the care with which its vines are cultivated. The pupils of the pauper establishment at Hofwyl receive a very extended instruction: they are taught algebra, as far as the equations of the second degree inclusive, natural history, the elements of physics, chemistry, and mechanics, the history of Switzerland, and music; nevertheless, we are assured that they are remarkable for their decided taste for agriculture. Neither will the artisan lose the love of his condition, when he shall be able to dispense with the aid of others to reduce his notes and regulate his accounts, when by giving his work more regularity and perfection, he will give greater satisfaction to his employers. Distinguished for his information, perhaps even to an excess, and having, like Rousseau's father, a Plutarch and a Montesquieu by the side of his stall, the watchmaker of Geneva does not on that account exercise his art with the less zeal and success.

"But some think that young people, more instructed than their parents, will fancy they can dedicate themselves to more elevated vocations, and their wishes, in this respect, will be seconded by their parents. The consequences of such an ambition might be to be feared, if that was alone sufficient to bring with it capacity; but Providence itself has here imposed limits to the intellectual development of the mass of mankind; and from the inequality of talent there will result in the progress of the pupils a difference which ought to decide the choice of their vocation. The vanity of some individuals may, perhaps, be liable to be deceived; but society will gain much, in so far as the most important stations will only be occupied by men who are capable of filling them. Supposing, however, that inferior employments were abandoned, the inconvenience would be only temporary; for the rise of wages in occupations where the convenience might be diminishing, would soon attract to them those who might have chosen other occupations, in which, by an increasing competition, the profits might be diminished. Besides, as we have remarked, the arts rise in the intellectual scale in proportion to the progress of civilization: the ideas which once formed the whole stock of science of the cultivator-proprietor, are

soon scarcely the limit of those of the simple labourer; the knowledge which sufficed to a Parisian cabinet-maker cannot long satisfy a village carpenter. The more society advances, the more the arts are perfected, require intelligence, and raise themselves above the rank of mechanical works; the more, also, in consequence, the number of occupations which require no exercise of mind becomes limited; and there will still always be left some of this latter kind, as the appendage of those whom a complete defect of personal means, or the exigencies of an impeded position, may leave in arrear of the general movement.

"Lastly, there is a fear of the presumption, which in the lower classes might result from a system of instruction carried beyond the first elements. When young people are taken out of their sphere, without leading them to the point at which science engenders a modest doubt, it is in fact opening a career to ridiculous pretensions, and to endless reasonings upon obscure ideas; but there is no reason to fear that instruction would have these fatal consequences, if it were limited to giving the pupils such knowledge as is suited to their wants and their future vocation, and which has practical results for its end and criterion. It is, besides, natural for individuals who belong to the lower orders to become vain of the instruction they receive, when their knowledge distinguishes them from persons of the same condition. But how could such a sentiment arise and develope itself in them, if this instruction was general? Those who find their equals among their comrades have no cause to elevate themselves above the rest.

"Thus the plan of study which we have proposed for the mass of the nation avoids all the inconveniences that might result from a system of instruction badly directed, or too extended."—pp. 37—41.

ART. XV.—*Voyage en Russie : Lettres écrites en 1829, par Léon Renouard de Bussière.* 8vo. Paris, 1831.

THREE years since, the author of the "Letters" before us published two similar volumes of his travelling correspondence, "*Lettres sur l'Orient*," the fruit of his peregrinations in Turkey and in Greece. They were, we believe, his maiden production, but although cleverly and pleasantly written, exhibited evident marks of youth and inexperience, and as a whole were decidedly inferior, in all the qualities that confer value on a traveller's remarks, to the volumes of M. Fontanier, which appeared about the same time, and were reviewed in our *tenth* number.

The *Letters on Russia* appear to us to be in all respects superior to their predecessors. The ground over which the author travels is, perhaps, even more beaten than his previous track, but he has shown both tact and skill in avoiding the trite and common place topics which have been dwelt upon, *usque ad nauseam*, by preceding travellers; and we are indebted to his volume for much information on subjects respecting which previous accounts were deficient or contradictory.

The scene which he witnessed at his entrance into the capital of the empire was well calculated to impress upon his mind the wide moral interval which separates Russia from civilized Europe; and we shall extract it, as a specimen of his style and manner of narration.

"Au détour d'une rue presque déserte, nous nous trouvâmes en face de

deux hommes du peuple. Ils portaient une longue barbe, leurs cheveux étaient coupés symétriquement par devant, et ne tombaient par derrière que jusqu'à la hauteur du milieu de la tête, ou leurs boucles épaisses se terminaient en une ligne parfaitement horizontale, et laissaient voir à découvert la nuque et le bas de la tête, qu'on avoit soigneusement rasé. Une tunique d'étoffe rouge, liée par une ceinture au milieu de leur corps, tombait jusqu'aux genoux, et par-dessus ce premier vêtement, une peau de mouton, grossièrement taillée en forme de caftan, était suspendue sur leurs épaules, la fourrure tournée à l'intérieur. Ils n'avaient point de bas, mais leurs jambes étaient entourées de lanières en toile, et leur chaussure consistait en une espèce de sandales artistement tressées en écorces d'arbre : c'étaient, enfin, deux de ces figures comme on en voit des milliers dans les rues de Pétersbourg, et que nous sommes toujours encore tentés de prendre pour des sauvages. Leur conversation était très-animée; elle s'échauffait toujours davantage, et comme bientôt ce fut une dispute de plus vives, nous pensions déjà qu'ils allaient en venir aux mains. Mais dans ce moment se présente un homme, le chapeau rond sur la tête, un habit bourgeois sur le corps, et sans aucun signe extérieur qui pût indiquer un officier de police. Vous croyez sans doute qu'il va parler raison à ces deux querelleurs, et tâcher de les raccommoder par les voies de la persuasion ? Non ; il va droit à l'un, et, sans proférer une parole, il lui applique violemment cinq ou six coups de poing dans la figure, puis s'élance sur le second, lui en donne autant, et finit par s'éloigner, en leur adressant collectivement huit ou dix mots, dont le sens était probablement, qu'une autre fois ils n'en seraient pas quittes à si bon marché. Là-dessus nos deux Russes, qui étaient restés, pendant cette prompte exécution, immobiles et muets, se retirèrent paisiblement ; plus de rixe, plus d'altercation ; ils se parlaient même d'un ton qui nous semblait tout-à-fait amical."—p. 11.

Revolting as this may appear, the *argumentum baculinum*, if in this case it may be so called, is the only one, which, for a long series of years will have weight with the Russian boor, in whom inveterate habits of servitude have long extinguished the finer feelings and nobler qualities of the heart ; and what is here said of the serfs of the crown may be generally applied to the peasantry throughout the empire : "ils sont trop grossiers pour sentir ce que leur position a de pénible et d'humiliant."—p. 81. Where this is the case, all views of improvement must be prospective ; it is to the rising generation we must look—to those, the resiliency of whose mind has not been destroyed ; the object of the philanthropist must be to insure to them the advantages of an education, which will enable them gradually to elevate themselves in the scale of humanity. As to liberty, it is a blessing which they are as yet wholly incapable of appreciating ; and more than one generation must pass away, before the great mass of them can be sufficiently enlightened to understand the principles, or value the benefits of a free government. The following statement respecting the peasants of Livonia, affords a case in point : to them may well be applied the words of Verri : *divenuti arbitri della vostra libertà, rimanete servi. Così tolto il giogo al buo, sta curvo, aspettandolo di nuovo.*

"The position of the Livonian peasants has undergone some important changes within a few years : their masters have declared them *free men*. In the month of May, 1818, their enfranchisement was resolved upon in a congress of proprietors, after which a commission, appointed by the Emperor Alexander,



undertook to fix the basis of this new liberty. Their labours, completed in a few months, were approved by the nobility, and soon after passed into a law. But a general irritation displayed itself among the serfs. In many cantons they assembled in arms and presented the strange spectacle of a population rising to maintain their slavery.\* Some elders, judges, and priests were deputed to them; these they insulted. Force was employed; they endeavoured to resist it. We reject, they said, this liberty which you establish against our wish; we do not wish to be detached from the soil which nourished our fathers. Let a property in that be granted to us, if it be pretended to set us free! If not, let us be left in our ancient slavery. The force which was displayed silenced these complaints. To understand them, it must be known, that in Livonia, as well as in Russia, certain principles of order and of justice had gained access into the very bosom of slavery. The serfs transmitted regularly to their eldest sons the lands which had been entrusted to them, and it was almost unheard of that one should be deprived of his inheritance, except in consequence of some crime or serious offence. This species of infeudation, in virtue of which the possession of the same fields was retained in the same family, passed in the eyes of the serfs for a real right of property. Emfranchisement having raised, or in their opinion reduced, them to the condition of farmers, it was necessary to grant to their lords the right of dismissing them if they chose, at the expiration of their leases, and to replace them by other tenants. On this account the peasants thought themselves deprived of their ancient privileges, and made such energetic protestations.

"With time the greater number have finished by perceiving the advantages of their new position, and less baseness and servility is already remarked in their intercourse with their lords. They have obtained the right of acquiring every species of real property except the lands of the nobility. After 1832 they may establish themselves indiscriminately in any part of Livonia, and from this period also they may settle themselves in towns and purchase the rights of burgesses. Being detached from the glebe, they have seen permanent and uniform institutions take the place among them of an arbitrary regime. Public assemblies (communes) have been organized throughout the country, and every peasant, who is of age, has been invested with the right of taking part in the debates of the general meeting, which, in each division, regulates the imposition of taxes, votes the expenses of the district, and elects the officers and judges."—p. 272.

Hence we see that the government is pursuing a course of amelioration, not indeed by any rash and precipitate measures, which may foment discontent, and lead to a convulsion, but by those slow and gradual

\* While this sheet is passing through the press, we find, from a note in the last published volume of the *Waverley Novels* (Redgauntlet, vol. 2. p. 314), that a case similar to the above occurred in our own country so late as 1775. "The persons engaged in these occupations (colliers and salters) were at this time bondsmen; and in case they left the ground of the farm to which they belonged, and as pertaining to which their services were bought or sold, they were liable to be brought back by a summary process. The existence of this sort of slavery being thought irreconcilable with the spirit of liberty, colliers and salters were declared free, and put upon the same footing with other servants, by the Act 15 Geo. III. cap. 28. They were so far from desiring or prizing the blessing conferred on them, that they esteemed the interest taken in their freedom to be a mere decree on the part of the proprietors to get rid of what they called head and harigald money, payable to them when a female of their number, by bearing a child, made an addition to the live stock of their master's property."

Is there no practical lesson to be learned from these instances, with reference to the long-mooted question of the final abolition of slavery in our West-India Colonies?

changes, imperceptible to superficial observers, which, from shocking no prejudice, excite no fears, and undermine the structure of ancient abuses, till it silently crumbles away. Due respect for religion is publicly shown by the members of the imperial family; efficient measures are taken to improve the condition of the clergy and to insure their respectability; schools are being established for the instruction of youth; (these observations, be it remarked, were made three years back,) a general officer was banished to Siberia, for having caused two of his serfs to be beaten to death (page 86). It is possible that the means adopted for the present improvement of the condition of the peasantry, and for the education of their children, may be not the fittest to promote the end in view, but we doubt if any stranger can judge what is and what is not compatible with the internal peace and safety of the Russian empire, and determine the conditions which restrict the solution of this most difficult problem. It is not likely that when the resources and power of Russia have been so erroneously estimated by the writers on European statistics, they could more accurately combine the elements for a correct estimate of her moral condition. The best policy is not always that which is possessed of the most abstract merit, but that which is fittest for the circumstances it is to meet. The locating of the military colonies by Alexander was a measure of expediency; Europe shook with terror at the name of them, but there would have been greater cause of alarm, had they not been established. Speaking of these military colonies, we have no where found a more luminous account of them than in M. de Bussière's pages. Having stated that the colonies of infantry and cavalry afford a total of 46,000 soldiers, fit for active service, and a reserve amounting to about half that number, he says the following details apply more particularly to the regiments of infantry.

"The colonization of a regiment consists in placing it in perpetual cantonments, in a territory which it never quits except for a campaign; and the other inhabitants are attached to the land of the colony, with an obligation to lodge and feed the soldiers, and successively furnish the recruits. Every thing in the colony receives a military stamp. The farmers or tenants are obliged to wear the uniform, are placed under the orders of old officers, and form what is called the *colonised battalion*. During their whole lives they remain subject to a severe discipline, which extends even to the direction of their agricultural labours. Their children are born soldiers; from the age of twelve years they receive the musket and cartouch box. Afterwards they enter into the reserve, and are subsequently placed in the active battalions. After fifteen years' service they return for five years into the reserve, and at last terminate their days as invalids of the colony, unless the inheritance of their fathers, or some new distribution of the land, should cause them to become cultivators or farmers. The male population of a colony is therefore composed of the following elements.

1. *The farmers or cultivators properly so called.*

2. *The cantonists.* The male children of a military colony are thus called. They receive gratuitous instruction in the schools established by the government; at the same time they are taught one or more trades, and are exercised in the use of arms. At the age of eighteen, the strongest are placed in the reserve, after having undergone an examination.

3. *The soldiers of the reserve.* Each colonised regiment has a *battalion of reserve*, one half of which, in the event of war, is united with the active battalions, to enter upon service along with them. The cantonists terminate their military education in the reserve. They remain there for two years, and when at the age of twenty they enter the active battalions, they are fitted to be led at once to the field of battle.

4. *The soldiers of the active battalions.* These are ready to march at the first signal. Their long term of service, and still more the education they have received as cantonists, make them from habit excellent soldiers. Their pay does not exceed eleven roubles a year; but they are clothed by the state, and the cultivators feed and lodge them. If they are themselves the eldest sons of farmers, and their father dies, or if in any other regular way they are called to the succession of a tenant, they are entitled to their discharge, and enter immediately into possession of their farm. As long as they remain under their colours, and no war or extraordinary service keeps them out of the territory of the colony, they serve as farm-servants to the tenants, and their labour repays these last for the expense of their maintenance.

5. *The invalids.* This denomination is bestowed on the old soldiers, who have completed their twenty years service. They enjoy, to the exclusion of the other individuals of the colony, the privilege of *allowing their boards to grow*. Being lodged among their relations or the other farmers, they share their labours, and when age or infirmities have weakened their strength, the government provides for their maintenance.

Finally, 6. A last class, without any particular denomination, comprises the old cantonists, who have performed no military service, on account of the weakness of their constitution, or a superabundance of recruits. These people, thrown upon their own resources, work as farm-servants, or gain their livelihood by the trades which the government has taught them. The lot of the colonised troops appears to me far preferable to that of the other Russian soldiers. These last, from the time they are enrolled, are in some sort dead to their family; all their former relations are destroyed. The soldiers of the colonies, on the other hand, are not torn from their domestic ties: they remain children, fathers of families, even citizens to a certain degree.

As to the ancient serfs of the crown, who have been transformed into farmers or military cultivators, they have not been able as yet to accommodate themselves to their new position. With their affections crushed, these poor creatures grieve in silence. Ignorant simplicity made them value their former existence, and the recollection of this relative happiness, which was founded upon habit, never leaves them. Besides, they were subjected to the most severe labours during the first years; they cleared the ungrateful soil which was assigned to them, built villages, constructed bridges, roads, and canals. But these motives for regret and suffering will not exist for a second generation, whose lot, I think, will be less hard than that of the serfs of the crown. The farmers receive the title of *free men*, and this denomination, if it be ill suited to cultivators bowed down by military despotism, proves at least on the part of the government an intention rather to raise than to depress this class. The state supplies the farmers with a furnished habitation, six or eight hectares (from fifteen to twenty English acres) of land, cattle, and agricultural implements; and they pay neither property tax, nor capitation, nor rent. All that they acquire becomes at their death the property of their natural heirs; the farm which is intrusted to them may in some degree be considered as their patrimony. When age no longer allows them to superintend its labours, or when they feel their end approaching, they themselves nominate their successor. In this manner the possession of a farm may be perpetuated in the

same family as a genuine property, and it is only in extreme cases, in consequence of a judicial sentence, that a tenant can be expelled from it.

In general, the power to which the cultivators are subjected is not arbitrary, as in the other villages of Russia. Thus, for example, none of them can be subjected to corporal punishment, without legal forms being gone through, and in each locality the primary jurisdiction is intrusted to an elective magistracy, which exercises at the same time certain functions of police as well as of administration.

Philanthropic precautions are taken to prevent indigence and misfortune. A magazine of wheat, maintained by the inhabitants at large, removes all danger of famine. The sick are taken care of gratuitously in a central hospital; orphans become the adoptive children of the colony, and the maintenance of the widows and the aged is provided for. A savings' and trading bank insures for the farmers the preservation of their gains, and in times of distress even advances money to them without interest, to the extent of five hundred rubles.

The gratuitous instruction given to the children deserves the highest praise. Nothing is neglected to make them at once good agriculturists, well instructed soldiers, and skilful artisans. In the schools, which are organised according to the methods of Lancaster and Pestalozzi, they are taught to read and write; they are exercised in music and singing, are taught the elements of arithmetic, painting, and geometry; and the precepts of religion are explained to them.

Those who display most zeal and aptitude are placed in a school of sub-officers, and these children of moujiks (peasants) have before them a prospect of rising to the rank of officers, which they are entitled to after twelve years of irreproachable service. To sum up all, the internal management of the colonies procures for their inhabitants certain privileges and even positive rights. Liberty would there be sought for in vain; but, at least, order, justice, and the regular action of a paternal authority are seen in the model of slavery.

The life which the officers lead is but little favourable to the development of their instruction, and is painful from being so isolated. An almost general discontent is said to reign among them. Serious embarrassment to the government of the empire may result from this bad disposition of the chiefs, which, up to the present time, is shared by those under their orders. Perhaps in this apprehension may be traced the motive of the mystery in which the institution of the colonies is enveloped. A stranger rarely obtains permission to visit these establishments: even Russians are admitted to them with difficulty. Hence the creation of Alexander has only been more violently censured, and it may even be said that it has become unpopular, if this expression befitting a country where the people have no opinion, where the aristocracy appear in some sort exclusively in possession of the privilege of thinking."—p. 256—8.

This statement must calm the fears of the most jealous alarmist. Before Russia can possess the moral strength which alone could render her formidable in the present state of European feeling, a considerable period must elapse, the duration of which must depend upon the character of him who holds the reins of the empire; for M. de Bussi re has well observed, that the concentration of power in the hands of the sovereign, for a long time to come, is an essential condition of the progressive development of Russian liberty.

The great annual fair of Nijnei Novgorod gave our youthful author a very exaggerated idea of the internal resources of Russia: the practised eye of a mercantile traveller would have formed a different estimate

of this truly wonderful scene. His description of it is graphic and well worthy of perusal, but it is too long to transcribe, and would be spoiled by abridgement. An overland trade with India and China, though it may be best suited for the circumstances of Asiatic Russia, can never affect the commerce of the west of Europe, and the carrying trade of the east, were it to be again monopolised, could be so only by an essentially maritime power. But with these conjectures we have nothing to do, and the idea of danger to our Indian empire from the encroachments of Russia, is just as preposterous as that of her becoming the arbitress of Europe. The age of chimeras is passing away, and the increasing facilities of intercourse, as well as rapidity of communication between this country in particular and the great northern empire, will speedily dissipate all remaining illusions respecting it. Steam-packets run from Lubeck to Petersburg once a fortnight during the summer months; the voyage across the Baltic is performed in four days; Lubeck is but sixteen leagues from Hamburg; and in two days the London steamers reach the latter port. Now if Russian objects have hitherto been magnified or distorted by the supposed distance through which they have been seen, they must now appear in their natural proportions. A few more such volumes as this of M. de Bussière will go farther to produce this effect, than dozens of more elaborate productions.

But while we readily admit the general cleverness of this work, it is difficult to suppress an occasional smile at some of the author's remarks. The feelings of admiration and astonishment with which he beheld some of the churches of Moscow were justifiable, and we can partake his enthusiasm respecting the charitable institutions of the nation at large, although we entertain some suspicions as to the principle of foundling hospitals; but when we find him treating with derision the "*nymphes et crapauds dorés, qui lancent dans les airs des jets-d'eau d'une hauteur prodigieuse*" at Peterhoff, we cannot help suspecting that his sneer is equally directed against the national taste of France, and the anomalous monsters which disfigure her palaces; the *reine des grenouilles* must be familiar to our readers. On the whole, we take our leave of this work, in great good humour with its author; if the inexperience of youth occasionally appear, it is redeemed by candour and good intention; and the vividness of his impressions, unsophisticated by prejudice, shining through a correspondent fervour of style, prevents the interest of his narrative from ever flagging. We do not stumble upon heterogeneous fragments of ill digested science, embarrassing the work they are meant to illustrate, but are gratified by a terse, flowing account, of regions not often visited by similarly disposed travellers; while such a degree of information is supposed in the reader, represented by the friend to whom the letters are addressed, as, by making him feel satisfied with himself, renders him better pleased with the writer.

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ART. XVI.—*Walhalla, oder Biographien der berühmtesten Deutschen aus allen Jahrhunderten—nach dem Plane wie die Namen und Bildnisse der ruhmwürdigsten Germanen in der, von Seiner Majestät dem Könige Ludwig von Bayern, zu erbauenden Walhalla, bei Donaustauf, unweit Regensburg, prangen werden.* Erster Band, 6 Heften. München, Passau, and Regensburg. 1831. (Walhalla; or Lives of the most celebrated Germans of all Ages, after the Plan according to which the Names and Images of the most distinguished Germans are to appear in the Walhalla about to be built by his Majesty King Lewis of Bavaria, at Donaustauf, near Ratisbon.) 6 Numbers of the 1st Volume.

THIS long-titled book chiefly draws our attention as an announcement of his Bavarian Majesty's poetical, patriotic, and, above all, *alt-Deutsch* (old German, which is now the German *beau-ideal* of all poetry and patriotism) design, to erect a sort of Teutonic Pantheon under the quaintly appropriate title of WALHALLA,\* wherein the busts of all German great men are to be enshrined. We translate the very German account of this very German royal design.

"Lewis cherished this sublime idea even during that ignominious period when Germany pined under a foreign yoke; and looking, with the clear ken of the seer, into that futurity, in which, from the wreck of the helplessly down-fallen empire, the temple of German honour and German freedom was to be raised up in magnificence by courage and union, the high-hearted German dedicated his active mind to the execution of this idea.

"It was in 1821 that Lewis, then Crown Prince, gave orders for beginning the preliminary labours of a building which should unite into the splendid diadem of deathless fame, the busts of the greatest princes, generals, sages, artists and literati. With deep and appropriate significance was the name of Walhalla given to this Temple of German greatness; a no less profound sense appears in the choice of its locality. Upon a hill near the market-town of Donaustauf (formerly Thunstauf, a frontier fortress belonging to history by the important events it has witnessed) arises Walhalla, stately in form and enchanting by its site. Majestic oaks, designating German strength and German mind, crown the hill, and at its foot the mighty Danube pours along its waters. If on the north the eye is confined by picturesquely wooded hills, it ranges southwards over a boundless plain, rests upon Bavaria's plenteous fields, glances upon the venerable Reginum, under the Agilolfingers the capital of Bavaria, and completes the cycle of contemplation with the ruins of the fortress of Stauf, whose mouldering walls remind us of the bloody battle fought here by the brave Lord of the Castle against the Warriors of Bernard of Weimar.

"Upon this spot, surrounded with images of German strength and German devotion, hallowed by their lofty destination, did Lewis, King of Bavaria, on the 18th of October, 1830, lay the foundation stone of Walhalla, and his minister Edward von Schenk, the immortal author of *Belisarius*,† accompanied the solemn proceeding with a speech, the pure and solid eloquence of which powerfully seized upon the minds of the assemblage."

\* Need we remind our readers that Walhalla is the Elysium of Scandinavian and Teutonic Mythology.

† What Paynim Turks are we never to have even heard of a work that immortalizes a prime minister!

Part of this speech was a description of the incipient Temple, whence we learn, with as much wonder, but somewhat less delight than the Bavarian audience, that the *pseudo*-Walhalla is to be a Doric Temple of white marble. We doubt whether the real old *Einhers\** would feel comfortable in so classical an abode. It is moreover to contain, (we do not altogether comprehend the plan,) besides the proper Walhalla of the dead, a sort of anti-room called the *Halle der Erwartung*, or Hall of Expectation, wherein the busts of the yet living may await the joyful moment when the deaths of their respective originals shall sanction their admission into the permanent home of heroes. Prime minister Schenk concluded his description as follows:—

“There are our senses dazzled by generals—from the Cheruscan Hermann, who defeated the Romans, down to Schwarzenberg and Blücher, who, this day seventeen years,† vanquished the French empire;—men of faith (*Glaubensmänner*) like Nicolaus von der Flüe and Thomas a Kempis;—sages, like Leibnitz and Haller;—Germany’s first poets, from the author of the powerful *Nibelungen Lied* to Schiller;—the heroes of German imitative art, into which our sovereign has breathed new life, from the old masters down to Mengs;—finally, the sublime Dioscuri of German music, Gluck and Mozart.”

We have said that it is this admirably German announcement of the unparalleled King Lewis’s growing Walhalla that has mainly tempted us to notice the work before us. The book Walhalla appears to be the device of an adventurous bibliopoliſt, who, as far we can understand, has speculated upon thus anticipating the inauguration of the future inmates of the Doric Walhalla, and has changed his authors until he found one “up to the job,” (*dem Geſchäft gemachſen*). Although we ſhall not devote many lines to criticizing a work ſo concocted, we muſt congratulate the publisher upon having decidedly bettered himſelf, the firſt number being much the worſt written; and we ſhall add a few words upon his production.

One point eſpecially claims obſervation. We are told in the title-page, that “theſe biographies agree with the plan according to which the names and images are to figure in Walhalla;” (*nach dem Plane wie die Namen und Bildniſſe in der Walhalla prangen werden*). Now the only meaning we can attach to theſe words is, that the order of ſequence adopted by the publisher is that laid down by his Maſteſty, and this order grievouſly puzzles us. To explain the nature of our perplexity to the reader, we ſubjoin a liſt of the lives contained in theſe ſix numbers, in their Walhalla order—Hermann, the Cheruscan; Prince Schwarzenberg; Blücher; the Emperors Rudolph I. of Hapsburg and Lewis IV. the Bavarian; Nicolaus von der Flüe, called Brother Claus; Charlemagne;—our readers are aware, we hope, that Charlemagne was, to all intents and purpoſes, a German;—Winfried, otherwiſe St. Boniface;‡ the Emperor Frederick II.; Mozart; the Empreſs-

\* The ſouls of warriors in Walhalla.

† The battle of Leipzig was fought, it will be remembered, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of October.

‡ Winfried was a native of Devonſhire, which we mention to ſhow that the Anglo-Saxons are admitted to Walhalla, though the modern Engliſh ſeem to be excluded; at leaſt we draw this concluſion from the Engliſh army and its general having had, as we

Queen Maria Theresa; Mengs; Haller; the Emperor Otho I.; the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, by birth a German Princess; and Schiller. These personages occupy five numbers; the sixth is dedicated to the Hall of Expectation, and contains the Archduke Charles, Goethe, and Prince Wrede.

Now that Hermann, Schwarzenberg and Blücher should together open the series, we can understand; they are the deliverers of Germany from her first and her last perils, from Rome and from Napoleon; but why Rudolph of Hapsburg and Lewis IV. should precede Charlemagne, why Schiller and Mengs should appear in the first volume, whilst the author of the *Nibelungen Lied* and the old painters are reserved for later stations, we cannot divine. Still less why three of the unfortunate *faiseurs d'antichambre*, (if we may so modify the happy French phrase for being kept waiting,) the occupants of the Hall of Expectation, should have their lives thus prematurely published, when by good luck, ere the last number of the last volume come forth, some of them may well hope to have obtained from death their translation to Walhalla,\* a circumstance which would allow their lives to be so much more satisfactorily completed;—for whose life may be deemed complete if we cannot say when and how he died, or where he is buried? Leaving this riddle, which we avow ourselves incompetent to read, to be solved by king, publisher, or author, (the last, as an unknown quantity, inspires us with least confidence,) we again turn for a moment to the typographic Walhalla. It is, as might be expected, upon the whole a superficial production. The learned will learn nothing new from its pages; but to the unlearned it may afford some little information concerning great historical characters, and more touching the talented few of modern days. The lives of the old *Glaubensmänner*, St. Boniface, and Nicolaus von der Flüe, and those of the modern men of genius, Mozart, Schiller and Goethe, are written *con amore*, and are therefore really interesting. The Biographer evidently prefers Schiller to Goethe, but he does full justice to the wonderful and varied endowments of the latter. And in pointing out the great, and, even in its mutability, constant, influence, which, from his first dawn as a writer, that illustrious man has exercised over his countrymen,—an influence changing with his changes, from the sentimental in *Werther* to the romantic in *Goethe von Berlichingen*, (we use the word romantic in its continental not its English sense) to the classical in *Iphigenia* and *Tasso*, to the metaphysical in *Faust*, to the *artificial* in *Wilhelm Meister*, to the *æsthetic*, and what not, in works innumerable, (we only seek to guide the reader's recollection by a few titles,) he, the biographer, has conferred an obligation upon ourselves; and, superciliously as we may be thought to have treated his Walhalla, we would not finally dismiss him without making the *amende honorable* by this confession.

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are told, nothing to do with the victory of Waterloo—they are not denied some little share in the battle.

\* This has already happened with the most distinguished of the trio, whose busts occupy a niche in the Hall of Expectation. See the *Necrology* of Germany, in the Literary Intelligence of our present Number.



ART. XVII.—*Homère et ses Ecrits*, par M. Le Marquis de Fortia D'Urban. 8vo. Paris, 1832.

THE author of this ingenious dissertation strenuously labours to prove the personality of Homer, in opposition to Wolf and his followers, who maintain that the Iliad and Odyssey are centos from the works of different ancient bards, arranged in their present form when the poems were brought from the Ionian colonies to Hellas. The subsidiary topics involved in the discussion are of more importance than the main argument: the opponents of Homer's individuality have asserted, that letters were unknown at the time of the Trojan war, and that the introduction of parchment and the papyrus did not take place until the seventh century before the Christian era. Herodotus, however, distinctly quotes inscriptions from tripods dedicated even before the first Theban war; and another, still in existence at Amyclæ, on the temple of Onga, (the Laconian name of Pallas,) imports that the temple was erected and consecrated by Eurotas, the king of the Icteostrateans, that is, long before the Doric invasion of the Peloponnesus. The use of some species of epistolary materials is sufficiently proved by the mention of "folded tablets" in Homer; they may not have been made either of papyrus or parchment, but clearly they could not have been marble-slabs joined by hinges, nor tripods fastened by a chain. So far as external evidence bears upon the question, the Marquis has consequently a decided advantage over his opponents; but in truth the controversy can alone be decided by internal evidence, to which sufficient attention has not yet been paid by the combatants on either side.

ART. XVIII.—*Opere di Giordano Bruno, Nolano, ora per la prima volta raccolte e pubblicate da Adolfo Wagner, Dottore.* 2 vol. 8vo. Lipsia, 1830.

GIORDANO BRUNO\* was one of those speculative minds, who at the revival of the philosophical studies, perceiving the absurdities of the old scholastic instruction, and the more heinous abuses of the theology of the Roman Curia, disgusted with both, instead of discriminating between truth and falsehood, between text and commentaries, threw aside altogether the guidance of religion and spiritual philosophy, and bewildered themselves in the dark and comfortless mazes of pantheism or materialism. This result, of common occurrence in every age, has been more frequently exhibited among Catholics since the reformation. When doctors assume too much, they must expect to meet with pupils who will rebel against their dogmatism. Nor are persecution, the dungeon and the faggot the means of reclaiming the latter, as the wayward life and dismal end of Bruno proved. He was born at Nola, in the kingdom of Naples, about the middle of the sixteenth century;

\* He must not be mistaken, as has been done by some, for Leonardo Bruni of Arezzo, a learned writer of the fifteenth century, whose monument is seen in Santa Croce.

his first studies were directed to poetry; he early entered the order of Dominicans, monastic life being then deemed the most suitable course for an indigent studious man. He, however, soon expressed doubts about some of the most cherished dogmas of the Church of Rome, among others that of transubstantiation, and the consequence was, his sudden and timely escape from the cloister. He reached the refuge-land of Geneva, where he spent two years, making himself as obnoxious to the Calvinists by his irreligious opinions, as he was already to the Roman Catholics. He then went to France, and at Paris he published, in 1582, his satirical comedy *Il Candelaio*, which was afterwards translated into French under the title of *Boniface et le Pedant*. It is written in imitation of Plautus and Terence, according to the taste of those times, exhibiting general characters of different conditions and professions of society, which afterwards in Italy gave way to the national *maschere*. The language is loose and obscure, the satire coarse, the humour low.

He also wrote several philosophical works in Latin, which he dedicated to King Henry III. and to Henry of Angoulême, grand prior of France. Having made himself enemies in that country also, he proceeded to England in 1583, and repaired to Oxford, where he held public disputations with the doctors of that University. In London he enjoyed the patronage of Michel de Castelnau, the French ambassador to the court of Queen Elizabeth, at whose house he made the acquaintance of Sir Philip Sidney, Grenville, and other persons of birth and learning. Here he published a Latin work with the following title: *Explicatio triginta sigillorum ad omnium scientiarum et artium inventionem, dispositionem et memoriam*, dedicated to Michel de Castelnau, Seigneur de Mauvissière. He also wrote three Italian treatises, in which he pretends to develop his system of philosophy, viz.: *La cena della Ceneri*, or "Evening Conversations on Ash Wednesday," written in the form of a dialogue between four interlocutors. 2. *De la causa, principio et uno*. 3. *De l'infinito, universo, e mondi*. He contends that matter is eternal and animated, the world infinite, that God is the soul of the world, and is all in all and in every part of it, &c. Spinoza afterwards borrowed Bruno's system, falling however into grosser materialism. In his theory of the sun and planet, Bruno adopted the Copernican system.

Bruno wrote next, *Spaccio della bestia trionfante*, or "the expulsion of the triumphant beast," dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, an obscure allegorical work, understood to be a satire against the court of Rome; and the *Cabala del caval Pegaseo, con l'aggiunta dell'asino Cillenico*, in which it is said that "ignorance is the mother of happiness," meaning sensual happiness, and that "he who promotes science, increases the source of grief."

"But even in the free land of England," says the editor, "Bruno's restless spirit could not fix its course; he was doomed to wander, whilst envy was at work against him with its poisoned whispers;" and thus in 1585 he returned to Paris, where he wrote against the Aristot-

telians. Next year he repaired to Marburg in Germany, where he was matriculated, without however obtaining leave to give lectures. Upon this Bruno quarrelled publicly with the rector of the University, of which occurrence mention is made in the annals of that institution. He then proceeded to Wittenberg, where he was received professor, and published in 1587 a writing *de lampade combinatoria Lulliana*. It seems he was there invited to become a member of the Lutheran communion; but Bruno was, as Dr. Wagner says, "unfriendly to all positive religion," and he proceeded to Brunswick, where he was well received by the Duke Julius, who sent him to Helmstadt as a private instructor. There he wrote a consolatory oration on the death of his patron, who died in 1589. He next repaired to Frankfort, where he published more Latin works in exposition of his metaphysical theories. From Frankfort, on a sudden, from what motive is unknown, Bruno had the rashness to return to Italy, within reach of the fangs of the Inquisition. His own friends could hardly believe the news of this inconsiderate step. He went first to Padua, and then to Venice, where he was arrested by the spies of the Inquisition, and from thence transferred to Rome in 1598, where he remained two years in the prisons of the Holy Office, keeping the Inquisitors at bay by giving them hopes of his recantation. When the latter at last perceived that he was only laughing at them, they pronounced, on the 9th of February, 1600, the fatal sentence by which he was given up to the secular power, *ut quam clementissime et citrà sanguinis effusionem puniretur*. Such was the cruel mock formality of that tribunal! Bruno is said to have replied to his judges: "You perhaps pronounce my sentence with greater fear than I listen to it." He was detained eight days in the city prison, whence he was taken to the square of Campo di Fiore, and there, opposite Pompey's theatre, he was burnt alive on the 17th February, 1600. Scioppius, the Latinist, who seems to have been present at the execution, relates that as they held up the crucifix to him, Bruno turned his face away, upon which he with the zeal of a fanatic observes, "Such is the manner in which we at Rome deal with impious men, and monsters of a similar nature." We cannot, on reading of such scenes, but devoutly thank heaven that they no longer occur in any part of Christian Europe.

Dr. Wagner, the editor of the work before us, has collected Bruno's Italian works above mentioned, which had become rare, and some which remained inedited. They are only interesting to the scholar, as a sort of literary curiosity, and as a memorial of a remote though important period in the history of the human mind. We are far however from sharing the worthy Doctor's enthusiasm, with which he extols to the skies the wild visions of poor Bruno, recorded as they are in an antiquated form, and an obscure and vicious style.

ART. XIX.—*Essai Historique et Descriptif sur la Peinture sur Verre, ancienne et moderne.* Par E. H. Langlois, du Pont de l'Arche. Rouen, 1832. 8vo.

THE best days of painting in glass, we fear, are over. It is an art especially connected with Gothic architecture. It finds its proper place in the solemnity of cathedrals and antique halls; it seems out of place amidst the gaieties of villa architecture, or the modern imitations of the antique. Hence, with the decline of a taste for the Gothic, or at least of that inventive power which has covered our own country, as well as France, with such impressive monuments of Gothic architecture, the kindred art of painting on glass has fallen almost out of practice; so much so, that it has often been erroneously supposed that the art itself was lost, and that the mode of imparting to glass those splendid and yet harmonious tints which shed such a softened brilliancy over the cathedrals of Rouen, of York, and of Canterbury, was irrecoverably gone. The fact is, it is not the art itself which has disappeared, but its patrons. In art, as in other things, talent takes the direction of demand, and the once lucrative and honourable employment, which had conferred lustre on its professors in the days of Jean Cousin, had, at the close of the 18th century—more occupied with pulling down churches than building them—worn out of fashion.

Lately, it has been in the progress of revival in France, and this work of M. Langlois (the author of several valuable antiquarian works, particularly on the cathedrals of Rouen, and the abbeys of Jumièges and Fontenelle,) is likely, we think, to direct public attention favourably to the subject. It opens with a sketch of the introduction and progress of the art, and the three eras into which it may be divided: 1st, the use of pieces of glass, uniformly stained all over their surface, applied like a species of mosaic; 2nd, the application of enamel, by which the colour was made to penetrate more or less deeply, as might be required, into the whole or any particular portion of it; and, lastly, the plan of painting the whole subject at once on the glass, like an ordinary picture, and then by the application of fire, fixing the colours indelibly at once. The two former modes were naturally superseded, as comparatively imperfect and ineffective, by the third, which admitted of the free employment of all the resources of the art. The 16th century, therefore, as might be supposed, (which appears to be the date of the introduction of the third manner) is the Augustan age of glass painting. The author has described at considerable length, and with accompanying drawings, some of the paintings of this nature in Rouen, Chartres, Strasburg, Rheims, St. Denys, Metz, and other cathedrals and churches where the best specimens of the art in France are to be found. Even Milan, Cologne, and our own Canterbury, have not escaped his attention. Some of the accompanying sketches give the highest idea of the perfection to which it has been carried, particularly two subjects in the church of St. Patrice at Rouen; the one representing, in four compartments, the Triumph of the Law of Grace, and the other, an allegorical representation of Sin, the

Devil, Death, and the Flesh. In the latter, in particular, the figures of Adam and Eve are exquisitely graceful and well drawn. Death, contrary to the usual garb in which Holbein and others generally represent him, is not drawn as a skeleton, but as a pale, wasted being, like the Atropos of the Greeks. Sin is appropriately attired as a lady of the court of Henry II. or Charles IX. These are supposed to be from the designs of Cousin. Dagobert presenting the charter to the citizens of Rouen, (which entitles them to liberate a murderer every year,) is the subject of another painting in the church of St. Godard at Rouen.—There are anachronisms in this certainly: for the old Gothic monarch and his courtiers are represented as dressed in the taste of Francis I.; but graceful ease of the figures, and the general good effect of the composition, are undeniable.

As the taste for the art declined in France, it seemed to cross the channel to England. During the 17th century, most of the glass work in the different colleges at Oxford was executed; it was begun at first by Van Linge and other Flemish painters, and afterwards proceeded with and completed by English artists, such as Isaac Oliver, Price, Giles, &c.

Strangely enough, however, so slight had the demand for the increase of the art been during the 18th century, that both with us and in France an idea had almost begun to prevail that it was fairly extinct, till about 1798, or 1800, some successful specimens executed in France proved the erroneousness of the opinion. The painted glasses of M. Dehl, who had been assisted by M. Brongniart, director of the Royal Porcelain Manufactory at Sèvres, attracted immediate attention, and scarcely a year has elapsed since without some important contribution being made towards the revival and improvement of the art. MM. Mortelegue, Paris, Leclair, Vatinelle, Beranger, and others, have, from 1809 to 1823, produced a variety of paintings which recal the best days of the art. M. Schill has occasionally exhibited flower subjects, a department where the extreme variety and gradation of the tints render the task of course more than usually difficult. To those who take an interest in the subject, the book of M. Langlois, which may be considered as a useful abridgment of the larger work of Pierre le Vieil, will be found an acquisition. Besides his description of the cathedrals already mentioned, with descriptive plates (extremely well executed), the work contains also short biographical notices of most of the distinguished painters on glass.

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# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XVIII,

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## BELGIUM.

M. de Reiffenberg, already known by his poetical versions of some of the historical recollections of his country, has at present in the press a collection of verses under the title of *Traditions Nationales Belges*.

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The Abbé De Ram, to whom literature is indebted for two large volumes on the Synods of Malines, intends publishing a complete *Synodon Belgicum*, and should his undertaking succeed as it deserves, he will afterwards employ himself in compiling a *Belgia Christiana*, on the plan of the well known *Gallia Christiana*.

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## FRANCE.

M. Tabaraud, one of the last members of "the Oratory," and perhaps the last Jansenist in France, has just died at Limoges, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was the author of many able controversial works, and occupied himself during several of the latter years of his life with a plan for uniting all sects of Christians into one communion.

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The *National Society*, an association founded on principles and with objects nearly similar to those of our own *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*, appears to have anticipated the latter body in one of its schemes for the instruction of the lower classes. It commenced at the beginning of this year (or rather, we believe, it took into its own hands) the publication of a monthly journal, entitled *Journal des Connaissances Utiles*, "pointing out to all who have learned to read, their duties, as citizen, juryman, national guard, mayor and assistant, member of the committees of primary instruction: their rights, as tax-payer, communal elector, municipal counsellor, elector, and deputy candidate: their interests, as father of a family, landed proprietor, farmer, manufacturer, tradesman, and workman, of all conditions." The price is only *four francs* per annum, and each number contains two sheets in octavo. Means have been taken to insure a circulation of 100,000 copies, distributed all over France. We hope that our own Society will be as successful with its weekly *Penny Magazine* over Great Britain and Ireland; the price of that is only one-fifth more, while the quantity of matter, judging by a comparison of the respective pages, is more than double. The difference in the contents of each, the devotion of the French journal to objects of *pure utility*, while the English unites a large mass of *entertaining matter*, suggests some curious *rapprochemens* of national character, and affords *data* for estimating the advances of each country in the scale of civilization.

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Few works on religious and moral subjects have had so extensive a popularity in modern times, as the *Stunden der Andacht*, or *Meditations Religieuses*, now for the first time translated from the original German into French, and of which our readers will find a prospectus stitched up with the present number. The evangelical spirit and mild *ouchon* of the original have lost nothing in the translation, which we confidently recommend to our readers of all sects and persuasions.

A new weekly journal, entitled *Le Semeur*, was lately commenced at Paris, under the direction of Protestant editors, and is devoted to the consideration of religious, political, philosophical, and literary subjects. The religious articles are drawn up with great care, and subjects of controversy are avoided, the principal objects of the writers being to revive the true spirit of Christianity. In the literary and philosophical department, we recognize proof of considerable talent and research.

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M. Champollion, whose premature death, at the age of forty-one, learning and science have such reason to deplore, and to whose discoveries in Egyptian hieroglyphics this journal has more than once attempted to do justice, has left behind him, ready for the press, a Grammar of the ancient Egyptian idiom, and a Coptic Grammar and Dictionary. A monument is about to be raised to his memory in his native city of Figeac.

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Dr. Spurzheim has commenced a gratuitous course of lectures on Phrenology at Paris, for the benefit of teachers and of all engaged in the work of education. These lectures have been commenced at the invitation of a new society, *La Société Anthropologique*, just established, and which contains among its members many of the most distinguished names in science, literature, and the arts. Dr. S. is the president.

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The library of the late Professor Haefner, of Strasburg, now shortly to be submitted to public sale, and of which the first volume of the Catalogue has appeared, is one of the finest private collections in existence, and was formed by Professor H. during a period of nearly fifty years. The Catalogue was drawn up by the Professor himself, and is interspersed with characteristic notes, and methodically arranged. The first part, containing more than 8000 works, embraces the departments of philosophy, geography, and travels, history and literature, which are exhibited in a new order, according to which each division presents, at one view, the classes of Greek, Latin, French, German, English, Italian, and Spanish literature. The second part, which is entirely devoted to theology, will appear shortly. The sale of the works comprised in the first part will take place at Strasburg shortly after Easter, and due notice will be given of the exact time. Mr. Martin, advocate at Strasburg, and son-in-law of Professor H. will receive offers from intending purchasers, either for the whole, or any portion of the classes in the Catalogue, copies of which may be had of the publishers of this Review.

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The principal actors in the late Polish revolution are about to be illustrated in a series of One Hundred Portraits, accompanied with a biographical sketch of each character, by Joseph Straszewicz, himself a sufferer and an exile in the glorious cause. The work will be published at Paris, in 20 livraisons, each containing 5 portraits, and there will be editions in folio and in 8vo. A Prospectus is attached to our present number, and we earnestly recommend the undertaking to all lovers of national honour and independence—to all, and they are not a few, in England, whose patronage is ever extended to works like the present.

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Macedonia, until now, has never been explored by travellers, in a manner worthy of its ancient importance. The appearance of the first volume of M. Cousinery's valuable work is an important addition to our geographical knowledge, and contains much learned and interesting disquisition for both the

historian and the antiquary. The work will be completed in 2 vols. 4to with a map and many plates, and may be considered as an immediate continuation of the travels of Pouqueville.

A third series of the *Memoires du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle*, is about to appear, under the title of *Nouvelles Annales du Museum d'Hist. Naturelle*. The professors of this great national institution, remark, in their prospectus, that they should fail in their duty to the public were they not to endeavour to extend the benefits of the science with which they are entrusted, beyond the circle of their auditory, to the world at large. This work is strictly intended as a repertory of facts in the sciences of Natural History, Anatomy, and Chemistry; and the editors possess a rich stock of materials for many volumes, in the observations made by travellers appointed by the museum, and by the medical men attached to the government voyages of discovery undertaken within the last 20 years. The *Nouvelles Annales* will appear quarterly.

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## GERMANY.

*Necrology*.—At Weimar, on the 22d of March, J. WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. This is not the place for any observations on the character of one, whose name is at this moment the one most familiar in every corner of Europe; one of the few, on whom, even in his own time, the stamp of immortality is impressed in characters too legible to be mistaken, too deeply graven on the heart and intellect of Europe to be effaced. In our next number we propose to state, somewhat at length, our views as to his literary character and his influence on his countrymen and the world.

The third volume of Dr. Marheinecke's *History of the Reformation in Germany*, which has recently appeared, carries on the narrative for the ten years from 1530 to 1540. Although in the history of this period, after the delivery of the Augsburg confession, the Reformation assumes a more general character, and the history of Luther himself falls more into the back ground, yet the author, by ample extracts from the great reformer's works and letters, has taken care that we shall not lose sight of his most interesting personal character, and it is always a source of gratification when he appears in all his originality, and roughness, according to the spirit of those times; for it is the declared object of the work to give a complete and lively representation of them.

The *Price current of Newspapers, &c.*, published by the Royal Prussian Newspaper Office, at Berlin; contains a list of 667 German, 177 French, 72 English, 29 Italian, 23 Dutch, 15 Polish, 11 Russian-German, 6 Danish, 5 Swedish, 3 Hungarian, 2 Bohemian, 1 Spanish, 1 Latin, 1 Modern Greek; in all 1013 political newspapers, literary journals, advertising and commercial papers. To every article a notice is added, stating where, and how often, the journal appears, of how many sheets it consists, what the postage amounts to, and what is the total cost of it. By the publication of this list, which is in every respect highly interesting, the Prussian Government gives an evident proof of its desire to facilitate and promote the circulation of knowledge.

M. Tauchnitz, the printer of Leipzig, who has rendered such eminent services to literature, by his stereotype editions of the Greek and Latin classics, and of Bibles and Testaments, in various languages, is at present engaged in preparing a new stereotype edition of the *Hebrew Bible*, to be



edited by Professor Jahn, already well known by his critical labours. Van der Hooght's edition will be taken as the basis of it, but the editor will avail himself of all that has been since done in the field of sacred literature, in order to render the new edition as perfect as possible. The work will be beautifully printed on fine paper, with a new type, with large margins and large spaces between the line. The price, in England, will be about 20s.

The grim tyrant death has been very busy among the literati of Germany during the past year. Besides those whose deaths have been already recorded in this journal, we have now to add Westermeyer, Bishop of Magdeburgh, and a celebrated preacher; Koch, another clergyman of the same city, and author of several esteemed botanical works; Professor Fischer of Berlin, well known by his excellent treatise on physics; Von Weber, Vicar-General of the Archbishopric of Augsburg, distinguished by his researches in physical science; Hegel, the celebrated professor of philosophy at Berlin; Count Julius von Soden, economist, and author of some literary works: Counsellor Schmalz, author of some works on political economy; Wilmsen, the friend of children, and the author of the most popular work in Germany for their use; Körner, father of the poet; Von Schmidt, professor at Berlin, deeply versed in the literature of the middle ages; André, editor of the *Hesperus*, at Stuttgart. Among the poets, romance writers, and artists we may enumerate Von Arnim, Zanini, and Lessmann; the latter of whom is author of some interesting tales, and of letters on Italy and Spain (which were noticed in a former number of this journal), also a collection of elegies and love-songs, remarkable for their sensibility, naïveté, and harmony of versification; he perished by his own hand. The Baroness de la Motte Fouqué, one of the most successful imitators of Sir W. Scott; Ruprecht, painter, engraver, and architect; Klingemann, dramatic author and director of the Brunswick theatre; Wollanck, a distinguished composer; the poetess Amalie von Helwig, not less distinguished for her accomplishments in languages and painting, than for her poetical powers. She was the authoress of *Die Schwestern von Lesbos*, of a translation from Tegner's *Frithiof*, &c.

A supplementary volume, adapted to all former editions of the *Conversations-Lexikon*, is announced for publication. It is intended to embrace every subject of interest that has occurred in History, Science, and Art, from 1829 to the present time. The articles will also be drawn up so as to render the work complete in itself, and particular care will be bestowed on those parts which treat on the recent developement of the spirit of constitutional liberty in Germany.

We are glad to notice the commencement of a series of translations of the best German Theologians, which has been undertaken at Edinburgh, under the editorship of the Rev. C. H. Terrot, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. It appears under the title of "The Biblical Cabinet; or Hermeneutical, Exegetical and Philological Library;" the first volume contains a portion of J. A. Ernesti's *Principles of Biblical Interpretation*. The translation appears to be well executed; the size commodious, and the printing and paper very good. The translator's preface gives an account of the design of the collection, and especially of the work with which it begins, with some sensible remarks on the advantages of the study of *Hermeneutics*, and explains the liberties which he has taken with the notes of Ammon, the last German Editor of Ernesti, owing to their being strongly tinged with the doctrines of the Rational School, and therefore obnoxious to the orthodox divines of this country. We understand that the plan has been warmly patronized by the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Salisbury, &c.

On the 1st of March—the day from which after this the liberty of the press may be exercised in the Grand Duchy of Baden—a political journal under the title of the *Liberal* will be published at Friburgh. The principal editors and proprietors are the deputies and professors Duttlinger, Von Rotteck, and Wettlinger. The principal object of this journal will be to defend the cause of constitutional Germany.

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## ITALY.

In the present want of satisfactory information concerning the confused state of affairs in central Italy, a pamphlet has been published by a Mr. Gherardi, of Arezzo, with the following lengthy but not very *luminous* title:—*Note Storico-politiche generali, e più in particolare intorno alla rivoluzione di alcune provincie centrali d'Italia, accaduta al mese di Febbrajo del 1831*. It would appear from this, as well as from other accounts from the same quarter, that as far back as 1829 some of the Italian liberals or *unionists* made overtures to the heads of another party, which, under the various names of Calderari, Sanfediste, Apostolicals, &c. have existed in different parts of Italy ever since the restoration, and whose object is reported to be also to emancipate Italy from foreign dominion, but for the purpose of establishing a stronger absolutism in closer alliance with the hierarchy of Rome. The Austrian government, by its tolerance in religious matters, by its system of general popular education, by its jealous watchfulness of the encroachments of the Roman See, and even by its comparative moderation in political affairs, contrasted with the fierce spirit of reaction of the old Italian absolutists, has become almost as obnoxious to the latter as it is to the liberals. The liberals, therefore, thought of strengthening themselves by a temporary alliance with the party above mentioned, in order to effect a common purpose. But the revolution of July, 1830, occurring in the mean time, the alliance was soon broken, as might have been expected. The liberals gathered fresh hopes of winning their own cause by themselves, and the absolutists, seeing the storm gathering, forgot for the moment their jealousies against Austria, and availed themselves of the information they had acquired to undermine the plots of the liberals. The insurrection of Bologna, however, broke out, and soon spread over the neighbouring provinces. And here Mr. Gherardi blames those who assumed the direction of affairs for resting all their hopes on the shield of the newly-proclaimed principle of *non intervention*, and thus avoiding resolute measures, and allowing themselves to be caught at last, as it were, slumbering. We admit that, after the lessons of the last forty years, it requires a considerable degree of credulity in the Italian liberals to rely upon the vague professions of a party from abroad. One thing seems clear, they never can rationally expect to be able to cope with Austria without the armed support of France; without, in short, a European war; and should they even obtain that support, besides that the chances of the war are doubtful, what would become of their hopes of Italian independence? It would be only turning another leaf of the old book. The question of Italy is not *single*, it is moreover beset with difficulties of every kind; and we do not expect that secret societies, plots and counterplots, can solve the problem. Were better institutions secured to the inhabitants of central Italy by the mediation of the great powers, it would be wiser than to resort to desperate and ruinous expedients.

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The continuation of Guicciardini's History of Italy, (from 1534 to 1789,) by Signor Botta, is at last completed, and will appear at Paris, in 10 vols. 8vo., in the course of the present year. An edition of Guicciardini's History, in 6 volumes; and one of Signor Botta's History of Italy, from 1789 to 1814, in 5

volumes, uniform with the other 10, will appear in monthly volumes at the same time.

Silvio Pellico, the author of *Francesca da Rimini* and of *Eufemio da Messina*, who has passed several years in prison on political charges, has published, at Turin, two volumes of poetical works, containing five *novelle*, or tales in verse, and two tragedies, *Esther of Engaddi* and *Iginia of Asti*, which he wrote during his captivity, and which seem to maintain his fame as a tragedian.

Three new tragedies are announced by Silvio Pellico:—*Gismonda di Mendrisio*, *Leoniero di Bertona*, and *Erodiade*.

Count Giacomo Leopardi, another of the few living poets of Italy who rise above the crowd of versifiers, has published a volume of *Canti*, or lyric and elegiac compositions, which well deserve to be noticed for their lofty sentiments as well as for the beauties of their style.

Count Giacomo Leopardi has been appointed a member of the *Accademia della Crusca*, in room of the late Mr. Roscoe.

Count G. F. Napione, a Piedmontese, known for his philological erudition, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin, and the author of several works illustrative of the learned men of Western Italy, died last year in his native country.

Italy has lost also a zealous worshipper as well as patron of learning, in the person of the Marquis Gian Giacomo Trivulzio, of Milan. He had travelled much, and was in correspondence with many learned men of various countries. His splendid collection of MSS. and of monuments of ancient art was liberally open to the studious. He was one of those meritorious members of the Italian nobility who are to be met with especially in Northern Italy and in Tuscany, and who by the cultivation of their minds, and by the beneficent use they make of their wealth and influence, are sufficient to redeem their order from the reproaches cast upon it by *generalizing* travellers.

The splendid series of engravings, illustrative of the principal Churches of Europe, continues to appear at Milan. The numbers which have been published are St. Peter's, the Pantheon, Florence Cathedral and Baptistery, the Cathedral of Pisa, the Duomo of Milan, St. Stephen's of Vienna, and St. Mark's at Venice. Each number contains internal as well as external views of the Church, besides sections of the interior and engravings of the principal monuments. These are accompanied by an explanatory text, giving a short historical notice of the edifice. It is a work that does honour to Italian engraving.

Mr. Rossetti has just published a volume of *Disquisitiones on the Antipapal Spirit of the early Italian Writers; Sullo Spirito Antipapale che produsse la Riforma e sulla segreta influenza ch'esercito nella letteratura d'Europa e specialmente d'Italia, come risulta da molti suoi classici, massime da Dante, Petrarca e Boccaccio*; in which he still further develops the hypothesis which he brought forward in his edition of Dante, of a mysterious allegoric language being adopted by those early writers in their compositions, expressive of their detestation of the abuses of the Court of Rome. Mr. Rossetti thinks he has discovered the key of this cabalistic *gergo*, and he unravels accordingly the secret meaning of the *Divina Commedia*, and of several writings of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and of their contemporaries. The volume is full of curious investigations, the fruit of assiduous research. Having already given a pretty copious analysis of Mr. Rossetti's hypothesis in the article upon his edition of Dante,

which appeared in the 10th number of this Journal \*, it is the less necessary for us to enter into any investigation of the present volume. We think, however, that Mr. Rossetti somewhat exaggerates the importance of his assumed discoveries to the age in which we live, as the interest and entertainment which his investigations are calculated to afford, are in a great degree confined to the philologist and the classical Italian scholar.

Micali, the author of the valuable and learned work, entitled, *Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani*, is preparing a new work for publication, under the title of *Storia degli antichi popoli Italiani*, in 3 vols. 8vo. with a folio atlas of plates. The great importance conferred on the early history of Italy, since the commencement of the present century, by the appearance of many valuable works, the numerous fragments of classical authors now first brought to light, and the unexpected and wonderful discoveries in Etruscan antiquities—all combine to show the necessity and importance of a work like the present, which must not be supposed to be a mere repetition or amplification of the author's former work.

A splendid Polyglott edition of Homer is announced for publication at Florence, in the Greek, Latin, English, Italian, German, Spanish, and French languages.

The *Giornale delle due Sicilie* has commenced the present year on better paper and of larger size. Hereafter a portion of it is promised to be devoted to *literary miscellanies*.

A journal has recently appeared at Naples somewhat resembling our *Literary Gazette*, and bearing the following copious title:—"Archivio di Curiosità e Novità interessanti e dilettevoli, in litterature, scienze e belle-arti, commercio, industria ed invenzioni, viaggi e costumi de' popoli, avvenimenti singolari, aneddoti e racconti gustosi, festi, teatri e mode, coi relativi disegni o figurine di Parigi, e taluni di Vienna o di Londra, etc."

The discontinuance of Baron de Zach's *Correspondance Astronomique*, for some years past, has been much regretted by the scientific world. It appears the worthy Baron's lucubrations wandered a little too far into the regions of *free-thinking*, to be tolerated by so orthodox a Government as that of Sardinia; and he therefore received some significant hints, which he was not slow in comprehending, and which induced him both to abandon his journal and to quit Genoa altogether. To these circumstances the worthy and venerable astronomer appears to allude in his notes to Schoell's *Cours d'Histoire des Etats Européens Modernes*; tome xxii. The Baron remarks, that "it is related by Platarch, in his Life of Dionysius the younger, that during Plato's third journey in Italy, Helicon of Cyzicum foretold an eclipse of the sun, which having taken place at the time predicted, the tyrant of Syracuse was so delighted that he made the astronomer a present of a talent of gold, or £800. In our days the foretelling of eclipses is paid at a much lower rate, and in some countries astronomers are even paid not to foretell them!"

The King of Sardinia has instituted a new order of knighthood, to be conferred on individuals distinguished in literature, or eminent for their merits in civil affairs. In the list of those already admitted into this order, we observe the names of Botta, the historian; Nota, the author of the well-known comedies; Della Cella, the traveller; Peyron, the learned antiquarian; Plana, the

astronomer; Saluzzo, the poet; Rossi, the novelist, &c. &c. We are happy to see this homage paid to talent and genius in a state whose records have been too frequently disfigured by acts of bigotry and intolerance.

The Piedmontese, Italian, Latin, and French Dictionary, announced for publication at Turin, has now appeared.

The *Medical and Chirurgical Repertory of Piedmont* continues to appear with fresh accession of talent. In the December number there are instructions on the Cholera Morbus, by two able observers, who studied the disease on the spot. The *Agricultural, Economical, and Technological Repertory* of Dr. Ragazzoni is also still continued.

Pomba's *Popular Library* continues to be published at Turin; and in the same city a new Typographical and Bookselling Society has been formed, with Signior Pomba at the head, the objects of which are to secure the continued publication of voluminous undertakings, as, from the want of funds, many such are prematurely abandoned, which, if supported by a society like the present, would have a chance of becoming popular, and of amply repaying the protectors.

The great manufactory of Almanacks for Italy is at Milan. This year the products have been very copious, and many of their titles are as odd as those of the old Italian academies. The Magazines of the same city are still holding on, and some of them with increased vigour. The *Theatre* is running quite into the *romantic* vein.

At a recent meeting of the Ateneo of Venice, Count Polcastro read a discourse on the advantages of the new method of elementary instruction. To judge, indeed, from the scattered notices in the Italian periodicals, we should conclude that elementary education was making great progress in that country. The good fruits will appear in due time.

## RUSSIA.

Professor Perevoshtshikov, of the University of Moscow, has rendered a very important service to his countrymen by the publication of an enlarged edition of his Introduction to Astronomy; or rather by an entirely new treatise founded upon that work, it being not only considerably enlarged and more systematically drawn up, but entirely rewritten, with the exception of a few passages which remain as they originally appeared. This work is not only valuable as being almost the only original production relative to the science in the Russian language, but on account of its intrinsic merits; particularly for its strict logical arrangement, the exact research it displays, and the improved method of making observations and calculations adopted by its author. It comprises all the latest improvements made in the science, and many results from actual observation of the most satisfactory kind.

## SWITZERLAND.

Has lost some of her most distinguished men during the last year—Huber, of Geneva, celebrated for his works on Bees and Ants; Paul Usteri, of Zurich,

whose memory will be ever venerated as that of a great citizen; Simond, the traveller, author of travels in England, Switzerland, and Italy; and Bonstetten, the friend of Matthisson, and author of numerous works on subjects of metaphysics and morals.

## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

For some time past a journal has been published at Canea in the island of Candia, in Modern Greek and Turkish; the Turkish title is "Events in Crete," and the Greek *Κρητικὴ Εφημερίδα*. This journal, together with that published in Cairo, and the *Moniteur Ottoman*, recently commenced at Constantinople, in Turkish and French, form the complete periodical literature of the Turkish empire.

Von Hammer, the celebrated Orientalist, has lately published a Persian translation of the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, with the view of exciting the attention of Eastern nations to the literature of the West. The translator has selected the work of the philosophical Emperor, as better adapted to oriental readers than any of the classical writers of the Republic; and he has published it in Persian, as the language of a nation more free from prejudices, and more susceptible of scientific and literary culture than most other eastern nations. The work is printed in Greek and Persian, and we shall be glad to find it extensively patronized.

The Turkish Sultan has given orders to have a Catalogue drawn up of the Library in the Hamadîrge Mosque in Medina, and directed the best means to be adopted for its preservation and enlargement. A Librarian has been also been appointed for its superintendence.

M. de Rienzi announces a Vocabulary in French and Chinese, of the dialect of Canton.

A German bookseller has offered to undertake the publication of a new edition of Father Basil's Chinese and Latin Dictionary, on condition of the Asiatic Society of Paris subscribing for a certain number of copies.

M. Burnouf has proposed to the same society to undertake a Buddick Vocabulary in five languages.

The second volume of Professor Schlegel's edition of the Rāmāyana is entirely finished, and will appear with the first volume of the Latin translation, of which several sheets are printed. Professor Schlegel has presented to the council of the Asiatic Society, impressions of two engraved stones, found among the ruins of Babylon.

M. Burnouf intends to publish, shortly, the first volume of a French translation of the Bhāgavata Purāna, on which he has been employed many years. The Sanscrit text will also be given from four MSS., one of which belongs to the Asiatic Society, and the three others to the Royal Library. The editor will print in a separate volume the notes of Shridhara, and critical remarks necessary for the interpretation of the text, which often presents great difficulties.

The Sheikh Refah, of Cairo, formerly a student of the Egyptian Mission in France, has been entrusted by Ibrahim Pacha, with the compilation of an Arabic French dictionary, on the plan of that of the Academy.

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